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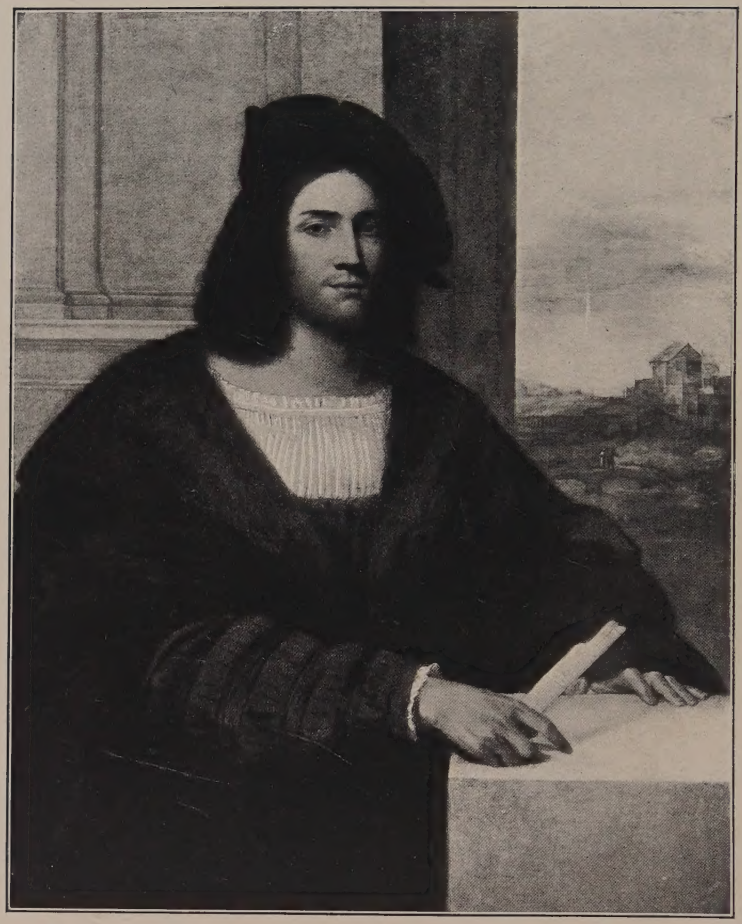

Piombo. Portrait of Raphael. National Gallery, Budapest.—*See page* 104.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS

The History of Painting

BY

LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

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To My Pupils

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ERRATUM.

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INTRODUCTION

REQUESTS have come to me again and again from college men, students, teachers, and home-keepers to recommend a short, comprehensive, *interesting* history of painting; one that would give a fair grasp of the subject in a limited amount of time. The word "interesting" seemed to be the keynote in the majority of cases. That time, within reasonable limits, is always found for what is really interesting, has become a truism.

I examined numberless works on painting; but in the multitude of books on the subject—admirable ones, too—found nothing just suited to the needs of people too busy to give time to its exhaustive study. In the meantime my own notes on painting were being used by teachers and students in many communities. The thought came to me, "Why not write the book myself and supply an evident need of these busy people?" Out of that thought has grown the present volume.

As a preparation for this work it was my good fortune for nearly ten years to be a member of the faculty of Ogontz School, Pa., where I had the privilege of attending the weekly art talks of Miss Sylvia J. Eastman, the principal. Her enthusiasm, her wide reading, and keen artistic sense, were very inspiring. For years her large art library and thousands of reproductions of various kinds have supplemented my own collection. Her wide experience in foreign lands was invaluable to me as we visited together the art galleries of this country and of Europe.

In gathering the photographs for illustration, my object has been, not only to give the most characteristic examples of each artist's work, but those which would best illustrate the tendencies of the times which produced them, or particular phases of history, legend, or story. Scattered through the book are portraits of great reformers, political leaders, prominent

rulers, and men of letters, painted by artists of their own ages. In this way the master minds in history and in art are connected with the world's great historical events.

No time or trouble has been spared in consulting history, biography, the Bible, the Apocrypha, mythology, and legend to cull facts and incidents which may hold the attention of the reader. The Renaissance of art study is with us. If only the mind of the young can be held until whatsoever is true and noble and uplifting in the grand Old Masters is stamped upon it, the outlook for the youth of America will be from a higher plane and one that will count for nobler principles in the future.

In "Pictures and Their Painters," no attempt has been made to exhaust the subject considered, but to awaken such an interest in it that the reader may have a keen desire to pursue the study into broader fields.

LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT.

DEPOSIT, N. Y.,
NOVEMBER 27, 1906.

Part First

PAINTING IN EASTERN AND SOUTHERN COUNTRIES

ANCIENT PAINTING

"The more thou learnest to know and enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living."—PLATEN.

CHAPTER I

EGYPT—CHALDEA—ASSYRIA—PERSIA

THROUGH many long centuries of growth the perfect fruit of the painter, the ideal picture, was ripening. Some of the earliest specimens of painting are found in Egypt in that dim past when man began to write his history in crude pictures. The Egyptian's desire to live for future generations—one of his marked characteristics—was shown in his exclusive use of stone as the material for his palaces, houses, temples, and monuments; to give greater durability he selected the largest blocks that could be found, and added to their interest by cutting his history deep on the surface in hieroglyphics and picture stories in outline.

In the excessive heat and light of this equatorial country these stone buildings were exceedingly cool and pleasant as dwelling places, but they would have been gloomy indeed without the decorations in brilliant colors that adorn the walls. The figures drawn on these walls were mere outlines in flat profile, filled in, according to the taste of the decorator, with green, red, yellow, or blue. There was no perspective, the human figure was usually shown with the side view of the face and a front view of the shoulders, giving an awkward twist to the body. There is little expression to the face and no anatomy to the human frame. This kind of painting never advanced nor varied in the thousands of years of Egyptian civilization. Pliny remarks "the pictures and statues made (by the Egyptian) ten thousand years ago, are in no particular better or worse than those they now make." Of painting, however, according to the modern idea, they knew absolutely nothing.

The leading motive in their painting was, no doubt, the religious observances of the nation, as it was in Italy at a later

date, but in Egypt these observances were always connected with the king, since the relationship between the monarch and the deities was very close. Then, too, nature was endowed with god-like qualities and certain animals were held sacred. All these furnished good themes for painting but the Egyptian painter used them chiefly for recording history, adding a bit of color for decoration.

The religion of the Egyptian centered about the thought of death and life after death. It was believed that the soul when released from the body must go on a long journey before it would reach its last resting place, and that it had the privilege of returning to its old home and even occupying its former body again. Many strange stories are found pictured on the mummy-cases and the walls of those chambers of the dead, told in that curious symbolic writing—the hieroglyphics—of the "Passage of the Soul after Death." Each step in the soul's progress on that long journey is made familiar to the mourning relative or friend. In reading this picture writing the Egyptologist has given to the world a fairly concise history of the belief of this ancient people concerning the life of the departed.

In the city of Thebes was found a papyrus of the so-called "Book of the Dead," in which one scene, "The Judgment of the Dead before the God Osiris, on the subterranean Hall of Justice" (Fig. 1), taken from the 125th chapter, is specially interesting: "Osiris, the judge of the Underworld, is sitting in a Naos. On the opposite side the goddess of Truth and Justice Mā, leads the deceased into the house which rests on columns. A pair of scales are erected in the middle of the room. In one of the scales lies a vase with handles, the symbol of the heart, in the other the emblem of truth, a feather. Horus and Anubis are weighing and watching the tongue of the scales. Above it sits the cynocephalus (baboon) Hapi, as symbol of measure. Before the scales stands the Ibis-headed Toth, the scribe of the gods, and enters the result of the weighing on a papyrus. Between him and Osiris sits a female hippopotamus, Amām, called the swallower, as accuser of the deceased, whom Toth defends (or justifies) if he has lived uprightly. In the upper division of the hall the deceased prays before the forty-two judges of

the dead, each carrying a different head, every one of whom wears the feather of truth and is appointed to judge of some particular sin, to the commission of which the deceased pleads not guilty in the text of the submitted papyrus."

The Egyptian, like the child, needed but little to stimulate his imagination and satisfy his artistic sense. Out of the belief of the journey of the soul grew the custom of embalming. The ceremonies connected with the preparation of the body were elaborate. The tombs for the reception of these embalmed

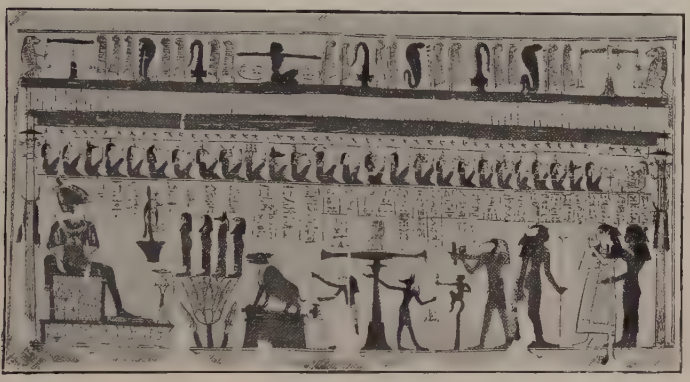

Fig. 1.—The Judgment of the Dead before the God Osiris. Book of the Dead.

bodies must not only be built for all time, but they must contain a written history of the deceased. As the monarch was the principal person in the kingdom he is always represented much larger than the other figures; making it easy to recognize the king by the size of the figure. His presence among the mourners in these pictured ceremonies on the walls of the tomb, often determined the rank of the departed one. There being no perspective, many devices were necessary to indicate the different objects represented; a crowd of people was shown by placing one figure above another and increasing or diminishing the size; water was a wavy line; one tree or one house might mean a number of trees or houses.

The Hyksos or Shepherd Kings, who came from Asia—possibly from Northwestern Arabia, conquered Egypt some

authorities say as early as 2100 B.C. They established the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth dynasties making their capital Zoan of Northern Egypt. It was during their reign that Joseph was viceroy under Pharaoh Apophis. These people may have belonged to the same Semitic race as the Hebrews themselves although it is still a matter of dispute regarding their nationality. "An old Egyptian wall painting in a grave of Beni-Hassan, in Middle Egypt," with the title of "The arrival of a horde of Semitic Nomads into Egypt, around the year 1895 B.C." (Fig. 2), gives one a good idea of the appearance of these invading people and also shows the skill of their artists in depicting *genre* scenes.

When Alexander the Great founded in Egypt the city called by his name 332 B.C., the whole country acknowledged his

FIG. 2.—Arrival of Horde of Semitic Nomads into Egypt, about 1895 B.C. Wall Painting, Tombs of Beni Hassan.

power. He brought many of his countrymen with him from Greece and settled them along the Nile. The Egyptians with their ancient and less progressive civilization, were quick to learn many things from this people whose manners, customs, and arts were more highly developed than their own. Their religion alone remained intact, and this the colonizing Greek soon adopted as his own. It was not until 1887 that the extent of the Greek influence on the art of painting in Egypt was really known. A party of English archæologists, in searching the west side of the Nile for ancient monuments, came to the extensive oasis of Fayoum. At the very edge of the desert was a small town with an ancient burying ground, and in excavating here the explorers found a number of painted panels—portraits of men, women and children —which proved to be of Greek workmanship. It was the custom of the Egyptians to place portrait busts at the head of

each body that the soul might recognize its former home with certainty. These painted panels were placed in the mummy wrappings at the head (Fig. 3), and were, without doubt, portraits of the embalmed persons—possibly the first real portraits ever painted of the Egyptian. Some authorities assign these panels to the fourth century B.C. while other critics place them as late as the second century A.D. A number of the panels are in the National Gallery, London. They are made of cypress, sycamore, and papier-maché and are about fourteen inches long and half as wide. The colors were mixed with liquid wax instead of oil and were of mineral origin—such as lapis-lazuli, green malachite, red oxide of iron, etc., each of marvelous brilliancy and permanency—blended with a lancet-shaped spatula and then burned in by a process called encaustic. George Ebers believes that the heat of the sun in Egypt was probably sufficient to complete the artist's work. It is hardly possible that these paintings could have been preserved in any country but Egypt, where the saying is, "the driest thing that nature ever made is the sand of the desert."

FIG. 3.—Portrait Mummy. From Tombs of Fayoum, Egypt.

While the best and most remarkable examples of Egyptian Art are those of the earliest period of her history, when the center of government was at Memphis in Lower Egypt, there was never that individuality in portraiture that was so marked a characteristic of the Greek artists from the very beginning of their art history. The Egyptian was at best simply a skilled mechanic, using figures and colors to decorate and tell a story in the simplest manner. When the Greeks came into Egypt they gave the native workman new methods which only deprived him of some of his former simplicity and directness and did not make him an artist. In fact all Egyptian art declined from the Greek period and became simply imitative.

CHALDEA—ASSYRIA—PERSIA

No section of country to-day is attracting more attention through the work of the excavator than the valleys along the Tigris and Euphrates rivers and around the Persian Gulf. That the Chaldean, Assyrian and Persian peoples were as strong a civilizing influence in the history of the past as the Egyptians were, is being abundantly proved. The spade of the archæologist is revealing records of artistic and literary development to far exceed the most extravagant suppositions. Having no hard stone these nations preserved their history on enameled or glazed brick or tile which was as permanent as that of the Egyptian stone.

The history of painting in these countries was not unlike that of Egypt, the main difference being due to the fact that, in these eastern lands, the monarch was more absolute and the care of the dead less ostentatious. It was thought until recently that the Assyrians had no tombs and what they did with their dead was a mystery, but late excavations have brought to light stone coffins of curious shapes which are solving that mystery. Their temples were insignificant compared to their palaces, for their religion was spiritual in its nature with a tendency to worship the One True God. This was probably due to the pure Semitic origin of the Assyrians. Their palaces were magnificent buildings, elaborately decorated, which decoration supplemented the architecture as well as told the story of the king's life in war and in peace. Many of the ornamental designs used in the border patterns were most elaborate in detail work, often the representation of the dress of the time was so realistic that it would be possible to model a superb gown with its profusion of embroidery, lace, fringe, jewels, and flowers from the bas-reliefs. Even to-day the brilliancy of the colors shows the gorgeousness of the original decorations. One of the favorite arrangements of figures in the designs was to place them in rows, each figure following the one before, so that they appeared to be marching, which gave a sense of motion that was one of the finest qualities of their art, but there was no sense of perspective or of light and shade.

Probably the highest artistic development was in Chaldea and Assyria. By the time Persia had become an inheritor of their civilization the art instinct was a mere desire to imitate, and the work produced was an imitation lacking the strength of originality. In the Museum of the Louvre, Paris, are some

Fig. 4.—Assyrian Tiles (Reconstruction). Louvre.

decorated tiles from Susa, Persia (Fig. 4), which show men marching. This is a reconstruction from a miscellaneous find of painted tiles but the effect is like that of the original decorations. With all the stiffness of the conventional design in style of dress, position of body, and sameness of physiognomy, there is still preserved that sense of freedom which the possibility of motion always gives.

CHAPTER II

GREEK AND ROMAN

PAINTING is said to have reached perfection among the Greeks. It is not known when they began to practice this art but Pliny remarks that Homer does not mention painting. We are assured by some ancient writers that there was a long line of Greek artists, and in some cases even names are mentioned. Probably there were many years of development before we come to Polygnotus, a painter of renown, who is mentioned as arriving in Athens 436 B.C. Again quoting from Pliny, he says that Polygnotus was the first man to throw off the early rigidity of manner and give expression to the face; he painted the lips open and the eyes smiling as though the model was a living being and not carved from wood; he is also supposed to have invented painting in encaustic. This founder of Greek painting, as Polygnotus was often called, is spoken of by Pausanius as painting a series of mythological subjects in the building on the Acropolis at Athens. There are no examples of this very early period of Greek painting that can be identified with certainty.

Zeuxis and Parrhasius flourished during the Peloponnesian War, the latter part of the fifth century B.C. These men are spoken of as rivals in producing an art so exact in recording nature that even the birds were deceived by a bunch of grapes as painted by Zeuxis. His rival carried the illusion still further by deceiving Zeuxis with a painted curtain which the latter tried to draw aside. These artists must have understood color, modeling, and relief to a remarkable degree to produce effects so real; but such exactness would hardly be considered good art to-day.

The greatest painter of this early date was Apelles, fourth century B.C., who was celebrated as the court painter of Alex-

ander the Great. This monarch, it is said, would allow no one to paint his portrait but this favorite. Apelles may have been the artist who first painted portrait panels like those found at Fayoum; possibly some of these portraits may have been by him. Certain it is that he was noted in his time for grace, charm, and rich coloring, all of which qualities these paintings possess. Nothing could be more interesting to us to-day than the pictures of these fine-looking men and women. They show us not only the skill of the artist as a portrait painter but the style of dress that prevailed at the time. Beautiful indeed are some of these women of the Nile as seen in the Fayoum portrait (Fig. 5). Look how the shadows around the large, dark eyes mellow their liquid depths! How the arched eyebrows and straight nose, with its delicate nostrils, mark the pride of the haughty mistress, and how well the full red lips tell her power to please her suitors! The modern coiffure of her dark, luxuriant hair, the beads around her shapely neck, and the graceful folds of the gown over her shoulders and bust, are another proof of the wisdom of Solomon when he said "There is nothing new under the sun."

FIG. 5.—Portrait from Mummy Case. Graf Collection, Vienna.

It is said that seventeen hundred years after Apelles, Botticelli, in Italy, tried to reproduce his celebrated "Calumny" from Lucian's description of the Greek artist's painting. We have records of the great money value of Greek paintings that date back to 320 B.C. One report is that Ptolemy I. offered Nikias (340–300 B.C.) $70,000 for one painting. This artist was a contemporary of Praxiteles and probably tinted some of his statuary.

Specimens of Greek painting have been found in some of the ancient towns of Italy that may have been brought over by the conquering Roman as trophies of his prowess. In the Museum at Cortona, one of the oldest cities of Italy, is the so-called "Muse of Cortona" (Fig. 6). Just what the age of this

painting is, or whether it was brought from Greece, may be questions that cannot be answered with certainty, but we believe that it is an ancient Greek encaustic painting, and most probably the oldest painting, not fresco, in the world. Certainly it has the classic mold of features and the poetic rhythm of the genuine Greek portrait. There is that perfection of form, of feature, and moral pose that comes from a constant seeking after the ideal that characterized the Greeks as a people.

FIG. 6.—Greek. Muse of Cortona. Museum of Cortona, Italy.

The completeness of the physical, mental, and moral being was the underlying principle of their art; in fact it was the keynote of their life and the keystone to their religion. That this "Muse of Cortona" was at least a replica of a painting by Pausias of Sicyon, is fairly certain. Pliny writes of a painting by this artist, called "Glycera, the Garland Weaver," and his description corresponds exactly with this painting; then he says further that a replica was made which was brought into Italy before 56 B.C. The picture is on slate and was found by a farmer while plowing near Cortona in 1732. He took it to be a representation of the Virgin Mary; but the priest, who was called to see the peasant's sick wife, pronounced it a "vile pagan picture." Not wishing to have it hung on his wall, the peasant, evidently thinking to purify it, used it as a door to his oven. After several years of this purifying heat, and twice changing owners, it was deposited in the Museum at Cortona in 1851. The figure of the "Muse" is about two-thirds life size.

EARLY PAINTING IN ITALY

In studying the early painters of Italy, we find that their works are copies of the Greek masters, and that these copies have been preserved under the most peculiar circumstances. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago the town of Pompeii was covered by the ashes of Vesuvius, and it remained buried from sight for almost eighteen hundred years. When the town was again brought to light some of the most interesting things in the excavated houses were the mural decorations. History says that between the partial destruction of Pompeii by the great earthquake of A.D. 63, and the final catastrophe of A.D. 79, the city was rebuilt and redecorated by order of the Roman Senate. This work was evidently done by skilled artisans and gives evidence of the artistic ability of the workmen of that day. The designs for the pictures were taken from pattern books, and these patterns were originally, no doubt, copies of paintings of superior artists of the early Greek school—the originals being lost. When first uncovered, the colors of these decorations are exceedingly brilliant, and even after exposure to the light and air they still retain their pristine beauty to a remarkable degree. The usual background colors are a warm red (called "Pompeian red"), black, and yellow. Many times the walls are simply covered with plain colors, arranged in panels with variegated bands around the outside edge. A very good example of the plain background is seen in the

FIG. 7.—Frescos in a Public House. Pompeii.

"Frescos in a Public House" (Fig. 7), Pompeii. In these frescos the simple pattern of the surrounding band and the single unique figures in the central panel correspond admirably with the severe plainness of the room. Sometimes there are figure pieces and bits of landscapes with borders of delicate foliage and beautiful flowers. The symmetry of the wall pictures shows a strict architectural arrangement in harmonizing decoration and construction. Some of the "Single Dancing Figures" (Fig. 8) are of exquisite beauty and grace. The subjects of most of the paintings are taken from the world of fable; the aim seems to have been to keep before the eye everything that is joyous and beautiful. These paintings at Pompeii are either in fresco, on wet or fresh lime (fresco meaning fresh), or on dry ground in distemper (pigments mixed with weak glue or size). When the so-called house of Tiberius was excavated in 1869 the wall paintings uncovered were found to be of rare excellence. Most of the important frescos have been removed from Pompeii to the Museum at Naples and other museums.

Fig. 8.—Single Dancing Figure. Pompeii.

In uncovering the ruins of early Roman houses many decorations in mosaic are found. These mosaics are pictures made of cubes of colored glass or colored stone. One of the most beautiful of the smaller pieces is the mosaic of "Doves on a Fountain-basin" (Fig. 9), in the Capitoline Museum, Rome. This one was found in Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli in 1737. The "Doves" are often called "Pliny's Doves," as, in a description of the excellence of the art of the time, he says, "At Pergamos is a wonderful specimen of a dove drinking, and darkening the water with the shadow of her head; on the lip of the vessel are other doves pluming themselves." He also speaks of them "as the work of Sosus existing at Pergamos." It is possible, however, that these are only copies of that artist's work.

Pictures in mosaics are as beautiful to-day as when they came from the hand of the artificer hundreds of years ago. In

the museums of Rome are beautiful mosaic floors taken from the ruins of that city that date back before the Christian era. The models or cartoons for these mosaics were probably early paintings of Greek artists. Cicero, writing in the first century B.C., about the temple of Minerva in Sicily, and describing the pictures of the Greek artists, says of one, "There is not a picture which is more famous, or which attracts a larger

FIG. 9.—Mosaic. Pliny's Doves. Capitoline Museum, Rome.

number of strangers." Unfortunately he does not give the name of either the artist or his picture.

The themes in painting in Greece and also in Rome were taken largely from mythological stories and ancient fables. The religious tradition of these nations was full of fantastic tales of the marvelous feats of semi-human beings which furnished good subjects for painting. The artists rejoiced in representing the beauties of natural objects, whether the object was the perfect flower or the perfect human being. With the coming of the Christian religion from Palestine a new motive entered into the life of the Roman. Christ had taught His disciples that spiritual beauty was greater than physical and moral beauty. These Roman converts, with their inherited artistic tendencies where the perfection of form was the ideal,

were at a loss just how to combine the beauty of the spiritual and physical natures.

Rome was going through a transition stage and was already losing the glory of the Cæsars. The excessive luxury in daily living was making her weak and effeminate, which showed itself in all that she did, but in nothing more than in the fine arts. Not even Christianity, that was beginning to take hold of the hearts of the people, with all its uplifting power, could stop the gradual decline of the intellectual and social life of the Roman. In fact the new religion was not received with favor at court; Jewish and Roman Christians were alike persecuted, which seemed to furnish new amusement to the degenerate Roman. No crime was too great to lay at the door of the Christians, and no torture too cruel for punishment. They were driven from their homes and hunted like wild beasts. The only safe places for these sufferers for Christ's sake were the Catacombs outside the walls of Rome. These subterranean chambers had been the burial places of wealthy classes for generations, and are among the stupendous wonders of antiquity. Cicero refers to them in one of his orations. The Catacombs are from fifty to seventy-five feet below the surface of the earth and have from four to six stories. It is estimated that they cover about eight hundred miles and have entombed from six to seven million dead bodies.

Fig. 10.—Crypt of St. Cornelius. Catacomb of St. Calixtus. Rome.

In these places of the dead the Christians of Rome lived and worshiped and made new chambers for the burial of their own dead. It is hard to realize in going through these dark underground chambers, surrounded by shelves on which rest the

little that remains of the departed (Fig. 10), that here is where our beautiful religion was kept alive; that here those early Christians told the story of our Blessed Lord, and sang the hymns that He loved; that here, too, they broke the bread and drank the wine in commemoration of His death, as He had commanded. They soon began to feel the need of some visible sign to make the Savior more real to them, so they put on the walls of their new home pictures to illustrate the life and work of the Lord on earth. How could they represent this new religion except with the same methods they had used before accepting the new life? It was natural that the Christian artist should use pagan symbols to represent Christ and His apostles, and, consequently, the walls of the Catacombs are covered with the crude attempts of the devoted disciples to show their love for the new Master. To them the Savior was the Good Shepherd (Fig. 11), so they used the pagan shepherd and his sheep, often with the sheep across his shoulders, to signify the Divine Shepherd. In these first pictures the Savior is always as beautiful in face and figure as a young Apollo, while the disciples are portrayed dressed in the Roman toga of the period.

FIG. 11.—The Good Shepherd. Catacombs, Rome.

In the fourth century the Emperor Constantine pronounced the religion of Christ the state religion. The Christians, no longer fearing persecution, came out of the Catacombs where they were left to worship in peace, and began building churches for their own special worship. From this time the Christian religion was the principal motive in the art of painting.

One of the usual themes for early church decorations was "The Redeemer Surrounded by Saints," as shown in a mosaic of the fourth century, in the Church of S. Pudenziana,

Rome (Fig. 12). In the upper part of the mosaic are the evangelists represented symbolically: the winged ox, above on the right, is St. Luke; the eagle below is St. John; on

FIG. 12.—Mosaic. Redeemer Surrounded by Saints. Fourth Century. S. Pudenziana, Rome.

the left the winged lion is St. Mark; and the winged cherub below is St. Matthew. Now, for the first time, appears the halo or nimbus, as a flat pan, back of the head of the Lord.

FIG. 13.—Mosaic. Christ as the Good Shepherd. Ravenna.

Later the apostles, saints, and angels are distinguished in the same manner.

As the power of Constantine increased, he conquered Byzantium in A.D. 328 and made Constantinople the capital of

the Eastern Roman Empire. This introduced into Rome the art of the East, with its gold background and its jewel-like coloring. In a few of the mosaics of the fifth century we still find the youthful Christ with His beautiful face and figure. In the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia (the daughter of Theodosius the Great), in Ravenna, is a mosaic over the door, of "Christ as the Good Shepherd" (Fig. 13), in which the gold background indicates the growing influence of Byzantine art, but the Savior is surrounded with sheep, symbolic of His disciples, as was often found in the Catacombs. The balance in the composition, the grace of arrangement, and the "naturalness" of the sheep, show that the artist has still kept his originality; while he is picturing the Christian faith, he has not lost sight of the artistic. In the same set of mosaics is one of doves drinking from a vase, and another of stags at a spring; both of them are full of freedom and grace. At Rome, in the sacristy of the ancient Church of S. Maria in Trastevere, is a fragment of a very old mosaic of "Ducks and Fishermen" (Fig. 14). One can almost tell the variety to which the ducks belong so faithfully has the artist brought out special points, and yet there is no pettiness of details. Whoever designed that choice bit was a close student of nature and loved to follow her teachings.

Fig. 14.—Mosaic. Ducks and Fishermen. S. Maria in Trastevere, Rome.

The large mosaics in the Church of San Vitale, Ravenna, of the sixth century, representing the Emperor Justinian and his court and the Empress Theodora and her court (Fig. 15), are among the best examples of the strong influence of Byzantine art in Italy. The Church still loved beautiful decorations and eagerly adopted the brilliant high lights, the sparkling gold embossing, and the elaborate ornamentation brought from the East. The emperor and empress are surrounded by their courts—spiritual and temporal dignitaries, and bodyguards,

all taking part in some religious procession. They are all dressed in magnificent stuffs of gorgeous coloring, and the jeweled crowns on the heads of these two monarchs are resplendent with precious stones of rare value.

There grew up in these early centuries a belief that the Christian religion demanded that the human body must be humiliated and that no beauty of face or form could bring spiritual glory. As time went on this belief became the ruling passion of the Church, and, as she assumed control of the

FIG. 15.—Mosaic. Empress Theodora and Her Court. Sixth Century. San Vitale. Ravenna.

artists, she dictated to them, not only the subject to be used in church decoration, but the manner of treating the subject. The religious pictures soon lost the beauty of form that appealed to the eye, and assumed a distinct stamp that became characteristic of Christian art. The face of the individual was elongated and given an expression of melancholy, the dress hung in stiff, hard folds, and the figure became awkward in the extreme. The pictures of our Lord were now mostly modeled after the words of Isaiah—"He hath no form nor comeliness: and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him."

There were many and diverse influences at work on the

Italian artist during these early centuries. The classic spirit of the Greek, as shown at Pompeii, the love of the sensuous of the Romans, the rich oriental coloring of the far East, and the restrictions of the Church, were all making their demands. Out of all this grew an art very mixed in character and inferior in quality. Although the Christian was free to express his belief as he wished, yet he followed many of the traditions of the Catacombs. The decorations of the churches were in mosaics and frescos; the subjects were taken from the Bible and the lives of the saints. There was no improvement in the character of the work or the arrangement of the composition. Human figures were little more than space-filling, conventional designs.

Fig. 16. — Mosaic. St. Agnes (detail from Ten Virgins). St. Apollinare Nuovo, Ravenna.

In a mosaic of the sixth century at Ravenna, the artist has had the independence to step out of the "rule and line" in the figure of "St. Agnes" (Fig. 16), from the "Ten Virgins," and assert himself in giving a touch of individuality and humanity to the face and form of the Roman virgin. Possibly the beautiful life of the saint may have touched a sympathetic chord in his heart and aroused the latent instinct of the true artist. Next to the apostles the image of St. Agnes is the earliest one represented in art. She suffered martyrdom A.D. 303. She is usually represented with a lamb by her side, symbolic of her modesty, purity, and innocence. Were it not for the perfect sincerity of the artist in picturing the little lamb in this mosaic, one would be tempted to smile at his ignorance in making him so dog-like in the way he lifts his head and looks at his mistress.

ITALIAN PAINTING

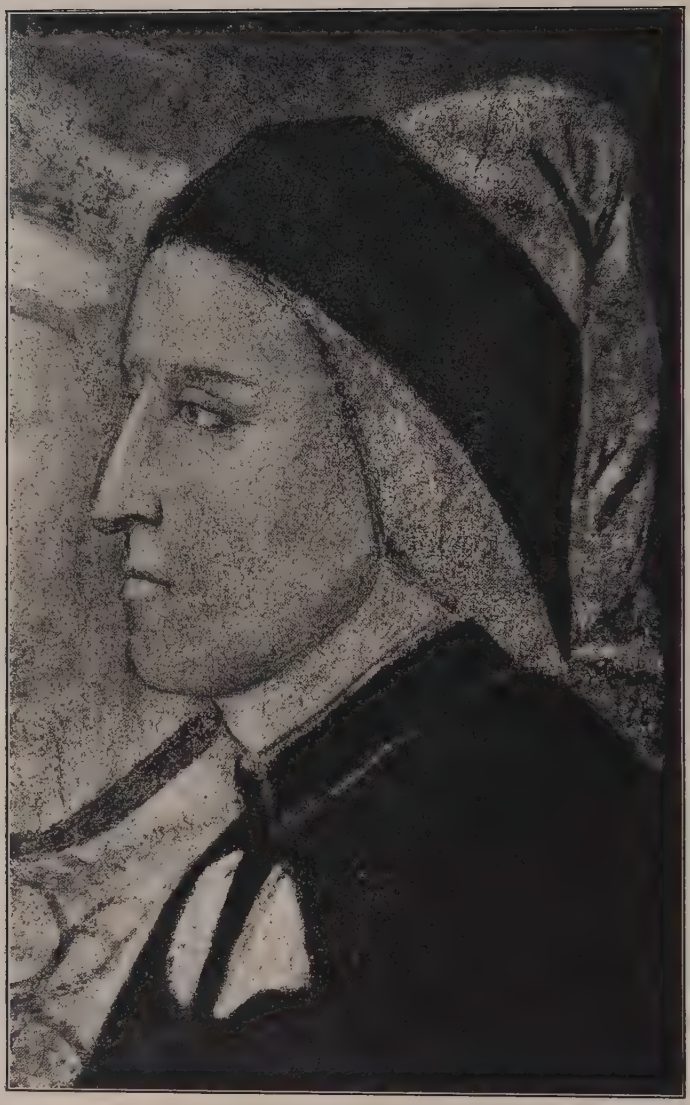

Fig. 19.—Giotto. Dante. Bargello, Florence.—*See page* 29.

CHAPTER III

CIMABUE—DUCCIO—GIOTTO

ART declined more and more until, in the eighth century, the Iconoclasts (image breakers) began their crusade with greater fierceness than ever. This lasted for a century and more. The artist had been crippled by the earlier attempts to crush out symbolism and all beauty of form, but now they were crushed completely. The few works that remained after this far-reaching vandalism were covered with whitewash and forgotten. Life became a dreary waste, hope was gone, the end of the world had come. The only thought at the last was to prepare for that end. A.D. 1000 came and passed and the world still stood. There now began to be a slight awakening of the art instinct, but the Church fathers tightened their hold. They said that decorations might be used in the new churches, but the artist must return to the traditions of the past and nothing new could be added. The mosaics in St. Mark, Venice, were begun at the beginning of the eleventh century, and were a return to the early Byzantine type, but they do not equal them in excellence. The Church grew more and more powerful. Monastic orders were springing into life. Monasteries were being built, and each order wished its new home to be decorated with scenes illustrating the life of its patron saint and the virtues the order specially represented. Fresco painting again came into vogue.

All this was of a very slow growth, and all through the Dark Ages not an artist has left his name; the Church simply swallowed all individuality. Even after the spell was broken and a new life entered into this old world of ours, it took two hundred years before any artist was strong enough to throw off the traditions of the past, and then two men came to the front at nearly the same time, Cimabue (1240?–1302?) of

Florence, and Duccio (1260?–?) of Siena. These men were born about the middle of the thirteenth century, and each started a school of great importance.

Cimabue is usually spoken of as the father of Italian painting. If he was not the father he at least had the temerity to assert himself and show some independence of spirit. The order laid down by the Council of Nicea, A.D. 787, about sacred pictures, that "It is not the invention of the painter which creates the picture, but an inviolable law, a tradition of the Church. It is not the painters, but the holy fathers, who have to invent and dictate. To them manifestly belongs the composition, to the painter only the execution," was still in force. Only a man of unusual self-assurance would have dared to vary a sacred composition.

FIG. 17.—Cimabue. Madonna and Child. Santa Maria Novella, Florence.

Cimabue was not a religious man, and, if the stories about him are true, he did not always live an exemplary life, yet he has left to the world a "Madonna and Child" (Fig. 17) now in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, that is full of spirituality, and also begins to show a little of the spirit of humanity. It is Byzantine in style of composition, and portrays the traditions of the Church, but has the individuality of the painter in it. There is the conventional long, melancholy face of the Church, the Byzantine type in the ill-proportioned figure, the slim, elongated hand, and the Eastern eye, raised at

the outer corner—with thin contracted eyelids, through which the eye is seen as through a slit—and the well-arched eyebrows. The artist, however, has put a little human life into the figure by dropping the head on one side, and loosening the folds of her robe; there is also a retiring, thoughtful expression to the face of the Madonna. The composition is on wood and painted in tempera. The surface of the panel was first covered with a thin layer of plaster of Paris. The coloring of the painting must have been beautiful and rich when it left the artist's brush, for even now it is rich and full; the detail work is exquisitely done.

This painting of Cimabue's—the "Madonna and Child"—was received with great enthusiasm by the Florentines. A gala day was appointed for its removal from the artist's studio to the church, with a procession as one of the main features. The churchman and citizen took part alike in this magnificent display, and at the head of the procession was carried the sacred picture. A similar celebration was one of the annual church functions for many years. The best time of day to see this painting as it now hangs in the little chapel to the right of the high altar in the Santa Maria Novella is in the afternoon, when the setting sun throws its long rays on it so that the full beauty of the colors is brought out. Cimabue is sometimes spoken of as the Michael Angelo of early painting.

While Cimabue was infusing a new spirit into the art of Florence, Duccio was awakening the people of Siena for better things. It was impossible to throw off the deadening influence of the past entirely, but this original genius could use the methods laid down by tradition and still infuse his own spirit into them. The expression on the face of the Baby Jesus as seen in the "Madonna and Child" (Fig. 18), in the National Gallery, London, is much more child-like and shows real baby-love in the caress against the cheek of the Virgin. Nothing since the Dark Ages has been so expressive of the new life stirring in the minds of the artists as that baby face. That Duccio was a careful student of the anatomy of the body is seen in the detail work on the hand of the Madonna. Look at the modeling of that hand and notice how delicately he has indicated the

nails on the fingers. It hardly seems possible that the artist who could paint one part of the body so well could have made a face so woodeny and so lacking in everything that would indicate a human model. One wonders whether it was pure ignorance that caused such discrepancy or whether he was

Fig. 18.—Duccio. Madonna and Child. National Gallery, London.

bound down to a particular type and could only show his real genius in special details. A man of genius and originality he certainly was, or he could never have so stepped out of the conventional as he has in that baby face and that refined hand. While Duccio adhered to the gold background for his skies and glorias, his colors are pure, clear, and bright. If he had had a famous pupil to keep his memory green, as Cimabue had, he

would probably have made a greater stir in the art world, for he possessed more of the true artist instinct than his Florentine rival.

The pupils of these two artists were inspired to greater things by the teachings of their masters. Cimabue was a man of independent fortune and is reported to have been anxious to help struggling young artists to better things. Whether it is true or not that he found Giotto tending his sheep and drawing on a flat stone to pass the time, certain it is that this aspiring young artist was a pupil in Cimabue's studio. At first a pupil, he very soon outstripped his master, so that teacher and pupil could have easily exchanged places.

Ambrogiotto Bordon, or Giotto, as he is more commonly known, was born about A.D. 1266—some authorities say as late as 1276—of poor parents near Florence. Although he studied in Cimabue's studio, yet he was a born artist. He was born to be great, and no amount of restrictions could have crushed such a genius. He was a man for all time and all places. His talents were many and varied—an artist, an architect, a sculptor, and if not a writer he at least was an intimate friend of one—Dante. Surely no one knew better the checkered life of that marvelous poet than did Giotto, or could have given us a clearer insight into that life with his brush than he did.

The walls of the chapel in the Bargello, in Florence, were covered with frescos by Giotto between 1300 and 1302. Shortly after his time the beautiful chapel was made into two stories by a dividing ceiling and floor, and the walls were whitewashed. The upper part was used as a prison. For several hundred years these frescos were hidden, but in 1841, through the efforts of an English painter and one of our own countrymen, the false floor was removed and the wall scraped, thus bringing them to view again. Giotto had introduced a number of portraits into the "Paradise" on the south wall, among them the well-known portrait of "Dante" (Fig. 19—*see p.* 24). It is thought that Giotto painted the poet from life, but possibly it is a copy of an earlier one painted by the master; at any rate it corresponds to the mask that has been used for Dante by all artists for ages. When the portrait was uncovered the

Florentines were most enthusiastic, and crowded the Bargello for days, crying, "Here he is, our poet!" His position in the fresco, beside Charles of Valois, who leads the procession, shows that it must have been painted when he was one of the Priors of the Republic, when about thirty-five years old. The question may well be asked, Where did Giotto learn the art of portraiture? Minerva-like, he sprang without inheritance or training fully equipped into the ranks of portrait painters. For the first time men's characters were portrayed in their faces and attitudes.

Giotto adhered to the Byzantine type, but he showed marvelous ingenuity in arrangement and variety of subjects. It was his delight to take a story, as that of Joachim and Anna in the life of the Virgin at Padua, or the life of some saint, as that of St. Francis, and tell it vividly with his brush. His ideas were so clear and his hand so skilled that all who run may read what he has to say. He does something more than tell a story in his series of pictures illustrating incidents in a life history; he makes us feel the truth and sincerity of the actors in the scene. Is it possible in the picture of "St. Francis Bringing Water from the Rocks" (Fig. 20), in the Upper Church of Assisi, not to feel the simple faith of the sainted man as he kneels in prayer and the physical joy of the thirsty one as he drinks his fill from the miraculous fountain? How well, too, he understands the little donkey as he pictures him with one ear thrown back and one leg lifted, patiently waiting for his turn to drink. Giotto certainly went to nature for inspiration when he painted that donkey's head, for only an artist who knew the little beast could have done it so well. It is true that the trees are not much more than "feather dusters" turned upside down, but the attempt at perspective in their arrangement is far more successful than any of his predecessors. His color is brilliant and well handled and he has used considerable skill in filling a given space.

To no saint in the calendar of the Church does our heart go out in greater love than to St. Francis of Assisi. He is loved not only by his fellow man but by the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. With what naïveté Giotto portrays

"The Sermon." (Fig. 21) St. Francis is preaching to "My Sisters the Birds." One can almost hear him saying that quaint little sermon, "Ye are greatly beholden unto God your Creator, and always and every place it is your duty to praise Him. . . . Ye are bounden to Him for the element of the air which He has deputed you for evermore. You sow not, neither do you reap.

Fig. 20.—Giotto. Miracle of St. Francis. Upper Church, Assisi, Italy.

God feeds you and gives you the streams and fountains for your thirst. He gives you mountains and valleys for your refuge, tall trees wherein to make your nests, and insomuch as you neither spin nor reap, God clothes you and your children; hence ye should love your Creator greatly, and therefore beware, my sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and ever strive to praise God." Look at the little fellows "open their beaks and stretch forth their necks and spread their wings." It is

said that after "The Sermon" St. Francis made the sign of the cross and sent the birds forth into the world, north, south, east, and west, thus sending the story of the cross in symbol throughout the world. The Franciscans, like the birds, carried nothing with them as they went about teaching the love of the Savior. The vows of Chastity, Obedience, and Poverty were the special virtues of the order, the chief of which was Poverty.

Fig. 21.—Giotto. St. Francis Preaching to the Birds. Upper Church, Assisi.

Giotto's fame as an artist was very great and brought him many commissions from both the Church and State. A story is told that the pope wished artists from all over Italy to come to Rome and decorate a new church that had just been finished. He sent a committee to see the different artists and collect specimens of their work. When Giotto was solicited, he at first refused to send anything, but finally took up his pencil and with one sweep of his hand drew a round "O" and handed it to the committee. The men were unwilling to take so meager a drawing, but Giotto said, "That is too much," and refused to do more. The round "O" was highly appreciated by the pope, and since then the saying goes, "Round as the 'O' of Giotto." In studying the works of Giotto, one is more and more convinced that to appreciate and understand the pictures of the early artists one must be familiar with the stories of the Bible, the Apocrypha, the legends of the Church, the lives of the saints, and mythology.

CHAPTER IV

TADDIO GADDI—ORCAGNA—GENTILE DA FABRIANO—FRA ANGELICO

GIOTTO made such radical changes in the art of his time that none of his immediate pupils ever advanced beyond him. The pupil who worked with him and seemed to have some of the spirit of the master was Taddio Gaddi (1300?–

FIG. 22.—Taddio Gaddi. Religion and Philosophy. Santa Maria Novella, Florence.

1366?). He had less of the dramatic than Giotto, but he was a man full of religious feeling and worked for the uplifting of his fellow men. In his "Religion and Philosophy" (Fig. 22), in the Spanish chapel of the Santa Maria Novella, Florence, he has put into the hands of St. Thomas Aquinas, the figure

in the center of the upper row, the Book of Wisdom. In it is written:

> "I willed, and Sense was given me,
> I prayed, and the Spirit of Wisdom came to me,
> And I set her before, (preferred her to,) kingdoms and thrones."

This sentence alone would describe Taddio's aim in art. The frescos in this chapel are in a fair state of preservation, and, fortunately, the restorer has not done so much damage as is usually the case. Taddio did not improve upon the

Fig. 23.—Taddio Gaddi. The Meeting of Joachim and Anna. Santa Croce, Florence.

methods of Giotto, but his color was a little more vivid and fresh. He was quick to see the quality of decoration in his subject and showed great skill in arranging his figures in a pleasing manner. The power of thought put into the grand allegorical composition of "Philosophy" stamps Taddio as a student of the very highest order. The symbolic representation of the seven virtues in life as he has given them in the upper part of the fresco is significant of his keen insight into the governing principles of perfect manhood. Under these are the great prophets and apostles arranged on each side of St. Thomas Aquinas, and below these, each in a canopied seat,

are the spiritual and natural sciences, each with "the figure of its Captain-teacher to the world" at its feet. Ruskin calls attention particularly to the figure of Music, the fourth one on the right.

Fig. 24. —Orcagna. Last Judgment (detail). Santa Maria Novella, Florence.

Taddio, like his master, delighted in telling the "old, old story," whether it was taken from the canonical books or from the Apocrypha. "The Meeting of Joachim and Anna" (Fig. 23), in the Baroncelli Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence, is one of a series of pictures in the life of the Virgin. The sense of motion given to the man with the sheep thrown over his shoulders is particularly well represented. It is just possible that Taddio has given us his own portrait in that man; at least the whole face and figure are those of some one well known to him. The architectural background as he has given it in this painting is ample proof that he was capable of designing the Ponte Vecchia over the river Arno even if there is a question about his having done so. No one was more fitted to finish his master's campanile, the "Lily of Florence," as it was called, than was Taddio Gaddi.

Two generations passed before there was a single artist with sufficient individuality to advance the art of painting beyond Giotto; then came Andrea Orcagna (1329?–1376?). This artist was broad enough to take advantage of all that had gone before him and give out an art that was more mature

in the perceptions of the beauty of life. He really changed the character of painting, and, while he did not rival Giotto in dramatic conception, he did far excel any artist of his time in the delicate, spiritual expression on many of the faces in his compositions. Although the only fairly intact painting of his —the altar piece in Santa Maria Novella—has been through the hands of the restorer, yet the very effective grouping and great variety of expressions in the faces and figures have given the composition an artistic value that is most interesting. The grace and beauty of some of the young women, especially those in the group on the right (Fig. 24), are charming. One feels that Andrea must have had an unusually attractive model or at least one who had awakened in him an appreciation of true womanly beauty. Could any figure have more modest grace than the one on the left with the magnificent braid of golden hair bound around the shapely head and the hands folded so demurely?

There is a gradual advance in the study of nature among the artists of Italy, but the old Byzantine influence is still felt. It is rarely that a radical change is made, where old methods are thrown off and new ones adopted. When Gentile da Fabriano (1360?–1440?) began his art career a new influence had come into Italy from the North, in the works of the Flemish Van Eyck brothers. The jewel-like quality of their art attracted Gentile; he loved the luster of silk and rich ornament. Michael Angelo says of him, "His touch was like his name"—Gentile meaning delicate and graceful. Roger van der Weyden, after seeing his frescos, declared that Gentile was the greatest man in Italy. One of the most magnificent of his compositions is in the Academy of Florence. It is the "Adoration of the Magi" (Fig. 25). The painting as a whole is one of the most comprehensive pictures of that time. There is real perspective in the landscape, true action in the train of worshipers as they wind down the mountain, and considerable life in the animals in the foreground. The decorative magnificence of the "kings" is glorious. Nowhere is there such luxuriance in stuffs and jewel ornamentation. Neither does Gentile lack in religious feeling: the attitude of the Virgin is full of humility

and quiet dignity. The expression of her face is gentle and tender. There is a sentimental tilt to the head to express sentiment, but there is not the excessive sweetness that is seen at a much later date. The folds in the robe of the Virgin are arranged with much grace, and the attitude of the baby is more lifelike than most of the bambinos of this century.

One of the evidences of the Renaissance that was stirring Italy at this time was the new life that had entered into the

Fig. 25.—Gentile da Fabriano. Adoration of the Magi. Academy, Florence.

Dominican Order of monks. A preacher and scholar, Giovanni Dominici, realizing the dead state of his order, went from one end of the country to the other preaching the Gospel of Christ and bringing in new converts. Many of the young men were artists and skilled workmen, and among them was Guido da Vicchio, more familiarly known as Fra Angelico. His order moved from place to place until, through the intercession of Cosimo de' Medici, a permanent home was granted it in the old Convent of San Marco, Florence. Cosimo benefited the order still further by adding new buildings to the old convent at his

own expense. The large wall spaces in chapel, hall, and monk's cell were ready for decorations, and who could make more beautiful pictures than its own most loved and faithful disciple—Fra Angelico (1387–1455)?

No artist of his time or any other time was so filled with true piety and love of Christ as this holy monk of the Dominicans. His picture of "Christ and His Two Disciples on the Way to Emmaus" (Fig. 26) is a most impressive "Welcome," inviting

FIG. 26.—Fra Angelico. Christ and His Two Disciples on the Way to Emmaus. San Marco, Florence.

all, as it were, into the very presence of the Blessed Master. The Christ is dressed in the short rough garment of the traveler, with a staff in His hand. His two companions have the usual white under-robe of the order and the outer black cloak and hood. The Savior's attitude is that of the moment when "He made as though He would have gone further," and that of His disciples when "they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us." There is something very human and very lovable in the face of Christ, convincing us that this is a personal Savior, and one that the artist had enshrined in his inmost heart. In Fra Angelico's own cell is the beautiful "Madonna della Stella" (Fig. 27). The exquisite grace and heavenly sweetness of the Madonna is so spiritual in its conception, one feels that only a

FIG. 27.—Fra Angelico. Madonna della Stella. San Marco, Florence.

man who sought Divine guidance before taking up his brush could paint anything as pure. There are paintings in every cell done by this sainted man and all of them have the same purity of conception. His angels are so familiar that simply naming the celestial beings bring them to mind. No wonder that the Preaching Friars called him "Angel Brother." Many of Fra Angelico's pictures have the gold background of the

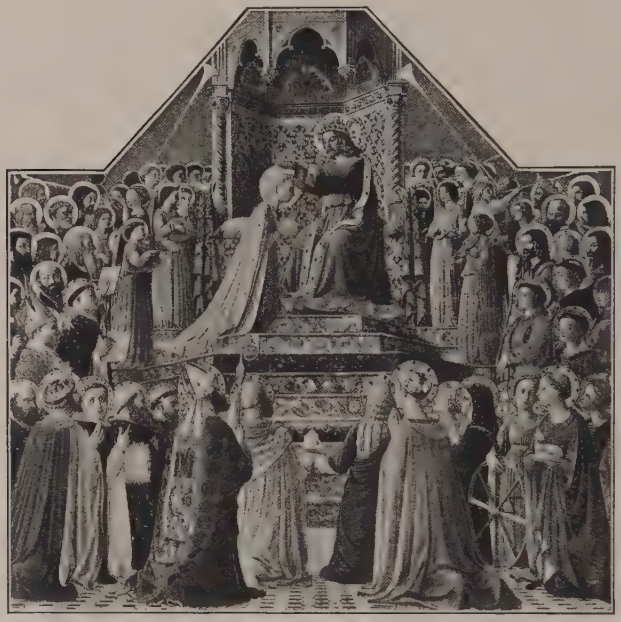

Fig. 28.—Fra Angelico. Coronation of the Virgin. Louvre, Paris.

Byzantine and the simplicity of Giotto. He did not advance in conception and technic, but far excelled artists of all time in the child-like faith that he infused into everything he did. One of his very earliest paintings, "The Coronation of the Virgin" (Fig. 28), is one of the greatest treasures of the Louvre, Paris. Until 1812 it was in the Church of San Dominico at Fiesole, Italy, but during the invasion of the French it was carried off to Paris. How delicately he has worked out every detail in the Gothic throne, how carefully and lovingly each

jewel is noted in the crowns of the Divine Mother and Son! The exquisite coloring of the marble and the lavish use of gold, together with the miniature-like quality of the whole composition, mark its early date. The charming grace of the saints in the right foreground, each with her symbol of martyrdom or grace, and the balancing group of Dominicans on the left bring the heavenly scene nearer to earth through the human side of life. While Fra Angelico painted most of his pictures after the early Renaissance began, he did not take an active part in the new movement. His work was to advance the teachings of Christ, not to improve methods in art. He was essentially a fourteenth-century artist, although most of his life was in the fifteenth century.

Now, however, artists began to look at nature with more comprehensive eyes, and found that her subjects gave inspiration as well as the subjects demanded by the Church. There was a general state of expectancy, a reaching after greater things. The stagnation of the Middle Ages was a thing of the past; the knowledge acquired through the Church was too narrow; everyone was seeking for a wider horizon. The classic culture of the Greek was again brought before the people through the relic hunter's efforts, Greek scholars were coming into Italy from the far East, and the art of printing was being perfected. In fact, as knowledge advanced in every line, and among all classes, greater demands were made. As the Church had always employed the best artists, and her precepts had been taught her ignorant children through pictures, every Italian was an art critic. The Church still used her power over the artist, but now that nature had opened his eyes to her beauty, another influence was at work which grew stronger from year to year. The human figure was becoming something more than a dummy to hang the clothes on; it was now a body with bones and muscles, jointed and capable of motion. The human face lost its pietistic expression and assumed a natural beauty that was more real and less conventional. The artist's subjects were still mostly from the Bible, the legends of the Church, and the lives of the saints, but the execution of the pictures shows the influence of nature study.

CHAPTER V

MASACCIO—FRA FILIPPO LIPPI—FILIPPINO LIPPI—BENOZZO GOZZOLI

THE first innovator of the fifteenth century was the Florentine Masaccio (1401?–1428). His name stands for this century as Giotto's does for the fourteenth; and not until Michael Angelo's time did he have an equal who could comprehend the truths taught by nature as he understood them. When we consider that this wonderful genius died before he was thirty, and that he stood alone in the great nature-study

FIG. 29.—Masaccio. The Tribute Money. S. Maria del Carmine, Florence.

movement, the power of the man is still more apparent. Although Masaccio was so close a student of the world around him, yet he was never petty in detail work. He saw everything with a mind and eye open to broad truths and he had the technical skill of hand to execute what he saw. Vasari's statement that "no master of that age so nearly approached the moderns," defines the standing of Masaccio as an innovator as no other sentence could.

"The Tribute Money" (Fig. 29) in the Church of Santa Carmine, Florence, is one of his masterpieces. The landscape in the background at the left is conceived with a truthfulness

far beyond anything of his contemporaries. The grouping of the apostles, with that grand figure of the Christ in the center, is a master stroke. The outstretched arm and expressive position of the hand, the pose of the head, so well poised on the slender neck, and the whole attitude of the figure of the Savior is full of strength and dignity. The perspective, the broad folds of the drapery, the individuality of each apostle is, indeed, fine. Then, too, Masaccio could tell the story of the tribute money without detriment to the artistic value of the picture; in the center the Savior is sending Peter to the water's edge for the fish in whose mouth he will find the money. At the left is seen Peter drawing out the fish, at the right of the picture again the same figure —Peter—is giving the money to the tax gatherer. There are no unnecessary flourishes; the story is told simply and powerfully. Now turn, in the same chapel, and look at the fresco of "St. Peter Baptizing" (Fig. 30). The nude figures of the two youths show how well the master understood the anatomy of the human body. Lanzi says, "That figure, so highly extolled in the 'Baptism of St. Peter,' which appears shivering with cold, marks, as it were, an era in the art." Not even Michael Angelo with his marvelous handling of the nude could surpass that single figure of the trembling youth.

Fig. 30.—Masaccio. St. Peter Baptizing. S. Maria del Carmine, Florence.

A contemporary, and possibly a pupil, of Masaccio, was a Carmelite monk, Fra Filippo Lippi (1406–1469). This artist was a monk by accident only, and not because he had put aside worldly loves. Browning in his poem, "Fra Lippo Lippi,"

has very forcefully told the story of the painter's life, emphasizing the misfit of the monk's cowl and gown. Fra Filippo loved a beautiful face for its beauty alone and never hesitated to take a pretty girl as a model for his Madonnas; there was nothing vulgar, however, about his women with their earthly type of beauty, but rather a charming sweetness that harmonized with the sacredness of his subjects.

In the "Coronation of the Virgin" (Fig. 31), in the Academy, Florence, he has given such an exquisite quality to his

Fig. 31.—Fra Filippo Lippi. Coronation of the Virgin. Academy, Florence.

color scheme of glowing flesh, golden hair, and delicate tints in drapery that it has enveloped the picture with a loveliness rarely equaled. In the right-hand corner of the painting the artist has painted his own portrait as an old man in the habit of his order. In front of him is an angel with a scroll, on which are the words "Is perfecit opus."

When looking at Fra Filippo's pictures, one often wonders whether all the women and children of Florence had short necks. Or was it the beauty charm of Lucrezia Buti? The story of the romance of the artist's life is that when he was

employed by the nuns of St. Margaret to paint the portrait of this beautiful novice, Lucrezia Buti, he fell in love with her, and some authorities say that they were both released from their vows by the pope and were afterward married. While there is much confusion of facts about the marriage of Fra Filippo, it is fairly certain that Filippino Lippi (1457?–1504) was his son, and that he inherited his father's artistic temperament. He was a weaker artist than his father, with, however, a charm and tenderness that made a place for him among the prominent painters of his time.

Fig. 32.—Filippino Lippi. Portrait of Artist. S. Maria del Carmine, Florence.

Over fifty years after Masaccio had given up work in the Brancacci Chapel of Santa Carmine, Filippino was appointed to finish the work begun by the older master. In the fresco of "Sts. Peter and Paul before Nero," he has given several portraits of the artists of Florence, among them his own picture (Fig. 32). The dignity of character stamped on that face marks him as a man competent to appreciate the high ideals of Masaccio even if his own work did not reach the level of the greater master. In grasping a subject as a whole he fell short of the mark, but in portraying individuals he showed an understanding of personal traits that only a student of human nature could know. In looking at his face one is reminded of those old portraits found at Fayoum, painted fifteen hundred years before his day.

Another one of the frescos in the Brancacci Chapel painted by Masaccio and Filippino is "The Resurrection of a Child"

(Fig. 33, detail). The scene is founded on the story in the Acts, of St. Paul restoring to life the youth Eutychus, who fell from the window while the apostle was preaching at Troas, with details taken from the legends of Simon Magus, the magician, who is said to have challenged Sts. Peter and Paul to raise the youth to life. The figure at the left of the picture with the outstretched hands and a cap on his head is said to be the poet Luigi Pulci, who died in 1486. The Roman Emperor Theophilus sits on the throne at the left. Filippino finished these frescos between the years 1484 and 1490. This chapel throughout the fifteenth century was of inestimable value to those artists whose works stand for the perfect fruit of the painter —the ideal picture—Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. It is said that Raphael alone copied them seven times.

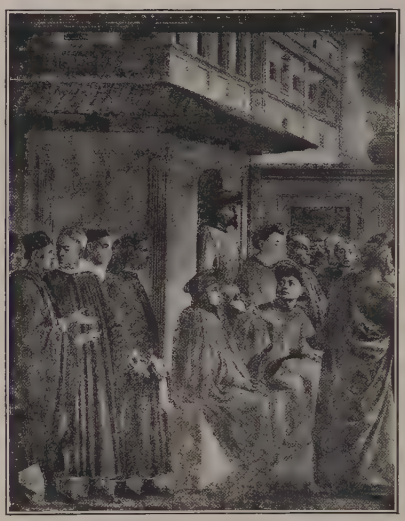

Fig. 33.—Masaccio and Filippino Lippi. Detail from The Resurrection of a Child. S. Maria del Carmine, Florence.

Benozzo Gozzoli (1420?–1497?) is known to us principally through his frescos in a chapel in the Riccardo Palace, Florence. While the subject of the fresco is "The Procession of the Magi to the Stable of Bethlehem," the people in the procession are without doubt, portraits of the leading citizens of Florence. Every figure seems to say, "I am being drawn by Benozzo for his great picture of the Magi." When the fresco was made there was probably no window in the chapel, and possibly the work was done before the ceiling was put on, or it was lighted artificially. The original door in the chapel is simply a division in the picture—one horse has its forelegs and shoulder on one side and the remainder of the body on the other side of the

door-jamb. The present window and passageway for the stairs are cut through the fresco, and those parts of the picture have been removed and probably lost. Never was there a more wonderful procession put on record, preserving, as it does, in these people walking and on horseback, the dress of the Italian of the time, with its great magnificence of ornament and rich material. The "Angels" (Fig. 34) in the fresco are a

Fig. 34.—Benozzo Gozzoli. Group of Angels (detail). Riccardi Palace, Florence.

return to the devotional spirit of Fra Angelico, but they lack the spirituality that that "Angel Brother" breathed into his celestial beings. These angels could live on this earth and sympathize with humanity. The devotional attitude of the hands and faces is touchingly beautiful; the wings are gorgeous in color and sheen, and the folds of the robes fall in graceful lines, but without the breadth of Masaccio.

Benozzo made the fresco on the north wall of the Campo Santo, Pisa. This building is a hollow square around a small

burying ground in the center. The frescos are on the inner walls of a veranda that faces the central space on all sides. The settings of the Biblical scenes represented in this series of frescos are taken from the actual life of the Florentine. There is no thought of placing the sacred subjects in their original surroundings. Each artist realized that he was representing a Bible whose stories were familiar to all alike, whether the setting of the scene was in Asia Minor or in Italy. Vasari, in speaking of the great size of Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco at Pisa, says, "It was sufficient to scare a whole army of painters." The artist was fifteen years making the pictures.

CHAPTER VI

MANTEGNA—VIVARINI—CRIVELLI—BELLINI—CARPACCIO—CIMA—MESSINA

A QUARTER of a century after Masaccio died at Rome, in the north of Italy, at Padua, was a man who was to stand second to none in the century—Andrea Mantegna (1431–1506). This artist was early influenced by the classic marbles and the study of Donatello, the master sculptor. This early love for form as given him in the plastic marble gave him a scientific knowledge of drawing and perspective that was unusual. His wonderful power of imagination and great skill in transferring to canvas the vivid pictures of his mind have given us an art that is monumental in character. Then, too, many of his pictures are monumental in their composition and arrangement. They stand not only as examples of the painter's skill but as reminders of some historical event —as in the "Triumph of Cæsar"—or to picture the doings of gods and goddesses as told in mythological story—as in "Mount Parnassus" (Fig. 35). In no one picture has Mantegna used his inventive faculty with more fruitful results than in "Mount Parnassus," and nothing could exceed his refinement in the treatment of the subject. How well he has disposed the groups in the classic landscape, and how well he has brought out the traits of each in symbolic dress, ornament, and emblem! There stands Venus with her devoted admirer Mars and her son Cupid, on Mount Parnassus; below them the Muses dance to the music made by Apollo, who sits at the left; just above Apollo is Vulcan at the entrance of his cave, receiving the darts of the boy Cupid while he watches his adored wife Venus, who sees only her admirer Mars. On the right of the picture is the winged horse Pegasus, so devoted in story and legend to the Muses; by his side is Mercury, who saved the noble horse from

the needy poet who put him to the cart and plow. Only one who knew these ancient fables and could interpret them would have had the genius to make such a beautiful decorative design. We stand before it in the Louvre, Paris, and realize that we are standing before the work of a true genius.

Mantegna not only studied the compositions of the masters but was a very close observer of nature. His connection by

Fig. 35.—Mantegna. Mt. Parnassus. Louvre, Paris.

marriage with the Bellinis brought him in touch with the Venetian color, which he was quick to use in his own characteristic way. There is always scientific correctness and great truth in his drawing, but the lack of true grace and perfect flexibility shows that he did not draw direct from nature. He was a master in nearly all the technical parts of a picture, and no one except Michael Angelo ever went beyond him in the purely intellectual conception of a composition. There is no exaggeration in his representation of religious subjects; even

in the most tragic scenes he has great power in rendering the pathos of sacred emotion.

While we are in the north of Italy we will see what is being done in Venice, queen city of the Adriatic. The unique situation of this beautiful city has given her a character peculiarly her own. Her political, social, intellectual, and religious life is entirely different from her sister cities. She has always held herself proudly independent of an undue interference by the pope. Her religion is Roman Catholic, but she is never so devoted to the Church that it ever interferes with her state rights; in fact her religion is more of a state ceremonial than a church function. No fear of excommunication ever made her bow her proud head in submission.

Her isolated position, surrounded as she was by the sea on all sides, protected her from outside enemies; her government was such that internal trouble was almost unknown when the rest of Italy was being torn to pieces with strife from within and without. From the very early history of Venice her greatest ambition was worldly wealth; she loved magnificent display and gorgeous adorning. Brilliant color seems to have been her birthright. Her commerce with the far East, even before Constantinople and Byzantium, has always given her the rich material of the orient that is so resplendent with color, and this with her own glorious sky, ever varying from the intense blue of the day, to the golden yellow of the morning and rainbow tints of the evening, has fostered her natural love of color.

The artist of this island city was allowed much freedom in using his own taste in selecting colors and magnificent stuffs for his religious subjects. The rich gold backgrounds of the Byzantine, and the vivid colored mosaics of marble and glass of the cathedral and doge's palace were ever before his eyes, urging him on to make paintings that would harmonize with such brilliant surroundings.

The first artists who stand out with great distinctness as the real founders of the Venetian School of Painting, are the Bellinis—father and two sons. There were other men who were painting for her who formed a sort of connecting link

with the other cities of Italy, and whose pictures are seen in the museums and other buildings of Venice. These artists lived in Murano and other islands near Venice and formed a distinct school for a time, but finally it was identified with the Venetian school. The principal artists of this school were the Vivarinis, who flourished during the fifteenth century; with them the school really ended. There is much confusion as to the individual history of these men, but their record as progressive artists is well authenticated. They painted many altar-pieces, annunciations, and angels—the latter are nearly as well known as those of Bellini and Carpaccio. The last of the Vivarini family was Luigi Vivarini (1461–1503). There is much in his compositions that shows he was not altogether free from the influence of the Bellinis. The arrangement of the "Madonna, Child, and Saints" (Fig. 36), Berlin Gallery, is very similar to the Venetian's. The sweetness and tenderness in the face of the Madonna is most human, and the easy naturalness of the two saints at the right and left of the angels relieves the picture of much of the stiffness of arrangement. The angels at the foot of the throne are sturdy little fellows wholly engrossed in the task of music-making. Note how this artist has brought out the decorative principle in the ornamental work on the throne and archway. How carefully the detail work has been done!

Fig. 36.—Vivarini, Luigi. Madonna, Child and Saints. Berlin Gallery.

The immediate follower of the Vivarinis was Carlo Crivelli (1430?–1493?), a man of considerable force. We see in his paintings the beautiful transparent color that is a marked characteristic of all these men. Crivelli was the same age as Mantegna, and had a little of the tragic power of that man.

He probably studied under the same master—Squarcione. In the "Madonna Enthroned" (Fig. 37), in the National Gallery, London, the architecture of the throne indicates the influence of his studies at Padua. The exquisite coloring of the jeweled crown, neck ornament, and edge of the robe of the Madonna is as brilliant as enamel work. The folds of the robe are stiff and hard, but there is the grace of babyhood in the Baby Jesus as he bends over the ill-shapen hand of the Mother. The chubby little fingers and fat dimpled legs of the Christ Child impart some warmth of feeling to the otherwise fretful and disdainful-looking Mother. Nothing could be more beautiful, however, than the magnificent stuff of the robe of the Madonna, with its elaborately brocaded figures and rich coloring. Crivelli could not portray the spiritual beauty of Fra Angelico or the material beauty of Fra Filippo Lippi, but he had a distinct personality that stamped itself on his pictures and made them most interesting in spite of the lack of beauty in his women.

Fig. 37.—Crivelli. Madonna and Child. National Gallery, London.

We now turn to Giovanni Bellini (1428?–1516), the greatest of his family, who was the first artist to found an individual school of painting in Venice. In Bellini were combined just the necessary qualities that a leader should possess. From the beginning of his art career to the very end of his long life his

artistic growth was steadily progressive. He was keen to take advantage of all that the artists of the world had done in the development of painting before his day and, by his own originality, he advanced the art to a degree of perfection never reached before. That he was the greatest artist of the fifteenth century can hardly be questioned. With him began that marvelous symphony of color which, being perfected by Titian, gave to Venice the palm as undisputed Mistress of Color.

While there is a certain conventionality of arrangement in Bellini's altar-pieces, the Madonna usually being seated on a

Fig. 38.—Giovanni Bellini. Madonna and Child and Two Saints. Academy, Venice.

throne surrounded by saints, with angels below playing on musical instruments, they never lack in the distinctive features that individualize each composition without destroying the type. Even when he varies in composing his Madonna groups the type remains. In the Academy at Venice is his "Madonna of St. George and St. Paul" (Fig. 38), where all accessories are omitted, yet there is no mistaking it as one of Bellini's paintings. He has so individualized the Mother of Jesus that her face typifies the mother who has had revealed to her the great sorrow that will overshadow her later years. She is not morbidly sad, but sad as one who accepts the will of God, uttering no complaint. That Bellini was not morbid himself is

abundantly proved in his portrayal of little children. The Christ Child is a fat, chubby little fellow with baby flesh as warm and soft as any baby's in Venice. He has not given him the child-like freedom of pose that he has the child musicians, so often seated at the foot of the throne, for that would not have harmonized with the sad-faced Mother. Again we think of the face of that Mother and realize how well Bellini combined the beauty of girlhood with the fuller charm that comes when grief has touched the soul and deepened the life.

Nothing in portraiture was ever finer than Bellini's "Portrait of Doge Loredano" (Fig. 39), in the National Gallery, London. Standing before that portrait we are convinced that only a man of power and great knowledge of men could have made such a painting. Here we have the Venetian magnificence of color and stuffs in the cape of the doge; the warm glow of the flesh tints that give life to the almost colorless face; the deep-set eye, clear and intelligent; the firm mouth and sensitive nose, all of which show the keen perceptions of the painter. Certainly Bellini was a man of strength and character. When Dürer was in Venice he was entertained at the house of the old artist, who was then over seventy, and in his notes speaks of the hospitality and honest integrity of his entertainer; the latter statement could not be made of all great men of Venice at that time. Dürer was warned of the jealousy of the artists and advised to beware of their hospitality.

Carpaccio was the immediate follower of Bellini, and shows in his work some of the influence of his master and contemporary. The legend was more attractive to him than religious subjects, although he painted several altar-pieces. He loved to tell a story, and the life of St. Ursula gave him wide scope for his imagination. He painted nine large pictures of this favorite legend and in them gave a very accurate account of Italian life of the fifteenth century; so accurate that he has become an authority for the customs and costumes of daily life through these paintings. In the picture of "St. Ursula and Her Father" (Fig. 40), the style of dress of both father and daughter is a glimpse of the home costume in vogue at the time. St. Ursula is relating her dream to her father and urging

Fig. 39.—Giovanni Bellini. Doge Loredano. National Gallery, London.

him to let her carry out her pilgrimage. When Carpaccio was painting these legends in Italy, Hans Memlinc was making his St. Ursula "Reliquary" (Fig. 170) in Belgium. St. Ursula was the patroness of young girls, and of all women who devote themselves to the care and education of young women.

Vittore Carpaccio was born about 1440 and died the early part of the next century. He was a man of earnest purpose,

Fig. 40.—Carpaccio. St. Ursula and her Father. Academy, Venice.

and in his paintings he gives a truthfulness and honest sincerity that is very pleasing. At all times a thorough student, he gives proof in his "Presentation" (Fig. 41), Academy, Venice, that his knowledge was accurate and far reaching. He combined in this picture the Byzantine, the classic, and the modern technic: the magnificent oriental decoration; the strong relief in the modeling, of the Greek; and the perspective, atmosphere, and sunlight of the Venetian. Nothing could be finer than his manner of handling the rich brocade of St. Simeon's surplice and the heavy lace on the short robe. The gentle

dignity of the Virgin and the sweet girlish attitudes of the two attendants are very attractive. The baby is a human child, and the little musician at the foot of the throne (the one in the middle) is the most unconscious little performer that one could

Fig. 41.—Carpaccio. Presentation in the Temple. Academy, Venice.

well imagine. The whole attitude of the tiny player is eloquent of earnest effort. This bit is a gem.

In Cima da Comegliano (1460–1517) we have one of the direct followers of Bellini, and probably a pupil of his. Possibly he did not originate much in composition, yet he has left works that are expressive of great dignity and considerable personality.

His perspective in "St. John and Four Saints" (Fig. 42), in Venice, is good and the arrangement of the composition is quite original. The detail work on the arches and the drawing of the old tree with its scraggly branches are realistic and effective.

Vasari says that the use of oil in mixing pigments was first taken to Venice by Antonello da Messina (1444?–1493), who

Fig. 42.—Cima. St. John and Four Saints. Venice.

went from Rome to Flanders, where he learned the secret from the Van Eycks. Critics to-day deny that he ever went to Flanders, and also say that oil was used in Italy as a medium before the time of the Van Eycks. Messina shows the influence of the Flemish methods in his careful, painstaking manner of working. In the Louvre is a portrait of "An Unknown Man" (Fig. 43) which, in its perfect modeling and rich coloring, is a marvel. A portrait painter Messina certainly was, and one whose influence was felt even in Venice, the home of his adop-

tion—he was a native of Sicily. What could be finer than the carefully worked-out flesh tones of the face and neck of this unknown man! How the eyes glow with the fire of

Fig. 43.—Messina. An Unknown Man. Louvre, Paris.

thought, as only eyes can when the artist paints the character of his sitter! What a wealth of auburn hair, and how well the peculiar style of dressing is preserved without pettiness of detail!

CHAPTER VII

GHIRLANDAJO — BOTTICELLI — VERROCCHIO — LORENZO DI CREDI

TURNING again to Florence we find Ghirlandajo (1449–1494) and Sandro Botticelli (1446–1510) producing their masterpieces. They were both invited to Rome by Sixtus IV. to assist in decorating the new chapel in the Vatican —the Sistine Chapel. Ruskin says, "Ghirlandajo was to the end of his life a mere goldsmith, with a gift of portraiture," but he was something more, for he was a careful draughtsman, handling drapery with simplicity and grace; a colorist of no mean merit, and the greatest fresco painter of the latter half of the fifteenth century. He acquired the name "garland-maker" from his working in a goldsmith's shop making jeweled garlands for the rich ladies of Florence. His real name was Domenico di Tommaso di Currado Bigordi—we are thankful that he made garlands for the ladies. Little is known of the artist's early life, but many critics assert that he painted the series of frescos for the Vespucci family in the Church of Ognissanti, Florence, before he was called to Rome by the pope in 1475 and before he was twenty-six. These frescos were covered with whitewash in 1616 and were not brought to light again until 1898. His reputation as an artist must have been established before 1475 or he would not have been called to Rome on so important a mission.

Ghirlandajo did not have that warmth that would make him much loved as a painter, but he was strong, masterful, and forceful. One cannot look at the picture of "The Old Man and Little Boy" (Fig. 44), in the Louvre, without recognizing the power of the man. The portrait may be a little too realistic in giving the imperfections nature has put on the nose of the old man, but the face of the child redeems that realism in its

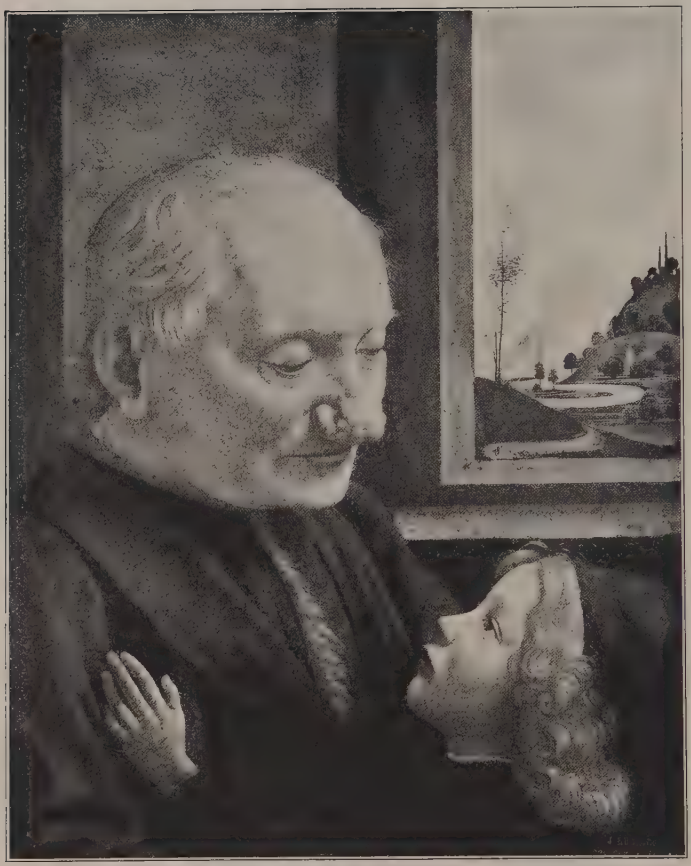

FIG. 44.—Ghirlandajo. Old Man and Boy. Louvre, Paris.

absolute unconsciousness of any mar on the face of his idol. The expression of love, admiration, and trust on the little face is simply perfect. One lingers long before this picture, fascinated by the expression of kind benevolence on the old face and of adoration and perfect trust of his little companion. The vivid red of the cap on the golden curls is almost startling in its brilliancy and yet perfectly satisfactory.

Ghirlandajo was one of the strongest and most popular artists of his day. As a portrait painter he stood at the head. Vasari says that while he was still apprenticed to the goldsmith he had "extraordinary facility in design by continual practice, and was so quick as well as clever, that he is said to have drawn the likeness of all who passed by his workshop, producing the most accurate resemblance." The people of Florence wanted their portraits and he stood ready with his brush to please them. His orders came in so thick and fast that it is said he engaged his brother David to take charge of the business part so that he could devote himself to his patrons.

There was very little, however, of the charm and tenderness in Ghirlandajo that his friend and contemporary, Botticelli, had. Possibly Sandro Botticelli more nearly represented the art of the time of Lorenzo de' Medici than any artist of that day. From the beginning of Lorenzo's reign in Florence until his death he was not only a liberal patron of Sandro's but a loyal friend, inviting him to meet the eminent scholars that he collected around him. If it is true, as Vasari says, that Sandro had not learned to read or write, he must have had an unusual charm of manner to have held his own in so learned a company. That he redeemed himself by acquiring classical lore is evident in his many paintings of mythology.

As a student of nature he saw the flowers that bloomed by the roadside with all the accuracy of the botanist, but he painted them with the poetic charm of Wordsworth. Who can look at the wealth of blossoms in his "Spring" (Fig. 45) without seeing them "fluttering and dancing in the breeze." A certain melancholy seems to pervade almost all of Botticelli's composition, but in this one only the spirit of joy and gladness is breathed forth. How vividly Walt Whitman has described

the three graces dancing at the left of the goddess Spring in his "Rolling Earth":—

> "Of the interminable sisters,
> Of the ceaseless cotillion of sisters,
> Of the centripetal and centrifugal, the elder and younger sisters,
> The beautiful sister we know dances on with the rest,
> With her ample back toward every beholder."

Every figure in the picture is instinct with life, while the vivifying breeze stirs the tiniest leaf and flower. No artist has ever

Fig. 45.—Botticelli. Spring. Academy, Florence.

equaled Sandro in giving that subtle sense of motion that he has made such an integral part of all his pictures. A gentle zephyr, sometimes so soft that only a stray curl is lifted or the most delicate drapery fluttered, is as much a part of the general effect as the color or arrangement. He is called "the painter of the breeze."

Ruskin says of Botticelli: "He was the only painter of Italy who understood the thoughts of the heathen and Christians equally, and could in a measure paint both Aphrodite and the Madonna." While he had little knowledge of the anatomy of

the human body, he was almost a perfect draughtsman. One critic says that he is one of the greatest masters of line. He was one of the artists appointed by Pope Sixtus IV. to decorate the chapel in the Vatican called by his name—Sistine Chapel; and Lanzi says that Botticelli's work in the Sistine Chapel

Fig. 46.—Botticelli. Coronation of the Virgin. Uffizi, Florence.

surpasses his other work. Vasari speaks of his "Calumny of Apelles" as "as fine a production as possible."

The spirit of melancholy that is so marked a feature in his Madonnas is very apparent in his "Coronation of the Virgin" (Fig. 46), in the Uffizi, Florence. In this picture the three lovely angel children (said to be the Medici children) on the left, with their innocent, thoughtful faces, are just the contrast necessary to balance the sad face of the Holy Mother with the

Divine Child. The beautiful bit of landscape in the background gives a touch of reality that sheds a ray of hope over the whole scene. It was through Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood that Botticelli has become so well known in the last fifty years.

There was one man in Florence at this time who was shaking the old city to the very foundation, and whose preaching stirred the souls of all his hearers. The marvelous preacher, Girolamo Savonarola, was at the height of his fame just as Botticelli was doing his best work. His influence on the artists of his time was varied and masterful; it is well to keep in mind this great preacher while studying Florentine art of the fifteenth century. In his cell in San Marco, Florence, is that famous portrait of him done by his beloved disciple, Fra Bartolommeo, who was his devoted follower to the tragic end.

The name Verrocchio, which means "true eye," was a most appropriate one for Andrea di Michele di Francesco Cioni (1435–1488), as a surname. That he served a long apprenticeship under the famous goldsmith, Verrocchio, is evident from his adopting his name. Verrocchio's reputation as a painter rests almost entirely on one painting—"The Baptism of Christ"—and even that had to be shared with his more famous pupil, Leonardo da Vinci. But his skill as a sculptor and designer placed him at the head of the profession of plastic art. No wonder that the father of Leonardo took his son to the workshop of Verrocchio, "then the most famous artist in Florence." Very little is known of the early life of this man, who not only produced masterpieces himself, but was capable of training other men to produce them, as is seen in Da Vinci, who received his entire art education from him. If he "painted for amusement rather than as a profession," as Lanzi says, he certainly loved the profession of art, as the number and perfection of his works show. His "Baptism of Christ" (Fig. 47), in the Academy, Florence, was painted for the monks of San Salvi; when we have said that, almost everything of certainty has been said about its production. But the picture speaks for itself as a whole and in every part. Vasari, who was ever ready with some fable or fairy tale about artists whose

reputation he wished to make or mar, says that the angel whose back is toward the spectator was done entirely by Leonardo, which piece of work discouraged the master from trying to paint. It is true that the angels are painted in oil, while the rest is in tempera, either originally or by the restorer

Fig. 47.—Verrocchio. Baptism of Christ. Academy, Florence.

—which possibly makes them of later date—but the latest research into the life of Verrocchio and a most careful analysis of his work refute Vasari's opinion. Very beautiful, indeed, are both the angels in their attitude of wonder and awe as they wait to minister to the Christ. Strong and masterful is the drawing of the drapery around the loins of the Savior, whose body has been modeled after the most careful study of anatomy. Certain it is that this "Baptism" exerted a great influence

among artists, for it has served as a model of that subject in the majority of the representations since.

In the Uffizi, Florence, is that wonderful "Portrait of Verrocchio" (Fig. 48), left by his favorite pupil Lorenzo di Credi (1450–1537). Truly this portrait is "a work of love," for only one who knew the life of this man through the eyes of love could have made anything so true to nature! Strong and true, energetic and warm-hearted, masterful and tender, are traits written in every line of the body and on every feature of the face. Lorenzo di Credi was one of the followers of Savonarola, and, obeying the orders of the great preacher, he burned all his pictures of classical subjects. Most of his remaining works are executed in oil on wood, and are usually small easel pieces of religious subjects. He was an artist with very little imagination but of great technical ability. His art was mechanical and without the inspiration that marked his illustrious coworkers. His works are found in all prominent galleries and are in an excellent state of preservation.

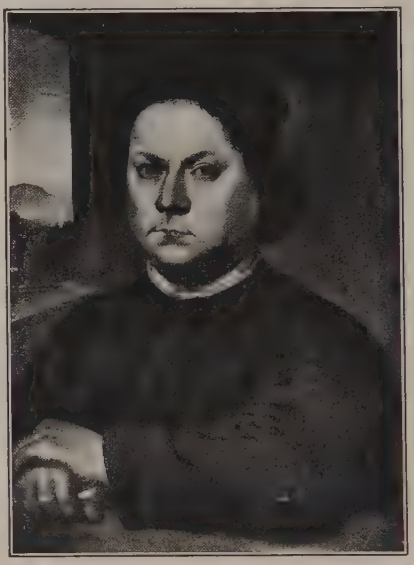

Fig. 48.—Lorenzo di Credi. Portrait of Verrocchio. Uffizi, Florence.

CHAPTER VIII

FRANCESCA—SIGNORELLI—MELOZZO DI FORLI—PERUGINO

WHEN the statement is made that Piero della Francesca was born about 1415, at Borga San Sepolcro, a town in Tuscany; that he learned to paint in oil; that he made so exhaustive a study of perspective as to write a treatise upon it; that he was almost the first artist to paint the separate portrait; that he worked in many of the principal towns of Italy—Florence, Rome, etc.; that he went blind; and that he died in his native town in 1492, about all is said that is definitely known of his life. Of no class of people can it be more truly said that, by their works, ye shall know them, than of artists, and of no artist can this statement be made with greater truth than of Francesca. Covering, as he does, almost every subject in art, he reveals himself so fully that one sees "distinctly his soul and his truth." One of the best known of his paintings is "The Nativity" (Fig. 49), in the National Gallery, London, a picture very much damaged by the hands of the cleaner and restorer (?). His treatment of this subject is so entirely different from anything that had been done before his time, that at once we are convinced of his originality; of his determination to ignore every precedent, and of his desire to be unconventional and faithful to his own observations. The whole scene is most realistic, from the open shed with the magpie on the edge, to the cow and braying ass beneath; from the angels, who are simple peasant girls with no wings or halos to mark them as celestial beings, to the Holy Babe with little arms stretched out in most child-like appeal. Even the Virgin is very sweet and human. The whole picture breathes forth a true religious sentiment, but a sentiment drawn direct from nature. This artist went to nature for his inspiration.

Francesca had a scientific mind and learned the technical part of his art with exactness; he drew the form of a body from the anatomical standpoint and gave wonderful spirit and expression to different attitudes. He exerted great influence not only over his pupils but over his fellow craftsmen. The most noted pupil of this innovator was Luca Signorelli (1441–1523), one of the great fresco painters of the fifteenth century, who was honored with an invitation to Rome from Pope Sixtus

Fig. 49.—Francesca. Nativity. National Gallery, London.

IV. How great that honor was Vasari tells us when he says that "of all the methods of painting, the fresco upon the wall is the most masterly and the most beautiful; because, in it, the painter must do his work in one day, and at one stroke; whereas, in other circumstances, he may touch and retouch it as often as he pleases."

Signorelli was a powerful painter and a master in portraying the nude. His frescos at Orvieto were an inspiration to Michael Angelo, and they will always hold first place as masterful compositions. There was hardly a position possible for

the human body to assume, that he was not equal to portraying. He hesitated at nothing in foreshortening or perspective. As a draughtsman he had few equals.

The most comprehensive example of his power in painting the human figure is in his "Resurrection" (Fig. 50), in the Duomo, Orvieto. The trumpet call of the angels has awakened

Fig. 50.—Signorelli. Resurrection. Cathedral of Orvieto, Italy.

the dead, and brought them forth from their graves. The artist has represented the resurrected company in a most realistic manner: some of the bodies are just pulling themselves out of the grave, and in all stages of progress; others have already forgotten the bondage of death and are rejoicing with their new-found companion or hailing with delight the heavenly vision above. Around the corner at the right come trooping a company of skeletons grinning over the prospect of being once more clothed and made alive again. There is a gro-

tesqueness in the whole idea that amuses, yet one cannot help but admire the ingenuity of the man who conceives so novel a scene. Signorelli's colors are rather harsh and disagreeable, and there is a lack of human sympathy in his work that almost repels us, and yet we are bound to admire him for his great strength.

Fig. 51.—Melozzo di Forli. Playing Angel. Sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome.

Another pupil of Francesca's was Melozzo di Forli (1438–1494), who is hardly mentioned in the history of art, because there is so little left of his work; yet his angels are almost as popular as those of Fra Angelico. His frescos originally decorated the old Church of San Apostoli, Rome, but all that was left of these decorations was removed to the Quirinal and to the Sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome. In the latter are the angels with the musical instruments (Fig. 51). If adding wings to noble, refined girlish forms will make angels of girls, then these beautiful beings of Melozzo's are angels. There is nothing common about them, yet they are not sentimentally angelic. This one with her "brown blunt wings, like an owl, just as if painted from nature," is very human and particularly attractive in that attitude of pleased expectancy. Originally this angel was one of a full choir that were a part of the "Ascension of Christ." The marvelous foreshortening of this beautiful being placed in the clouds and yet bending so gracefully and

naturally toward the earth, is in itself enough to raise Melozzo to a place beside the greatest artist of his days. That his appointment as painter to the pope brought him special honor is shown in the fact that he was knighted. He was an intimate friend of Raphael's father; both were greatly influenced by Mantegna, but neither of them could compare with that great master in the universality of their art.

There are always certain characters in history who stand as a sort of background to men of larger minds and greater power. Such a character was Perugino to his famous pupil—Raphael. The master will be remembered because of his pupil, and yet the master was an artist of no mean merit himself. Perugino had his early training at Perugia, near which town he was born in 1446. Later he worked with Francesca and Signorelli at Arezzo; with the latter artist he seemed as opposed in his art as it was possible for two fellow craftsmen to be. It may be that Perugino was a man of no personal religion, but he could express religious feeling in his pictures with fervor and tenderness. He had a sentimental way of tilting the head on one side, and giving a pathetic expression to the soft eyes, that became a mannerism; in fact his Madonnas and angels are all made from the same model, with the same inclination of the head and the same wistful expression.

He early learned to captivate the public by giving a spaciousness to his compositions that satisfied as well as pleased. In this fresco "Delivering the Keys to St. Peter" (Fig. 52), in the Sistine Chapel, he has intensified the space between the foreground and background by using a tessellated pavement and placing a few figures at varying distances; then beyond the figures is a lofty dome with wide-open, airy verandas on each side, and in the far-away distance he added a lovely landscape with a setting of fleecy clouds beautiful in color and texture.

There is nothing dramatic about Perugino's figures and nothing complicated in the arrangement of his compositions. He knew how to handle color better than his contemporaries and has secured a vividness and brilliancy that rivals the Venetians. This may possibly be due to his use of oil in mixing

his pigments. It was through Perugino that the use of oil became well known in Central Italy, and it was due to his teaching that the beautiful color of Raphael's paintings has been preserved to us. The master had a "precise and solid system" that produced a smoothness of surface which prevents his work from blackening with age.

In the "Assumption of the Virgin" (Fig. 53), Academy, Florence, the row of saints at the bottom of the painting is a good example of the "solitariness" of figures in all his works. He never crowds in filling space, but allows ample room for each

Fig. 52.—Perugino. Christ Giving Keys to St. Peter. Sistine Chapel, Vatican.

figure. The individual pose of each particular saint is full of grace and dignity. Mr. Cole speaks particularly of St. Michael, the one on the right, as "the embodiment of all that is sweet and gentle." Perugino has carried out the idea of the character of St. Michael as expressed by the apostle Jude—a pattern of meekness and humility.

Perugino's own life was full of weakness and shortcomings. He was avaricious and grasping. His one idea, as he grew older, was to gain money, and he would repeat the same thought in his pictures over and over so long as he could find a purchaser. He had studios in Perugia and Florence and employed

students to work on his compositions while he spent his time wandering over the country gathering orders and making engagements. It is said that he would secure an order and demand a payment in advance and then never return to fulfill the engagement; that he did this at Orvieto, is an established fact.

Fig. 53.—Perugino. Assumption of the Virgin. Academy, Florence.

CHAPTER IX

PINTORICCHIO—ROSSELLI—FRANCIA

THE fact that the artist Bernardino di Benedetto (1454–1513) was "undersized and of insignificant appearance" did not prevent him from taking the name of Pintoricchio from the old Italian word *pintore*, meaning a master painter. He probably had his early training in his native town Perugia, possibly under a miniature painter, but we have no definite knowledge of his artistic career until 1482, when he came to Rome as an assistant to Perugino, who was at work on the frescos in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. Pintoricchio must have proved himself worthy of promotion, for two of the frescos were made by him. That Perugino, who was eight years his senior, exerted a marked influence on him is very evident from the fact that his "Baptism of Christ," in the chapel, was for a long time attributed to the master. His "Portrait of a Boy" (Fig. 54), in the Royal Gallery, Dresden, is one of his early works in which he still follows the teachings of Perugino, but does not reproduce any of the master's eccentricities. There is nothing of the sentimentalist in that sober-faced youth. How earnestly those large full eyes look out from between the half-closed lids! Could anything be more attractive than that chestnut-brown hair hanging so primly against the warm flesh tones of cheek and brow; and how perfectly the quaint blue cap and simple red jacket accord with the whole style of our young friend! We can imagine him swinging off through those classic lands with all the eagerness of healthy boyhood.

It was Pintoricchio's good fortune to be patronized by the reigning popes in Rome, which brought him many commissions. One of the most important was an order to decorate the Borgia Apartments in the Vatican. This appointment as court painter came through Pope Alexander VI., who, as Cardinal

Borgia, had been his patron. He followed the pope through some of his many vicissitudes of fortune—first to the Castle of St, Angelo as a refuge against the French; then to his own native land. The Borgia Apartments were walled up by order of Pope Julius II., and so they remained until they were

Fig. 54.—Pintoricchio. Boy. Royal Gallery. Dresden.

opened by the late pontiff, Leo XIII. These frescos were Pintoricchio's choicest work. Among them is that exquisite medallion, "The Madonna and Child" (Fig. 55), than which nothing could be more beautiful. Even the fact that the models for the madonna and child were Julia Farnese (sister of Pope Paul III.) and her natural son, and that she was mistress

in these beautiful rooms, cannot detract from the loveliness of this little gem. The picture, like the circle surrounding it, is perfect in its entirety: rich in color, yet with flesh tones as delicate as the tinted sea-shell; the mother as beautiful as a Venus, with the humility of a saint; and the boy Jesus more fascinating than Cupid, for the grace of God was upon him.

There is no doubt but that Pintoricchio was a great space-filler, and yet Vasari was probably right when he said, "Although he performed many labors and received aid from many persons, Pintoricchio had nevertheless a much greater name than was merited by his works." It would be impossible to assign him a place above a second-rate artist of the fifteenth century, although as a fresco painter he merits great praise.

Fig. 55.—Pintoricchio. Madonna and Child. Vatican, Rome.

Pintoricchio was the youngest (born 1454) of the artists who were appointed by Pope Sixtus IV. to decorate the sides of his new chapel in the Vatican, and Cosimo Rosselli was the oldest (born 1439) of the honored artists. The work was done between 1481 and 1483 by six of the "most celebrated Florentine and Umbrian masters of that period." The artists were Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Signorelli, Perugino, Pintoricchio, and Rosselli. The history of each artist has been considered except that of Rosselli, and before taking up his life we will look at the chapel itself—a room of such importance in the history of painting that no other room in the world can be compared with it (Fig. 56). The chapel measures one hundred and thirty-three feet in length and forty-five feet in width, and has twelve windows—six on either side. The frescos made by the above-mentioned artists are arranged along the walls under these windows. On one side are six paintings from the

Fig. 56.—The Sistine Chapel. Vatican, Rome.

life of Christ, and on the other six from the life of Moses. The chapel is entered through the small door under Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Below the frescos are hung, on festival days when the pope holds service in the chapel, the tapestries made after the cartoons of Raphael. Seven of the original cartoons are now in the South Kensington Museum, London. The ceiling of the chapel has those marvellous frescos of Michael Angelo, which we shall consider in detail later. There is a beautifully decorated marble screen between the altar and the

Fig. 57.—Rosselli. Last Supper. Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

main part of the chapel. The ceiling decorations were not made until a quarter of a century after the side frescos were finished.

It is said that when the pope was making appointments for the work on his new chapel, the crafty Rosselli, understanding the pope's plebeian love for glitter and show, literally covered his trial painting with gold and thus won the appointment, much to the disgust of the other artists—is added. Rosselli must, however, have been an artist of some skill or he could hardly have been allowed to paint six frescos as he did. It is true that he is not awarded a very high place as an artist to-day; and one critic in speaking of work assigned to Rosselli, says his is a name which "covers many mediocrities."

The "Last Supper" (Fig. 57), in the Sistine Chapel, is a

good example of his work. In this painting he shows a little of his master, Masaccio, in the two standing figures at the right; the one in a white tunic is specially fine, but aside from the little life in these two youths, the other figures in the compositions could be carved from wood so far as any action is expressed. In the arrangement of the apostles at the table he has followed the traditions of the past and placed Judas on the opposite side of the table from the others. The landscapes seen through the windows brighten the otherwise rather dull and monotonous interior. The draperies of the apostles are so stiff and precise that even the contrasts in the color scheme lose their charm by the too defining line drawn between them.

Fig. 58.—Francia. Unknown Man. Pitti Palace, Florence.

The artist Francia (1450–1518) was celebrated in his day for his beautiful goldsmith work. His home was in Bologna, where he was head of the mint for many years; the medals and coins made under his direction are remarkable for their fine, delicate workmanship. Many of the early artists were trained in the art of the goldsmith before they began their career as painters, which gave them an accuracy in drawing that was a good foundation for broader work.

Francia came under the influence of Mantegna, and gained from him the love for form which that master held to be of such great importance; and when, later, the works of Perugino came to his notice his style as a painter assumed a distinct individuality. His works show plainly the influence of the Umbrian school, and especially so after the young Raphael stamped the school with his immortal genius. It is not known for a certainty that Francia ever saw Raphael, but it is known that they carried on a correspondence and exchanged portraits.

There was always a jewel-like quality in the exquisite finish

of Francia's pictures that made them as beautiful as miniatures. The golden tones of the flesh tints and the rich colors laid on so smoothly and evenly showed his goldsmith training, but the lofty conception of his themes proved his true artistic instincts. He had one rather unpleasant mannerism that reminds one of the wig-maker, which is seen even in the portrait of the "Unknown Man" (Fig. 58), in the Pitti Gallery, Florence. Beautiful, rich auburn hair it is, but what a peculiar growth at the parting on the forehead! How perfect the features are and yet how full of strength! What dignity of pose and how beautifully the clear outline of the soft hat, straight hair, and rich stuff of the robe silhouette against the landscape background, the latter so true to himself! Who is the man? you may ask. What matters it who he is; we know that he was some one that Francia knew, and that he was a man well worth knowing.

CHAPTER X

LEONARDO DA VINCI—BERNARDINO LUINI

THE Renaissance in Italy stood at its height in three great masters. No age of the world has ever produced three geniuses to compare with these three men—Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. They have represented all the powers of the human mind as expressed in versatility and feeling, creation and passion, harmony and love.

Leonardo's mental gifts were of the most varied character. Nature seemed to have lavished on him every talent she had to bestow, but, failing to give him the power of holding himself to one task until it was finished, he was the most fickle of mortals. Then, too, his propensity to experiment in every line was disastrous, in that oftentimes the experiment failed and the grand composition was lost to us because of the failure. We cannot to-day stand before that stupendous ruin of the "Last Supper," in the S. Maria delle Grazie, Milan, without feeling a pang of regret that the man who could conceive such a composition should have failed in preparing his wall, and thus lose to us the grandest conception of that Blessed Scene that has ever been conceived by the mind of man. Even in its ruin it inspires us with awe; what must it have been when it left the hand of the master! The dignity and tenderness of that central figure was only attained after weeks of thought and work on the priceless model that is now in the Academy, Milan (Fig. 59). This portrait of the "Great Master" has alone crowned the lesser master with lasting fame. It is said of Leonardo that, when painting this face, he made sketch after sketch trying to raise the eyes of the Master, but failing in the expression that he sought, he dropped the lids, which added the last touch to that beautiful face.

The apostles in the large fresco of the "Last Supper" (Fig. 60) are all subordinate to that Central Figure and yet they are men of grand personality. No artist has ever made such portraits of these men as has Leonardo. Christ has, possibly, just uttered the words, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop. . . ." Beginning on the left, Bartholomew has just risen from the table in consternation; next to him James (the less),

Fig. 59.—Leonardo da Vinci. Head of Christ. Brera Gallery, Milan.

with his hand on Peter's arm, is mildly inquiring; Andrew with uplifted hands exhibits astonishment; then Peter, eagerly leaning toward St. John, with his hand on his shoulder, expresses suppressed excitement; in front of Peter, leaning on the table with the bag clutched in one hand and the other stretched out toward the Master, is the traitor Judas, his whole manner full of opposition; John with downcast eyes and folded hands waits with perfect confidence; on the right of the Savior, James (the great) with arms outstretched shows distress and dismay; back of James is Thomas with uplifted finger, ready for aggressive action; Philip, rising with his hands on his heart, looks worried

FIG. 60.—Leonardo da Vinci. The Last Supper (as it is to-day). S. Maria delle Grazie, Milan.

and troubled; next to him is the elegant Matthew, his arms pointing toward the Savior, while he turns to the other disciples with a look of questioning wonder; Thaddeus with one hand uplifted has a face full of horror; and Simon spreads his hands out with stern disapproval.

Fortunately for us Raphael Sanzio Morghen, an Italian engraver, made an engraving of the "Last Supper" (Fig. 61), the last of the eighteenth century, before that fearful havoc that was wrought on the fresco by Napoleon's soldiers. The opening in the lower part of the painting was a doorway cut

FIG. 61.—Leonardo da Vinci. The Last Supper (from engraving). S. Maria delle Grazie, Milan.

in the seventeenth century, and the restorer did greater damage later. Leonardo was born in 1452. At fifteen he was a pupil of Verrocchio and a fellow student with Perugino and Lorenzo di Credi. He was a man of such personal beauty and magnetism that he was sought after by both Church and State. He was invited to Rome by Pope Leo X., but while there the spirit to experiment was so strong upon him that he accomplished almost nothing. The pope found him one day preparing to make a new varnish. "Alas!" said Pope Leo; "this man will do nothing, for he thinks of finishing his picture before he begins it."

Fig. 62.—Leonardo da Vinci. Madonna and Child. S. Onofrio, Rome.

The master's early years were spent in the service of Lodovico Sforza, at Milan. While there he made a famous model for an equestrian statue, that, had it been finished, would have equaled anything ever made by the Grecian masters, but time was too short and the statue was never cast. The description that Leonardo gives of his own talents in the famous letter written to Lodovico Sforza is very true in its closing words, when he says, "In time of peace, I believe I can equal any one in architecture, in constructing public and private buildings, and in conducting water from one place to another. I can execute sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta; and in painting I can do as much as any other, be he who he may.

Further, I could engage to execute the bronze horse in eternal memory of your father and the illustrious house of Sforza."

There are not more than five or six authentic works left of the great Leonardo. Many paintings have been claimed as his by different authorities, but modern critics have set them aside as not genuine. In the Convent of Silence, S. Onofrio, on the left side of the Tiber just south of St. Peter's, Rome, is a unique "Madonna and Child with Donor" (Fig. 62) set in a mosaic background, which is considered by Lubke as one of his earlier works. There is more of the influence of the Florentine school in this painting, as seen in the coloring—cool and simple. The picture has been very much injured by the restorer, but there still remains that mysterious something that Leonardo left on all his works, stamping them as genuine.

The marvelous portrait of the wife of Francesco del Giocondo, usually called "Mona Lisa" (Fig. 63), is one of the greatest treasures of the Salon Carré, in the Louvre, Paris. Leonardo, after spending four years on this portrait, considered it unfinished. Although unfinished, from his standpoint, it is a masterpiece of painting. That smile has been the wonder of the critic and the despair of the artist for these four hundred years and more. To paint a face smiling or crying without its being grotesque requires the greatest of skill, and when Leonardo fixed on canvas that everlasting smile he gave to the world an inestimable gift. True, musicians were kept playing to enliven the beautiful woman, but was it the music that has revealed the very soul of this woman to us, or was it the artist himself who has touched the deepest chord of her being? Not the lips alone reflect the inward workings of the brain of that silent woman, but the eyes speak to us in that silent language—a language universal to humanity. Is she beautiful? Who can answer that question? Surely she is fascinating. What a mystery seems to shroud her whole existence! Look at her hands folded so peacefully over each other, but how full of life! How well she fits into the background with its winding stream having no beginning or end! She seems to keep saying:

> "Men may come, and men may go,
> But I go on forever."

The last of Leonardo's life was spent in France under the patronage of the young King Francis I. Cellini writes that "King Francis was passionately enamored of the great master's talents, and told me himself that never any man had come into the world who knew as much as Leonardo." He

Fig. 63.—Leonardo da Vinci. Mona Lisa. Louvre, Paris.

died in May, 1519, in a manor house near the king's palace, not far from the town of Amboise, on the river Loire.

By one of those strange lapses of Vasari in his history of the Italian painters, we are left in almost entire ignorance of the personal history of Bernardino Luini. That he was in Milan under the influence of Leonardo's work at least, is quite certain, but probably he never saw that great master himself. For years many of the works of Luini were attributed to Da

Vinci because of the great similarity to his work. It would have been impossible for a man of Luini's sympathetic and plastic nature to have come under the shadow of the greater genius without showing traces of it, but he was not an imitator however; he was a follower. Luini was an artist who painted from a love of his art and not for the money value. Many times he was well satisfied if he received his living in return for the time spent on a picture. He was poor and in trouble the

Fig. 64.—Bernardino Luini. Marriage of the Virgin. Santuario, Saronno, Italy.

greater part of his life and seemed most grateful for protection and help, for which he willingly gave of his best in return. That he was a man of kindly feeling and of a lovable nature shows itself in his works, but with all his good will toward his fellow man, strange as it may seem, he was driven from place to place because of strange misfortunes that came to him. When about fifty years old he was compelled to flee from Milan, for the story goes he had killed a man in self-defense, so he found refuge in the pilgrimage church of Saronno, a small town between Milan and Como. The monks compelled him to pay for his protection by painting a series of frescos on the

walls of the church. He chose for his subjects incidents from the life of the Virgin. Among them is "The Marriage of the Virgin" (Fig. 64), which, Vasari says, "is admirably executed." Very meager praise for so beautiful a painting! The perfect simplicity and real sincerity of all the actors in this marriage ceremony are charming. These two qualities—simplicity and sincerity—are special characteristics of all of Luini's work. No artist since Fra Angelico put more of the religion of the heart into his pictures. As a fresco painter he had few equals and no superiors. When about to leave the pilgrimage church at Saronno he painted, as a thank offering, a "Nativity" on the walls of the cloister. The monks remarked, "'Tis almost a pity that Bernardino did not murder more men, that we might have received from him more gifts." It is possible that the priest performing the marriage ceremony in this picture is a portrait of Luini himself. He paints himself as a rabbi in "The Christ before the Doctors" in the same series of frescos, and this face bears a strong resemblance to that rabbi.

Most of Luini's compositions were for the Church or the monk. He was never the favorite of the rich and powerful, as was Leonardo, nor was his home in the palace and the manor house. He was quite content to live and labor, adding nothing to advance his art, but detracting nothing by following unworthy masters. He was a worthy follower of the great Leonardo da Vinci.

CHAPTER XI

MICHAEL ANGELO

IT is hardly possible to understand the artistic development of Florence without some knowledge of the Medici family. This family was purely Florentine in origin. From simple merchants they became merchant princes of enormous wealth, who for four hundred years held the balance of power in Florence. Although they became the real rulers of the city, they were, from the very first, wise enough to hold themselves in check and exert their influence through their fabulous wealth, which they used for the good of the State. Their great power over the masses was largely due to warmth of heart and generous aid in personal troubles. This liberal and generous spirit was handed down from father to son until the name Medici stood as a synonym for generosity in everything. They were patrons of arts, sciences, and letters from the very beginning of their history.

The real founder of the house of Medici was Cosimo the Elder, and with his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, it reached its height in wealth and power. During Lorenzo's reign Florence, too, was never so loaded with honor and fame. Savonarola was filling the city with his teachings, thundering against the magnificent display and enormous outlay of money and beseeching in most persuasive language a return to simple living and Christ-like humility. Around these two powerful men were gathered the greatest artists the world has ever known. Their names alone quicken the heart-beat and fill one with wonder and awe.

Michael Angelo was born in 1475. The saying goes that while the young artist was still a pupil in Ghirlandajo's studio, Lorenzo de' Medici applied to the master for pupils to enter the school of design which he had founded. Ghirlandajo sent

young Michael to him. Lorenzo being pleased with the selection, and foreseeing the genius of the boy, received him into his palace, seated him at his own table, and made him a companion to his sons. It was Giovanni, one of these sons, the same age as Michael, who, when he became Pope Leo X., in 1513, so shamefully wasted the artist's precious time by his stubbornness and indecision.

For three years Michael Angelo came in contact with the most learned men of his time, which developed his mind and gave it a breadth and accuracy far beyond his age. The death of Lorenzo in 1492 was a great grief to the young artist—he had lost more than a patron, he had lost a friend. The son, Pietro de' Medici, invited the artist to remain at the palace, and, it is said, he often consulted with him about the purchase of gems and antiques. Pietro lacked the affable manner and kindly feelings that endeared his father to all around him, and soon lost his power over the people. Michael Angelo found it wise for him to leave the palace and even Florence for a time.

It is possible that when this young genius was a little boy he may have seen Leonardo da Vinci, for that great master was living in his own house in Florence in 1481; we do know that twenty years later they were both commissioned to paint the walls of the Council Hall, in Florence, but neither of them carried out the commission. Both of the artists made cartoons for the paintings that were the wonder of all artists; there still remains of Michael Angelo's, a small detail in his "Soldiers Bathing."

It was not as a painter that Michael Angelo was first known, but as a sculptor and architect, and not until his return to Rome in 1508 did he, under protest, take up his brush. When Julius II. was made pope, he summoned the young artist to Rome and ordered him to design a monument that would throw everything else into the shade. The design was accepted with enthusiasm by the pope and the work was to begin at once. Michael Angelo went to Carrara where he spent six months in the quarries getting out the marble for this colossal tomb of Julius II.

The friendship between these two strong natures was a picturesque one, as quarrels and reconciliations marked it from first to last. Neither was willing to yield an inch, and yet each realized the worth of the other. It was always the old pope who made the first advances to re-establish the broken friendship. The work on the new tomb was hardly begun before a quarrel was imminent, and Michael Angelo left Rome. On his return after several years of absence, he expected to take up the interrupted work on the monument, but now Julius II. had his heart set on rebuilding St. Peter's. Although the work was in the hands of the architect Bramante, the pope ordered Michael Angelo to work on it too. Bramante, being jealous of Michael Angelo and wishing to ruin him in the eyes of the pope, suggested that he be appointed to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, knowing that it was work that he was not accustomed to do. The pope was pleased with the proposition and ordered the painting to be begun at once. Michael Angelo demurred, but the old pope would have his way. When at last he accepted the task his fertile mind conceived a plan so tremendous and so unique that only a man of iron constitution and unyielding will could have completed a work of such giant proportions. After having decided on the character of the decorations no power on earth could change him one iota. The old pope suggested, found fault, and even threatened, but Michael Angelo held his own, and after four years and a half of almost incessant labor he came down from the scaffold for the last time, having completed, in its entirety, the only work which, in all his long, troublous life, he was allowed to finish as he had conceived it. In the decorations of the Sistine ceiling Michael Angelo left to posterity a work beyond description.

It was over twenty years from the time the side frescos were finished before this great master was appointed to decorate the ceiling. This work alone would have been a sufficient undertaking for an ordinary mind. The pope's idea was to cover the space with twelve scenes with the twelve apostles, but this was far too meager for the creative mind of the artist, who made over two hundred colossal figures with a history

that covered the world from the first day of creation until after the flood, and prophets and Sibyls who foretold all coming events. Each section of the fresco was a complete whole.

The space to be covered was a plain vaulted ceiling; this the artist has divided into sections with architectural division lines so true in perspective and design that the most critical eye is unable to detect the deception. In the nine central divisions are placed the acts of creation, the temptation, and the history of the flood. Around these are symbolic decorative figures, and below each division are the prophets and Sibyls with caryatids, on either side, supporting the make-believe pillars of the deceptive framework. In the fourth central division is the "Creation of Adam" (Fig. 65). "And God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness. . . . So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Could anything be simpler or more comprehensive than those strong Anglo-Saxon words telling that grand old Hebrew story? Thousands of years came and went before the story found an interpreter who could picture the scene with such strength in so simple a manner. The conception of this act of creation is so awe-inspiring and the thought expressed so reverential one feels that only a man inspired of God could have made so noble a creation. To make a visible Creator, when even Moses "was afraid to look upon God," was a most daring undertaking, but who would question the reverence of Michael Angelo in imaging the Father in whose likeness man was made? How well he has preserved the sense of mystery by shrouding the body of the Almighty in the shadowy violet robe, and yet how like that body is the nude form of the newly created Adam! What a wealth of nascent strength is latent in this first Adam! Surely, the forces primeval are suggested in the dark mountain side and the misty blue-gray of the firmament! What a marvelous awakening that was when the divine spark of life leaped from the finger of God through the intervening space and roused into life the noble being that He had made to have dominion over the earth! The Bible story has a deeper meaning through the interpretation of this prophet of God.

FIG. 65.—Michael Angelo. Creation of Adam. The Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

The perspective of these twelve colossal figures of prophets and Sibyls is such that they appear to be seated around the interior of a temple where they can view the scenes in the vault above. Whether studying the single scene or looking at the composition as a whole, one is convinced that Michael Angelo knew his Bible and read it again and again, and to this knowledge he added traditional lore which broadened and deepened the meaning of each separate figure until the vision as a whole is as though he understood "all mysteries, and all knowledge."

Fig. 66.—Michael Angelo. Jeremiah. Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

Under "Let There be Light" is Jeremiah (Fig. 66), that grand prophet who bore on his heart the sins and backslidings of the children of Israel. There is nothing in the history of painting that equals the strength and grandeur of this single figure. Michael Angelo has condensed into this creation the bitterness, sadness, and hopefulness of Jeremiah as expressed in his prophecy about the chosen people. The burden of the prophecy of these men of God was the scheme of salvation as foretold in the Old Testament.

Seated with these prophets of old are the Sibyls—that peculiar race of women. These prophetesses were to the Gentiles what the prophets were to the Jews in predicting the coming Redeemer. Very curious and interesting are the traditions pertaining to the origin and the teachings of the Sibyls. Michael Angelo has interpreted their several offices and attributes in his own original manner, and none more true to her office than the "Cumæan Sibyl" (Fig. 67), who foretold the Nativity in a stable. Legend says that six centuries before

Christ she came three times to Tarquin, King of Rome, to sell him nine books of prophecy. Each time he refused the books she burned three; the third time he bought the last three books, paying the price of the original nine. For centuries these books were under the care of the priests in the Capitol,

FIG. 67.—Michael Angelo. Cumæan Sibyl. Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

where they were consulted at trying periods of the nation's history, until they were destroyed at the burning of the temple of Jupiter in 83 B.C. "The highest honor that art has rendered to the Sibyls" is on the Sistine ceiling.

When the work was first begun on the Sistine Chapel, Julius II. ordered Bramante to put up the scaffolding, but Michael Angelo was so disgusted with the bungling work that

he tore it down and made it all over himself. When the master was ready for work, he sent to Florence for one of his artist friends to come and assist him, but here, too, he was disappointed with the work and destroyed all the friend did. He now shut himself up in the chapel, made his own plaster, and began the frescos. At first he found many difficulties to overcome, as he had done nothing of this kind of painting since he was a young boy in Ghirlandajo's studio. He allowed no one admission to him, but the old pope took matters in his own hands, and not only entered the chapel but went up the belt ladder to the platform where Michael Angelo was at work. When the ceiling was about half finished Julius could wait no longer and insisted that the scaffolding must come down and the fresco be exhibited. The artist's objections were of no avail, so twenty months after the first brush stroke the chapel was open to the public. Enemy and friend alike were overwhelmed with the grandeur of the scene. The immortal Raphael came to gaze upon the work with rapture.

When the frescos were again open to view three years later, the pope said, "You must put in a little gilding. My chapel will look poor." "The people I have painted on it are poor," replied Michael Angelo. And no change was made. We almost tremble now when we realize how nearly these marvelous frescos were lost to us through the interference of the old pope. Once, when the artist wanted money that he might go to Florence on business, the pope asked, "When will you finish my chapel?" "As soon as I can," replied Michael Angelo. "'As soon as I can, as soon as I can'—why, I'll pitch you off your scaffold," cried the irascible pontiff, giving him a slight blow with his stick. Michael Angelo went home, packed up his things, and was ready to start when the pope sent his favorite to him with an apology and five hundred ducats.

Sad, indeed, was the life of Michael Angelo, a solitary man with no family relations, except an ungrateful father; scorning the social life of his day, constantly communing with the stern prophets of the Old Testament; with Dante, of whom he wrote, "Would to heaven I were such as he, even at the price of such a fate! For his bitter exile and his virtue, I would ex-

change the most fortunate lot in the world." Savonarola was his master and friend, but Michael Angelo lived to see him condemned and burned. No wonder he wrote that his "living word would always be branded in his soul." He said of himself, "I think of nothing but work night and day."

FIG. 68.—Michael Angelo. The Last Judgment. Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

More than a quarter of a century after Michael Angelo decorated the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel he was commissioned by Pope Clement VII. (nephew of Lorenzo de' Medici) to paint a fresco on the altar wall of the chapel, and to-day is seen the shadow of that composition in "The Last Judgment" (Fig. 68). The artist seems to have created the scene out of his own

fertile brain. Not a bit of landscape, not a tree, not a house, not even an ornament—just human beings in all imaginable positions. No scene could have given Michael Angelo greater scope to display his absolute mastery of the human form; this is specially true of the Christ (Fig. 69).

This fresco was not finished until during the reign of Pope Paul III. Michael Angelo had now lost some of the fiery impatience that characterized his early days, and yet one little incident will show that he was still capable of wrathful humor. One day the pope, accompanied by his Master of Ceremonies, Biagio da Cesena, went to the chapel to see the work, as was his custom. Biagio, being asked his opinion, criticised the nude figures with the remark that such nakedness was only fit for a bath house. Shortly afterward he learned that Michael Angelo had put him in the fresco among the damned as Minos. He went to the pope in great fury and stated his grievances. When the pope asked him where Michael Angelo had put him, he replied: "In hell." "I am sorry to hear it," the pope said grimly; "if he had only put you in purgatory, I could have got you out; but as you are in hell I can do nothing for you. My power doesn't reach so far. Nulla est redemptio."

Fig. 69.—Michael Angelo. Christ (detail from Last Judgment). Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.

The curious history of the origin of "The Three Fates" (Fig. 70), in the Pitti Palace, Florence, as designed by Michael Angelo, is interesting, although the brush work was done by Rosso. A legend states that one old woman was the model for all three of the Fates. She greatly annoyed Michael Angelo during the siege in 1529, by persistently insisting that her son should fight for Florence. He had his revenge by using his sketch of her in representing the Fates as witches instead of beautiful young girls, as the Greeks had always painted them. In this picture Clotho holds the spindle, Lachesis twists

the thread (of life), and Atropos has the shears ready to cut it.

This great artist, who was honored by pope and prince alike, was as lonely in his intense longing as though a solitary wanderer. One day some one found him, old and infirm, near the

Fig. 70.—Michael Angelo. The Fates. Pitti Palace, Florence.

Colosseum, on foot and in the snow. When asked where he was going, he replied, "To school, to school, to try and learn something." In his last writings he says: "Picture or statue, let nothing now divert my soul from that divine love on the Cross, with arms always open to receive us!"

CHAPTER XII

RAPHAEL—ROMANO

RAPHAEL stands alone as the prince of painters. While he was an eclectic, absorbing from every one and every school, he was far beyond the eclectics, for he himself stood for a whole school. He digested and assimilated so thoroughly that he never imitated, but what he gave was entirely his own, and so stamped with his own individuality that only Raphael is seen. When scarcely fifteen he entered Perugio's atelier, and shortly gave to the world his famous painting, "The Marriage of the Virgin"—Lo Sposalizio (Fig. 71), in the Brera Gallery, Milan. This painting is after the style of his master, but so filled with the enthusiasm, the purity, and the tenderness of the young devotee of beauty and harmony that it raised him from the ranks of the pupil to the dignity of a master. The harmony of the picture is perfect. How quickly one feels the same interest in the betrothal that has brought the company so close together in the foreground! There is no sense of being crowded because of too little space. Each figure just fits the place assigned to it. He has told a story, but he has told it so simply with the budded rod in Joseph's hand and the broken one of the discarded lover that the tale is subordinate to the fact that the painting gives satisfaction as a picture. The perfect balance in Raphael's compositions is largely due to his almost universal pyramidal placing of his figures and objects.

Raphael Sanzio was born in Urbino, on Good Friday, 1483. Nature had endowed him with every grace of mind and body, and education perfected all that Dame Nature had bestowed so lavishly. When just out of his teens he went to Florence, the center of art culture, and there met Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. Though but a child in years and experience

Fig. 71.—Raphael. The Marriage of the Virgin. Brera Gallery, Milan, Italy.

compared to these men, he appreciated their wonderful skill in giving "versatility and feeling," "passion and strength" to their works and was keen to add these qualities to his own beauty and harmony. During this formative period of his life began that lifelong friendship with the gentle monk and painter, Fra Bartolommeo—the devoted disciple of Savonarola. How the sensitive nature of the divine Raphael responded to these beautiful influences and gave them back to mankind in that "series of poems in honor of the Blessed Mother and Child!"

Fig. 72.—Raphael. Portrait of himself. Uffizi. Florence.

It was during his stay in Florence that Raphael painted the portrait of himself (Fig. 72), now in the Uffizi Gallery, for his maternal uncle, at Urbino. The artist's face is sweet and gentle, bearing a serious, manly expression that inspires love and confidence in spite of the marks of immaturity that stamp a face at twenty-three. The wide-open brown eyes look out on the world with all the fearlessness of a child; the unclouded brow and soft outline of cheeks and chin are those of untried youth. But how that beautiful, pure face has held the reverence of mankind for years! This was specially true, as it was thought to be the only authentic easel portrait of the master. While we shall always love this likeness of Raphael, especially as it was made by the artist's own hand, we have a feeling of satisfaction that the "portrait by Sebastiano del Piombo (1485–1547) in the National Gallery at Budapest" (see frontispiece) gives the painter in his maturer years. "In the Scarpia collection at La Motta di Livenza this picture passed for years as a portrait by Raphael of Antonio Tebaldeo, the Ferrarese

courtier-poet. On purely intrinsic evidence both Morelli and Barenson identify it as a portrait of Raphael at the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven years." The rivalship that prompted the trial of skill between these two painters in the production of "The Raising of Lazarus" (Fig. 80) and the "Transfiguration" (Fig. 78) roused no feelings of unjust judgment in Piombo when he was portraying the likeness of his rival. He has revealed a little of the inner workings of the soul of the prince of painters, bringing us in closer touch with his artistic nature. These eyes no longer see as the child sees, but with the comprehension of the man. Life in the Eternal City has discovered to him the burning questions of the day. It is innocence, not ignorance, that has put the stamp of purity on his face now. Look at the strength of character in those hands! How firmly the fingers of the left one grasp the edge of the table and what a sense of decision is in the right hand as it rests so lightly on the supporting surface!

When Raphael was twenty-five he was summoned to Rome by Pope Julius II. The pope was collecting all artists of note in Rome, that the new rooms in the Vatican might be decorated at once. He would brook no delays in carrying out his great schemes, for already he had passed his three-score years and ten, and time was now his most precious possession. Raphael left Florence for Rome, and began at once on those marvelous frescos in the Vatican Chambers. Before looking at even one picture out of those frescos we must see the old pope as Raphael painted him. In the Uffizi, Florence, we stand before the portrait of the fiery old man—Pope Julius II. (Fig. 73)—and realize that that is the man who had his match in Michael Angelo, and yet who loved the great artist. That was the man who, by instituting the sale of indulgences for funds to rebuild St. Peter's, started the Reformation under Luther. He was a farsighted, patriotic sovereign, devoted to the promotion of the arts and literature. The original cartoon from which this replica was made is in the Corsini Palace, Florence. Vasari describes this original as a marvel, "the sight of which made one tremble." In this portrait Raphael has seized the moment when the old pope is deep in thought, but it is thought full of

restless energy. The red cap and violet cape over the white surplice, with no ornaments save the rings on the fingers, have just the right severity for the fiery old man.

Raphael's work in the Vatican was hardly begun when Julius died, but Leo X. ordered him to continue with the frescos. The work to be accomplished was beyond the possibility of one man's lifetime, but Raphael had the happy faculty

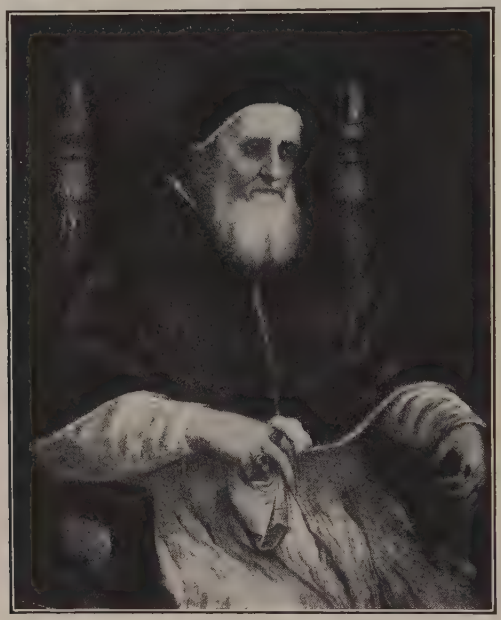

Fig. 73.—Raphael. Pope Julius II. Uffizi, Florence.

of designing work and then so infusing his own spirit into his co-workers that their work could scarcely be distinguished from his own. Day after day he and his little company of artists worked on these frescos, decorating room after room. There was perfect harmony between them; Raphael planned and designed the whole and his devoted followers helped him execute.

As an example of Raphael's power as "space filler" even under the most trying difficulties, the fresco "Parnassus"

(Fig. 74) is one of the best. Not a fresco in this room of the Vatican is more perspicuous than this one, and in no picture does Raphael portray such poetical surroundings and such exalted sentiment. Apollo sits at the top of the mount surrounded by the nine muses; on the left is the stately figure of the blind Homer, who is inspired to sing by the music of the god. Dante and Virgil are near him and below them are Petrarch and Sappho. On the opposite side are Pindar and

Fig. 74.—Raphael. Parnassus. The Vatican, Rome.

Horace and behind them, the group on the right are evidently contemporaries of Raphael. The model for the Apollo is said to have been Jocopo di San Secondo, the favorite violinist of Beatrice d'Este (duchess of Milan, wife of "Il Moro," Lodovico Sforza), who was a friend of Raphael's.

Below the side frescos in the Sistine Chapel there were paintings made in imitation of tapestries, but Pope Leo X. wished real tapestries to be hung on these walls and ordered Raphael to make designs for them; so he made ten cartoons, and these were sent to Flanders to be used as the patterns for the tapestries, which were woven in wool, silk, and gold. For

many years these cartoons were lost, but through the efforts of Rubens seven of them were found, and at the artist's suggestion Charles I. bought them for England. They are to-day in the South Kensington Museum, London. The tapestries are hung in place in the Sistine Chapel on state occasions to-day.

Raphael has continued the Bible story that Michael Angelo had begun on the ceiling, and carried it through many scenes in the lives of the apostles. Fig. 75 shows "Christ's Charge to Peter" when he said, "Feed my sheep." Although the cartoons were cut in strips to accommodate the weavers, yet they have been so carefully pieced together that they are quite

FIG. 75.—Raphael. St. Peter Receiving the Keys (tapestry cartoon). South Kensington Museum, London.

perfect. The color is still beautiful, and the composition of each scene shows that happy union of the classic Greek with the modern spirit that only Raphael could make perfectly harmonious. Lanzi says, "In these tapestries art attained its highest pitch, nor has the world since beheld anything to equal them in beauty."

Raphael was not only patronized by his own countrymen, but Francis I. of France ordered a painting from the young genius. This picture, "St. Michael and the Dragon" (Fig. 76), one of the most precious treasures of the Louvre, shows his skill in treating a hackneyed subject. The story of St. Michael is told in art over and over again, but the subject is varied in many ways. Raphael has taken him as conqueror of Satan.

He is young and beautiful and full of Divine strength. How lightly and yet how firmly he stands on the evil one! The poise of the wings and the flutter of the drapery show that the angel has seen the dragon from afar and has, with one down-

Fig. 76.—Raphael. St. Michael and the Dragon. Louvre, Paris.

ward sweep, caught him unawares and now with lance uplifted he is ready to pin him to the earth. The rocky coast is a fit habitation for such a monster.

Just such a spirit as Raphael's was needed to gather up all that was beautiful in his predecessors, while he obliterated

all that was inartistic of the Middle Ages. Young as he was, his influence was felt everywhere. Tender-hearted, sympathetic, and generously helpful, no artist was ever blessed with a greater number of friends. Even Michael Angelo, who was never on friendly terms with him, acknowledged the genius of the young painter. Many word pictures are given us of Raphael and his friends—how his followers would seem to hang on every word that their "divine" friend and master had to say as they passed along the street together.

Of the forty Madonnas credited to Raphael his last and greatest was the world-famed "Sistine Madonna" (Fig. 77). A feeling of awe creeps over one on entering the special cabinet where it stands on an altar-like structure in the Royal Gallery of Dresden. On the lower part of the support is an Italian inscription from Vasari which reads in English: "For the Black Monks of San Sisto in Piacenza Raphael painted a picture for the high altar showing Our Lady with St. Sixtus and St. Barbara—truly a work most excellent and rare." As we sit there in that silent room and let the sublime influence of the Holy Mother and Divine Child flood our very souls, we then become conscious that the brush of the master was inspired from above when he painted that Mother and that Child. Analyze as we may, in pointing out that the width between the eyes gives spiritual insight and stepping from the clouds a Divine mystery, we have simply tried to reason out something that cannot be understood except through the spirit of devotion. It is not the human mother as portrayed in the "Madonna of the Chair," where the baby is drawn with the mother's left arm close to her heart. Here is spiritual motherhood. True, the Child Jesus has come to her alone, but she alone realizes that He had come as a universal Redeemer and that she—blessed of all women—was the mother of this Divine mystery.

At this time Rome was filled with great painters, and naturally there were many opinions as to what artist stood at the head. Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, who later was Pope Clement VII., took the matter in hand and ordered Raphael and Sebastiano del Piombo each to paint a picture. These

FIG. 77.—Raphael. The Sistine Madonna. Dresden Gallery.

two paintings, "The Transfiguration" (Fig. 78) by Raphael and "The Raising of Lazarus" (Fig. 80) by Piombo, were intended, by the cardinal, for the cathedral at Narbonne, where he was archbishop. Michael Angelo, who was jealous for Piombo to succeed, and realizing that his favorite's weak point was design, made the cartoon for his picture himself, and some say that he drew in the figure of Lazarus. He made no secret of what he had done, so that Raphael soon heard of it, and then it was that Raphael made that famous remark: "Michael Angelo has graciously favored me, in that he has deemed me worthy to compete with himself, and not with Sebastiano!" We can never look upon this great painting—"The Transfiguration"—without a feeling of intense sadness that one so young and so gifted should have been cut down so soon. Raphael at this time was superintending the unearthing of old Greek art treasures, at which work he is said to have contracted a fever and died in fourteen days, on Good Friday, 1520. All Rome mourned for their favorite. He was laid in state, and above his head was placed this unfinished yet glorious "Transfiguration." From his own house near St. Peter's he was followed by a vast multitude to the Pantheon, where he was buried in a spot chosen by himself during his lifetime.

Raphael could hardly have chosen a more fitting subject as a benediction to his life. It was a daring thing in an artist to make a picture with two such decided centers of interest, but with what consummate skill has Raphael handled the problem! We feel the human side of life in the scene below—there are the father and mother with the afflicted child, hoping yet anxious, pleading and demanding even, in their appeal to the disciples. Over against this human appeal for help is the human weakness and failure of those earnest, strong men who are eager to help but are helpless. Our hearts would cry out with despair were it not for the two who point to the mountain; we lift our eyes, and there, filled with the glory of the Lord, is the Blessed Savior—the One who can never fail.

"The Transfiguration" is in the Vatican, Rome.

Of all the followers of Raphael possibly Giulio Romano is the strongest. He was energetic and had a noble style of design

Fig. 78.—Raphael. The Transfiguration. The Vatican, Rome.

with a good knowledge of the human body. His "Dance of the Muses" (Fig. 79), in the Pitti, Florence, is full of poetic motion. Lanzi thinks that sometimes his demonstration of

Fig. 79.—Romano. The Dance of the Muses. Pitti Palace, Florence.

motion is too violent, and "Vasari preferred his drawings to his pictures, as he thought that the fire of original conception was apt to evaporate, in some degree, in the finishing."

Very soon the great art of Raphael began to decline and decadence set in. Romano was the beginning of the end of the Roman school.

CHAPTER XIII

SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO—FRA BARTOLOMMEO—ALBERTINELLI —ANDREA DEL SARTO

SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO (1485–1547) was a Florentine by adoption only. He was born in Venice and was trained under the Venetian artists, and from them gained his wonderful skill in color. When he was about twenty-seven he was invited to Rome by a rich banker who owned a Roman villa—Farnesina—noted to-day for the "Galatea" of Raphael. In this villa Piombo painted a number of lunettes, filling them "with scenes from the kingdom of the air and from metamorphoses in which human beings are changed into birds."

Piombo was greatly influenced by both Michael Angelo and Raphael. He wished to combine in his art the Florentine line of the former artist with the marvelous color of Titian and by so doing rival Raphael in the contest appointed by Cardinal Giulio de' Medici. There is no doubt but that Michael Angelo made designs for some of the figures for the "Raising of Lazarus" (Fig. 80), National Gallery, London, as stated in the last chapter, as sketches for Lazarus and some of the other figures are in the British Museum and at Oxford.

It is hardly our imagination that makes us feel the superiority of Lazarus over many of the other figures. There is no coming to life gradually in that body. We realize that Michael Angelo felt the full power of the Savior's words—"Lazarus, come forth." Every muscle, every joint, every sinew is teeming with new-found life and strength.

Michael Angelo and Fra Bartolommeo were both Florentines and were both born in 1475, and each was the special favorite of the two greatest men in Florence—Lorenzo de' Medici and Savonarola. We can better appreciate the development of

these two artists if we give a brief account of those early spring days in Florence in the year 1492.

On the one side was Lorenzo de' Medici, whose fame and power were at their very height; on the other Savonarola, daring to oppose with his preaching that worldly power. Too much

Fig. 80.—Sebastiano del Piombo. The Raising of Lazarus. National Gallery, London.

prosperity was causing many false steps; these, together with the incessant outbursts of the friar against the extravagances and godlessness of the rich, were gathering a storm amongst the populace that would shake the foundation of the Medici stronghold. Then it was that Lorenzo made those almost humble appeals to Savonarola, asking him to lessen his severe

invectives, but which were of no avail except to call forth that prophetic message, "He shall go away, but I shall stay." The spring opened, and Lorenzo, although in the full vigor of health, was taken ill. This sudden call into the gloom awakened the sleeping conscience of Lorenzo and brought vividly before him certain acts that caused agony of soul and a passionate desire for pardon. It was not to his flatterers that he turned in his distress, but to his condemner, the stern Dominican friar. Not until the stricken man sent the second message, promising to agree with and follow out every direction, did Savonarola obey the summons. The first two requirements—"faith in God" and "the return of ill-gotten gains"—the sick man agreed to. Then the friar made the third demand—"Lastly, it is necessary that freedom, and her popular government according to republican usage, should be restored to Florence." Then it was that the dying man turned his face to the wall and in silence passed from earth. The great preacher went out from the presence of death without giving the pardon or the blessing. It was the contest of two great souls—one seeking worldly power and aggrandizement, the other seeking to advance the Spiritual Kingdom in this world. Both men came to untimely ends—one by the hand of God, the other by the hand of man.

Very early in his life Fra Bartolommeo became a devoted follower of Savonarola. All Florence loved this mild, gentle painter who had his home at the city gate and who went about his work with his mind and heart full of the earnest, eloquent words of the great preacher. The stern yet loving words of truth spoken so fearlessly by this prophet monk were gradually developing an element in the painters of Florence that gave a breadth and depth to their work far beyond anything of the past.

When Fra Bartolommeo was nine years old his father placed him in Cosimo Rosselli's studio, where was formed that strange friendship between him and the boisterous, lawless Mariotto Albertinelli, who was one year his senior. When these boys, who loved each other until "they became, as it were, one body and one soul," were about sixteen and seventeen,

they opened their own studio. Lanzi says of them: "They may be compared to two streams springing from the same source; the one to become a brook, and the other a mighty river." They spent a great deal of time in Lorenzo de' Medici's garden copying the antique marbles that Lorenzo had taken such pains to collect. Here they may have known Michael Angelo, and here, together, they absorbed that love for the Greek ideal that gave such fullness and grace to their compositions. Baccio (the diminutive of Bartolommeo), as he was always called until he became a monk, was also an earnest student of Masaccio and particularly of Leonardo da Vinci. He was industrious and untiring, and by his example kept the young Albertinelli within bounds for a while, at least.

One of the first works of real importance of Baccio's was his portrait of Savonarola (Fig. 81). The original painting is said to be in a private collection at Prato; a copy is in the preacher's cell, San Marco, Florence. Even the copy of that wonderful likeness makes the prophet preacher so much of a reality that his very presence is felt in the bare little room. What a powerful face that is, with its ponderous features of nose, mouth, and chin, and yet how one is drawn to the homely monk by that very strength! How we would like to have been in Romola's place and have had such a monitor arrest us when fleeing from duty!

As the crisis in the life of Savonarola drew near, a break in the friendship of Baccio and Albertinelli was inevitable. Baccio was among the Piagnoni, or Mourners (as Savonarola's followers were sarcastically called); Albertinelli openly scoffed and sneered at the friar and his disciples. Poor Baccio! too timid to follow his beloved teacher to the sad end, but too devoted not to be crushed and broken-hearted when that awful end came. He laid down his brush and two years afterward took upon himself the vows of the Dominican Order and became a monk of San Marco. We now know him as Fra Bartolommeo—sad, gentle, and human, a worthy inheritor of the place left by the "Angel Painter," Fra Angelico.

After four years of mourning for his beloved friend and teacher he was again persuaded to take up his brush. Fra

Bartolommeo, the artist, was far superior to Baccio, the artist, of four years before. His old enthusiasm for his art returned and he applied himself with greater zeal than ever before, but now his talent was devoted to the Church. He earnestly desired to fill every saint and angel with the spirit of devotion.

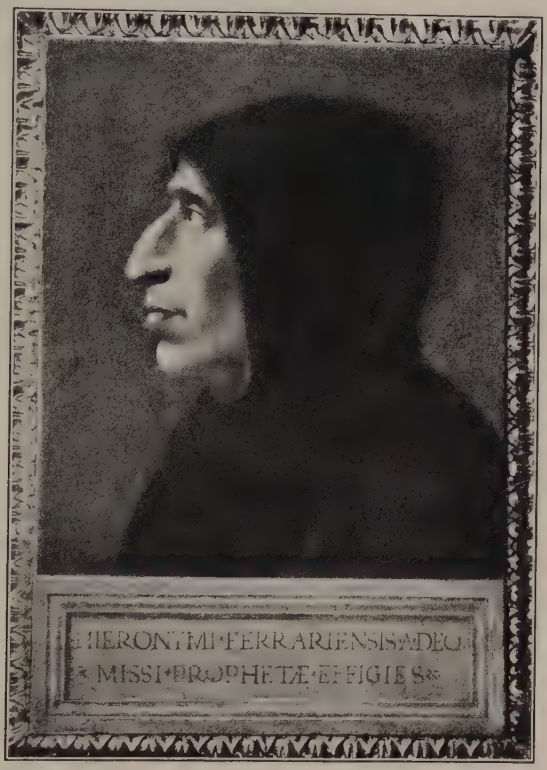

Fig. 81.—Fra Bartolommeo. Portrait of Savonarola. San Marco, Florence.

This was not an easy task for one who was master of every rule in art that could make the human body beautiful. Raphael coming to Florence just at this time, there sprang up a friendship between the two artists that broadened and deepened the art of each. New orders for pictures came in so fast that Fra Bartolommeo was unable to fill them alone, so, by a special dispensation, he was allowed to have his old friend, Albertinelli,

come to help him. This erratic man was as a ship without a rudder when separated from his gentle friend, but when under his influence his course was steady and he produced results that were a surprise and a delight.

In the spring of 1508 Fra Bartolommeo went to Venice that he might see those wonderful colorists at work. His natural love for color was greatly strengthened by this visit

Fig. 82.—Fra Bartolommeo. Enthroned Madonna and Saints. Cathedral at Lucca, Italy.

and very soon he was one of the acknowledged colorists of Florence. Later he went to Rome to see the marvelous frescos of Michael Angelo and Raphael. The influence of the contemporary artists on Fra Bartolommeo was very marked, especially that of Leonardo da Vinci. It is unfortunate that the beautiful color of some of his paintings has been lost by his following Leonardo too closely in darkening his shadows.

One of the very best examples showing what Fra Bartolommeo could do when away from the immediate influences of the men he loved and revered is the "Madonna between St. Stephen

and St. John the Baptist" (Fig. 82), in the cathedral at Lucca. In this altar-piece only Fra Bartolommeo is seen and seen at his best. From the balance of the composition, the beautiful harmony of color, the natural background of blue sky—so expansive and yet so perfect a setting—the easy folds of the drapery, so full, broad, and graceful; to the beautiful face of the Madonna, the earnest, sincere faces of the saints and charming little angels, all are given with perfect simplicity and directness. The angels in the picture, especially the one at the foot of the throne, are charming little fellows and are probably a remembrance of the Venetian angels. There is a little suggestion of the jointed lay figure that Fra Bartolommeo invented, in the draping of St. Stephen, but the guilelessness of attitude and the naïve placing of the emblematic stones on his head are so fraught with sincerity that a little stiffness of pose and rigidity of fold are forgiven. The jeweled crown and saffron-colored veil held by the angel-boys above the head of the Madonna are very effective against the tender blue of the sky. Every note in the picture vibrates without a single discord.

FIG. 83.—Fra Bartolommeo. Mary Magdalene. Florence.

Fra Bartolommeo's interpretation of the character of Mary Magdalene is peculiarly his own. She is one of his favorites in the Gospel story, and no one has more tenderly concealed her frailties. This is particularly true of the "Magdalene" (Fig. 83) in the Florence Gallery. The rich low tones of her under-robe and drapery emphasize their quality and serve to carry out the legend of the great wealth of the Magdalene, while the dignified attitude of quiet submission to the forgiving Savior suggests the homage of one who was used to commanding it herself. The delicately tinted, filmy veil over the fluffy golden hair is just the touch needed to soften the blanched face of the repentant woman. How wonderfully the drooped

FIG. 84.—Albertinelli. The Salutation. Uffizi, Florence.

eyelids and quivering chin mark the spirit of true repentance! The subtility with which the artist has combined the repentant sinner and the forgiven woman of the world without exaggerating either is a master stroke.

If one man ever redeemed himself in the eyes of the world from all the follies of a lifetime, that man was Albertinelli when he painted his "Visitation," or "Salutation" (Fig. 84) as it is sometimes called. This picture, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, is not only his masterpiece, but one of the masterpieces of the

world. Mr. Timothy Cole, whose engraving of the subject is a work of art, says: "The simple grandeur of the composition, combined with its warmth and richness of coloring and depth of feeling depicted in the expression and action of the figures, makes this work a delightful and soul-satisfying thing to contemplate." How was it possible for a man whose life was so full of irregularities to paint such a picture of beauty and devoutness! That beautiful spirit of submission and yet of dignity of Elizabeth as she greets the "Mother of her Lord" fills us with awe. This is a picture that when once seen is never forgotten. You must study every detail of the painting, from the exquisitely painted flowers in the foreground, the cleverly handled white handkerchief over the head and shoulders of Elizabeth, to the delicately ornamented portico and the tiny glimpse of the hill country beyond.

Again the partnership was broken between these two friends. It is said that Albertinelli, tired of the restraints of his art, took up tavern keeping as a much pleasanter and more congenial calling; this change, however, did not break the friendship, for when the end came to this reckless, self-indulgent, warm-hearted fellow, it was to his gentle, loving Baccio that he turned for comfort, and in his protecting arms he breathed his last. Who knows but that the prayers of that Christian monk for that poor erring soul gained him admission at the throne of Grace? Only two short years longer did Fra Bartolommeo live and paint, then he, too, died in 1517.

Some one in writing of Andrea del Sarto (1486–1531) said he either came too soon or too late to stand as a great artist in his time. Was it that? or was it as Browning puts the words into the artist's own mouth in those lines ending that wonderful poem, "Andrea del Sarto":

> ". . . Had the mouth there urged,
> God and the glory! never care for gain.
> The present by the future, what is that?
> Live for fame, side by side with Angelo!
> Raphael is waiting: up to God, all three!
> I might have done it for you. So it seems:
> Perhaps not. All is as God o'errules."

Who knows what a good woman, loving her husband, and serving her God, might have done for such a genius? For a genius he certainly was! How he loved the beautiful face of his soulless, heartless wife! Over and over again this "faultless painter" painted that faultless face—both faultless so far as technic and beauty of form goes. In no painting has Andrea shown a deeper religious feeling than in the "Madonna

Fig. 85.—Andrea del Sarto. Madonna and Child (detail). Uffizi, Florence.

of the Harpies" (Fig. 85 detail), in the Uffizi, Florence. By dropping the eyelids over the cold, brilliant eyes the devoted husband has subdued the proud beauty of the arrogant woman into the quiet dignity of the Holy Mother. The face of the Madonna is, indeed, beautiful, but who can separate her from his wife—that cruel, cold, selfish woman? The sweet simplicity of the composition has given it a nobility that has seldom been equaled. The effect of his combination of colors is most harmonious. How beautiful the rich red robe and soft blue mantle

of the Virgin are against the tender flesh of the baby Jesus; then, too, the mellow white of the veil over the dark auburn hair of the Mother is just the contrast to soften and purify every feature. There is a statuesqueness in this detail of the Mother and Child that would be worthy of reproduction in the purest Carrara marble.

Andrea del Sarto was a Florentine, the son of a tailor, hence his name—del Sarto. His grandfather and great-grandfather belonged to the *bourgeois* class; he, himself, chose his wife from the same class, yet he was never vulgar in his art. When seven years old he was placed in a goldsmith's shop. Here he showed such skill in making designs that he was soon transferred to an artist's studio, where his progress was so wonderful that when he was a mere child, only twelve years old, he was engaged as an assistant to Piero de' Medici. He was a diligent student of Masaccio, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolommeo, and Michael Angelo, and from these great painters he absorbed the principles on which his own art was founded. Like Raphael he could assimilate and yet hold his own personality. No artist of his time understood the technical part of art better than did Andrea—his hand was unerring, but there was a certain timidity and uncertainty about him that kept him from just reaching the highest point. Michael Angelo may have given the real cause of his failure in his letter to Raphael about him: "There is a little fellow at Florence who, if he was employed as you are upon great works, would have made it very hot for you." Even Raphael could not have excelled the "Boy Angels" (Fig. 86) in the Academy, Florence. They are a perfect picture of innocent childhood—earthly children, but fit for heaven because of their sinlessness. These angels are fit companions to the cherubs gazing over the battlements of heaven in the "Sistine Madonna" (Fig. 77). One realizes when looking at these roguish little mites that Andrea was

Fig. 86.—Andrea del Sarto. Angel Children. Academy, Florence.

not lacking in parental love, and, turning from these children to "St. Agnes" (Fig. 87), in the cathedral at Pisa, it is equally true that the religious element was not altogether wanting in his nature. No more beautiful picture has ever been painted of St. Agnes than this one. The perfect simplicity of the drapery harmonizes beautifully with the expression of innocence and purity on the upturned face of the sainted maiden. How gently her hand rests on the lamb by her side and how cleverly he has referred to her story by her lamb and shining garment! With what perfect skill he has balanced the picture; nothing detracts from its unity and completeness. Again he is the "faultless painter," with almost the inspiration of a Raphael.

Fig. 87.—Andrea del Sarto. St. Agnes and Lamb. Cathedral. Pisa.

Very early in his career he was invited by Francis I. to come to France. The gay life of the court, the congenial companions, and doing work that he loved made this part of Andrea's life a pleasure and delight. Very soon, however, his wife began to beg that he come home, as she was too lonely without him. The least sign of love was accepted as genuine by the infatuated husband, so he obtained permission from the king to return to Florence for a time. He was sent back with a large sum of money, with which he was to buy works of art for the French court. Again this beautiful woman's influence was fatal. The money was spent buying her a beautiful home and gorgeous adornings, and his return to France was made impossible.

In the monastery of San Salvi, Florence, is the celebrated "Last Supper" (Fig. 88), of Andrea, which he painted in 1526,

three years before he died. Lanzi says of the soldiers who besieged Florence in 1529, and who were destroying the monastery of San Salvi, "after demolishing the belfry, the church, and part of the monastery, they were astonished on beholding this 'Last Supper,' and had no resolution to destroy it"; others say that it was due to Michael Angelo that the fresco was preserved, as he had charge of fortifying Florence at the time.

Fig. 88.—Andrea del Sarto. Last Supper. San Salvi, Florence.

As one enters the door of the long hall opposite the painting one gains the best impression of the skill of the artist in placing the different groups, in arranging the drapery, in disposing the lights and shadows, and in the richness and softness of the color in the upper part of the fresco. There is lacking that intense feeling on the part of each disciple that is so marked a feature in Leonardo's "Last Supper" (Figs. 60 and 61); one feels that these men are not the high-bred men that are gathered at that table, yet there is a decorum and dignity about them that is in harmony with the occasion. Judas, the third on the Savior's left, is specially interesting. Of what is he thinking with his eyes bent down and hands firmly clasped?

CHAPTER XIV

SOLARIO—SODOMA—CORREGGIO

VASARI says of Andrea Solario, who was born at Solario near Venice about 1460, he was "a very excellent and beautiful painter, and attached to the labors of the art." His "Portrait of a Venetian Senator" (Fig. 89), in the National

Fig. 89.—Solario. A Venetian Senator. National Gallery, London.

Gallery, London, shows most careful workmanship in its Flemish-like handling of surface and detail. As Solario visited Venice in 1490 he probably came under the influence of Antonello da Messina, who, you may remember, was said to have introduced the "Van Eyck oil medium" and the Flemish

method of portrait painting into Venice. It is interesting to compare this portrait with Messina's "Portrait of an Unknown Man" (Fig. 43), and note the remarkable largeness of style and fineness of finish in the work of both. In each case the character of the sitter is brought out with wonderful keenness of perception in analyzing humanity. Some authorities assert that both Messina and Solario visited Flanders during their art career and thus gained their knowledge of Flemish methods first hand. Certainly the handling of this portrait equals the Flemish artists in texture, with an added charm from the warm, rich colors of the Venetians. Solario was in Venice from 1490 to 1493, the time this portrait was probably painted. He, no doubt, came under the influence of Leonardo da Vinci, but the spell of the enchantress—Venice—was so strong upon him that he added to his skill in modeling, gained from the former, the breadth and color of the latter.

Probably one of the best of Leonardo's pupils was Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, a man of genius, and too strong in his own individuality to be overpowered by the greater master. Although not born in Siena, his life and methods are so closely associated with that little hill town that he is looked upon as a Sienese artist. The name, Il Sodoma, by which he was more commonly known, was a family name, and was given him as a nickname; this was a very common custom all over Italy. The date of Sodoma's birth was between 1473 and 1479, and he probably came under the influence of Leonardo in Milan in his early life, as he was a Lombard by birth. He belonged to the great Renaissance movement that characterized the last of this century and the first of the next, but he was not one of the great artists. He was a man well endowed by nature, and at times produced works equal to the greatest, but unfortunately he loved a gay life better than he loved his art, and was given to idleness and folly rather than industry and sobriety. He is studied best at Siena, where are most of his frescos—the work he usually excelled in.

Sodoma will always be remembered by the splendid specimen of his art in the Uffizi, Florence—"St. Sebastian" (Fig. 90). This picture was originally intended as a standard or banner

to be carried through the streets at the head of a procession in times of pestilence. No saint in the calendar of the Roman Church has been painted more often than St. Sebastian, and

Fig. 90.—Il Sodoma. St. Sebastian. Uffizi, Florence.

never more beautifully depicted than in this painting of Il Sodoma. A noble, classical figure, suffering just enough to mark the martyred saint, but not enough to mar the physical beauty of the noble youth. The classical spirit is still further enhanced by the old ruins in the background, while the won-

derful beauty of the landscape setting is a choice bit of nature study of rare excellence.

Possibly no saint has a more authenticated history than St. Sebastian. He was born of a noble family A.D. 288. While a favorite guard of the Emperor Diocletian, he secretly became a Christian and a devout promoter of the Christian faith. Many were converted by his teachings. One day two of his converts were to be executed, and he, regardless of his own safety, rushed to them, exhorting and comforting them to the end. Now Sebastian's own time had come, but the emperor loved the young man and secretly tried to win him from the new faith; not succeeding, he became furious and ordered that Sebastian be put to death by being shot with arrows. He was left as dead, and his friends came at night to carry the body to a place of safety. To their joy they found him still alive. When Diocletian learned that he was alive he was doubly infuriated and ordered him beaten to death and his body cast into the Cloaca Maxima (a deep aqueduct), where it would disappear in the water. It was found, however, by his faithful friends, and taken to the Catacombs for burial. Among the heathen the arrow was the emblem of pestilence, so, ever since Sebastian's martyrdom, he has been the saint who could allay a pestilence.

Sodoma went to Rome, where he was captivated with Raphael and his work. His portrait is next to Raphael's in the latter's "School of Athens." While in Rome Sodoma painted some of the frescos in the Villa Farnesina, where Raphael and Piombo both worked. He was knighted by Pope Leo X., which good fortune seemed to turn his head, for what he gained by industry and rich, influential patrons, he soon lost by extravagance and dissipation. The last of his life was spent in distress and want, and he finally died in the Siena town hospital, a poor, old, worn-out man.

The life and artistic training of Antonio Allegri are shrouded in mystery. He is placed among artists of the High Renaissance, as it is fairly certain that he was born in 1494. His native place was the little town of Correggio, near Modena, from which town he took his artist name. Except for some early training

under his uncle in a local school and a slight indication of Ferrara influence, Correggio belonged to no school of art. Critics at different times have placed him under obligation to Mantegna, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Francia, Melozzo da Forli, Romano—artists varying widely in time, place, and manner; none of whom Correggio ever saw, and there is no positive proof that he even knew their works. He is often classed among the seven or eight great artists of the world, and some authorities even give him so great honor as to place him with the three greatest—Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael.

Fig. 91.—Correggio. Marriage of St. Catherine. Louvre, Paris.

Correggio certainly does not merit such an extravagant estimate of his artistic standing. The one thing that he did excel in was joy—the joy of merely being alive. The one character in fiction that more nearly corresponds to the people he portrayed is Donatello, in the "Marble Faun." Hawthorne's description of the faun-like youth before sin opened the eyes of his moral understanding, gives a true likeness of Correggio's characters, whether saints or sinners. His pictures are mostly of religious subjects, but with little spiritual significance about them. They all have a peculiar beauty that is individual and characteristic of the artist—in fact an individuality so pronounced that his countrymen have named it "Correggiesque."

In the Louvre, Paris, is one of the most beautiful of his religious paintings—"The Marriage of St. Catherine and

Christ" (Fig. 91). The legend of St. Catherine of Alexandria, so popular with artists, was never enveloped with a greater charm of loveliness than Correggio has given it. Catherine, the maiden Queen of Egypt, says the legend, was dissatisfied with her numerous lovers. One night she dreamed that the Virgin appeared to her with the Divine Child. She at once recognized him as her chosen bridegroom, but, to her sorrow, the Child turned away from her. She sought a Christian hermit and through him was converted to Christ. Again she dreamed that the Virgin appeared with the Divine Child and that He placed the marriage ring on her finger; she awoke with a sense of joy, and there on her finger was the ring. The whole picture is filled with a sense of joy most harmonious to the subject. Even St. Christopher, who is the witness of the nuptial, typifies the god of love more than the martyred saint.

No artist understood the poetry of light and shadow better than this simple, child-like man. To him nature had no hidden meaning; he saw her and loved her and put his whole soul into transferring her sensuous beauty to canvas. Tradition says that he covered his canvas with gold before beginning his picture, that the landscape setting might sparkle and glisten with that golden-green luster so noticeable in many of his pictures. There is a fascination in his wonderful display of color equal to that of the rainbow tints; he never startles, but soothes, as the ripple of the little stream over the pebbles soothes the tired mind. He awakens no passion; inspires no intense longing; gives no intellectual stimulus, for with him to to be alive is joy enough.

Correggio has given no better example of his originality in the handling of light and shade than in his "Holy Night" (Fig. 92), in the Dresden Gallery. He has vividly reproduced the scene of the Savior's birth as described in the Apocryphal Gospel, "The Protevangelion," in the following words: "But on a sudden the cloud became a great light in the cave, so that their eyes could not bear it. But the light gradually decreased, until the Infant appeared." The light is so brilliant as it emanates from the Holy Child that it is most natural for the woman to shade her face with her hand. There is such perfect sym-

pathy between the attitude of the spectators of this glorious scene and the artist's manner of bringing his light to bear on them, that we scarcely notice the ingenuity of the handling

Fig. 92.—Correggio. Holy Night. Dresden Gallery.

—that great central light with its strongest rays on the face of the Virgin and then lighting the faces of the first worshipers, who have come from tending the sheep on the hill side; the

lesser light coming from the angels above, and the faint morning light appearing just above the hill tops in the distance. The soft golden glow which covers the stones and plants, against the dark, rich blue and crimson of Mary's mantle and robe, is very beautiful with the somber setting of the background. The figure of the dog, so interested in the strange scene, is in perfect keeping with the surroundings; in fact the artist has made us feel that there would be something lacking if he were not there. Not until Rembrandt's time has any artist used this daring scheme of lighting his picture, and then the problem was in the hands of a man great enough to overcome every difficulty in arbitrarily placing his light.

Fig. 93.—Correggio(?). The Reading Magdalene. Dresden Gallery.

In the same gallery with the "Holy Night" is the "Reading Magdalene" (Fig. 93), for so many years ascribed to Correggio. Some connoisseurs have even pronounced it his greatest masterpiece, and so great an authority as the artist Anton Raphael Mengs says, "Correggio's other pictures are excellent but this one is wonderful." Critics to-day assert that this painting is not by Correggio, whoever the artist may be. The picture is painted on copper, and Morelli says no artist painted on copper before the end of the sixteenth century. It has been put down to Adriaan van der Werff, a Dutch artist of the eighteenth century. The smooth enamel-like finish of the painting accords better with the Flemish workmanship of a much later date than of the Italian of Correggio's time. The "Reading Magdalene" has been one of the most popular pictures with the lay public that has ever been painted.

CHAPTER XV

VOLTERRA—VASARI—BAROCCIO

DANIELE DA VOLTERRA (1509–1566) was probably the most successful follower of Michael Angelo. He recognized the distinctive qualities that marked the great master—which qualities were usually carried to the verge of excess without ever overstepping the bounds one hair's breadth—but, unfortunately, when he tried to make those same qualities his own he fell to the level of a mere imitator. The poses that were grand and sublime from the master's brush became commonplace and artificial from his. Undoubtedly Michael Angelo must have looked upon Volterra's work with some favor, for certainly Volterra would not have undertaken the task of draping the nude figures in the "Last Judgment," had he not had the sanction of the master. When Pope Paul IV. approached Michael Angelo in regard to the draping, his sarcastic answer was most characteristic—"That is soon done," said the great artist. "The pope has to put the world in order; it is but little trouble as regards pictures, for they keep still." Volterra was ever after spoken of in terms of derision as "the breeches-maker." This must have been a great grief to him, for he loved Michael Angelo, and when the master was dying in his loneliness, he went to him and cared for him to the end.

Volterra's masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross" (Fig. 94), in the Church of Trinità de' Monti, Rome, was considered by Poussin as one of the three great pictures of the world, and Lanzi classed it among the finest pictures in Rome. Some authorities believe that Michael Angelo designed the picture, but others are of the opinion that Volterra's other works prove that such assistance was by no means necessary. The fresco is an altar-piece, but in such a poor light that it is almost impossible to get a just idea of it, and then to add to its misfortune

the restorer has had his hands on it. In spite of these drawbacks it is a wonderful painting. The relaxation of recent death in the body of the Savior is particularly well represented. The pallor of the dead body compared with the healthy flesh of men who are so tenderly lowering it is skillfully handled. The swooning figure of the Virgin in the foreground is natural and full of pathos. In comparing it with Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" (Fig. 180), in the Antwerp cathedral, we feel a lack of that exuberance of life that was so characteristic of the Flemish artist, and the modeling seems hard and formal.

Fig. 94.—Volterra. Descent from the Cross. Church of Trinità de' Monti, Rome.

Vasari is one of those men who, in his desire to do everything, failed to do well even the work nature had amply fitted him to do. But we owe a great debt to this man for what he has written of the artists of his time, even if his history is full of errors and extravagant statements. As an artist he was simply a superficial imitator of Michael Angelo. Lanzi says, "Had all his works perished but some of those in the old palace, . . . his reputation would have been much greater."

Giorgio Vasari was born in 1511 at Arezzo. He studied under Signorelli, Michael Angelo, and Andrea del Sarto. Besides being a painter he was an architect of considerable ability.

He designed part of the Uffizi Palace, Florence, and also the upper part of the quaint old bridge connecting the two palaces —the Uffizi and Pitti. Most of Vasari's paintings were on a large scale—decorations for palaces and convents, in which he was cold and formal in composition and false in modeling. He painted but few easel pictures, but among them were some admirable portraits, especially the "Portrait of Lorenzo de' Medici" (Fig. 95), in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. He has made the personality of Lorenzo the Magnificent, as he was called, so much of a reality that having once seen the portrait one cannot forget the man. In compliment to the Medicis he has given objects in his accessories that are symbolic of the numerous and varied professions that have marked their greatness.

Fig. 95.—Vasari. Portrait of Lorenzo de' Medici. Uffizi, Florence.

The day of grand achievements was past in Middle and Southern Italy. Florence and Rome had reached their zenith. The men of great minds, big with glorious possibilities, had come and gone. No country had ever been so enriched by the hand of man—churches, palaces, and public buildings had sprung up as by magic and their walls and ceilings were covered with scenes so beautiful and so entrancing that it seems impossible that the mind of man could conceive such wonders. What an inheritance to leave to posterity! And what did the immediate inheritors of all this wealth do to prove themselves worthy of the inheritance? They imitated, exaggerated, affected, became sentimental and superficial, prosaic and commonplace. The term "Mannerists" was well chosen for the men who followed in the wake of the truly great. Once in a

while there would come a man who was strong enough to rise above the mediocrity of those around him and assert his own individuality. Such a man was Federigo Baroccio (1528–1612).

He was born in Urbino, but was classed with the Roman school. Very early in his life he went to Rome, and was so struck with Michael Angelo's style that, it is said, he copied everything—his paintings, drawings, and statues, both in Rome

Fig. 96.—Baroccio. The Annunciation. Uffizi, Florence.

and Florence. Later he adopted the manner of Raphael and then Correggio, but as his own style matured he became more than an imitator. He was a man with an earnest desire to excel, and spared no pains to perfect himself in every branch of his art. He was a master of chiaroscuro (light and shade), and Lanzi says that he was the first artist to introduce it into Lower Italy. In order to master the effect of chiaroscuro he modeled figures in a plastic material and studied the expression of every position, keeping ever before him truthfulness to

nature as a standard. Before beginning a picture he would design his composition, then make a cartoon the size of the intended painting, and try the arrangement of his colors. Then before putting his colors on the canvas he very carefully arranged his light and shade. Summing up, one has said: "Perfection was his aim in every picture, a maxim which insures excellence to artists of genius." As Baroccio was not a genius his pictures were not excellent compared with pictures of the great geniuses. He was great enough, however, to arouse the jealousy of the artists around him, so that an attempt was made to take his life by poison, given him while at a banquet where he was the invited guest. It was four years before he was able to take up his brush again.

Nearly all of Baroccio's pictures were of religious subjects, and among them his "Annunciations" were specially beautiful. The one in the Uffizi, Florence (Fig. 96), is a good example of the general character of his work. The sentimentality of pose and the insipid prettiness of the faces are redeemed by the beautiful brush work, delicate coloring, and the earnest purpose of the picture. The bit of landscape seen through the window under the half-drawn curtain is a touch that, with the realism of pussy in the foreground, marks Baroccio as a man of some power.

Rome seems to have been the headquarters for the mannerist imitators of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio. The despotic sway of the later Medicis stopped all art progress in Florence, so that a rapid decline was inevitable.

VENETIAN PAINTING

Fig. 104.—Titian. The Assumption. Academy, Venice. *See page* 153.

CHAPTER XVI

GIORGIONE—TITIAN

WHILE we were following the careers of those grand men in Southern Italy it hardly seems possible that men equally great were living and working in Venice, the queen city of the north. Was ever country so blest with the advent of human geniuses as Italy during the last quarter of the fifteenth century? We pause with reverence and awe to wonder what chemical reagents were brought together in God's laboratory to bring forth such marvelous results in quantity and quality of human species.

We stood with uncovered heads before Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Correggio, and now we turn to Venice and find Giorgione and Titian claiming equal honor. The Renaissance movement, begun by the early men and advanced to such grand proportion by Giovánni Bellini, was ripe for these two young giants. They were about the same age, probably born in 1477, came to Venice when ten years old, and entered Bellini's studio at nearly the same time. Giorgione came from the little city of the plains—Castelfranco; Titian from the rugged hill town of Cădore—two spots as unlike one another as could well be in Italy.

Giorgione might be called the first real nature artist—loving her for her own sake. He had the courage to strip his figure pieces of almost all accessories of an architectural nature and set them in a landscape pure and simple. He added to the charm of human grace and natural joy by flooding the green meadows and thick woodlands with golden sunlight.

One of his best examples of the combination of the purely religious subject with humanity through the natural world, and yet awakening a perfect sympathy in each, is his very

earliest and most authentic work in existence—"The Madonna of Castelfranco" (Fig. 97). In the downcast eyes and expression of holy joy of the Madonna are combined the timidity of the maiden's first thoughts of motherhood and the Virgin's thoughts of the Holy Child. Giorgione painted this altar-piece as a memorial to young Costanzo, who died in 1504, and tradition says that the knight in armor on the left—the warrior saint, Liberalis—is a portrait of the young man. This painting is the glory of the cathedral; in fact it is to worship at this shrine that tourists visit the dilapidated old town of Castelfranco. Whether that sweet, gentle Madonna was the artist's own lady-love matters little so long as he has united in that simple figure all the attributes of a Holy Mother of whom Elizabeth of old said: "Blessed art thou among women."

FIG. 97.—Giorgione. Madonna of Castelfranco. Parish Church, Castelfranco, Italy.

Giorgione has stepped aside from the beaten path in many particulars in this altar-piece. Instead of the usual blue the Madonna has a robe of rich green with red drapery set against a gorgeous tapestry where green is the prevailing color. The warm, delicate flesh tints of the baby Jesus contrast harmoniously with these glowing colors. Below the Madonna and Child are the dark red screen and pedestal of warm, grayish-white and purplish marble, which form a charming background for the shining armor of the warrior saint and the gray robe of St. Francis.

The delightful bit of landscape stretching off in the distance seems to fill the whole picture with its own atmosphere of peace and joy.

There is very little known of the personal history of Giorgione except that he was a pupil with Titian in Bellini's studio, and that he died young. Even the few pictures we have from his

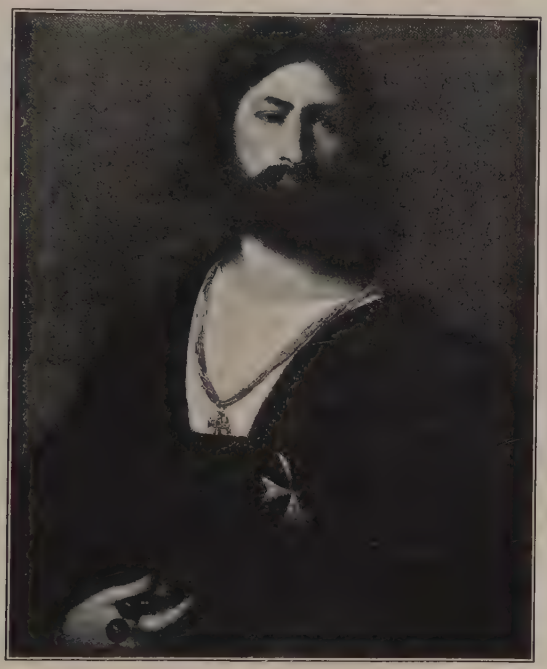

Fig. 98.—Giorgione. Knight of Malta. Uffizi. Florence.

brush have gone through a storm of criticism as to their being genuine Giorgiones, with the one exception—the Madonna altar-piece at Castelfranco. The fact is known that he covered his own house with frescos and also worked with Titian in adorning the exterior of a building belonging to the German merchants—both in Venice—but these frescos have almost disappeared.

The "Knight of Malta" (Fig. 98), in the Uffizi, Florence, is considered by most modern critics as a genuine work of Gior-

gione. As a portrait there could hardly be anything finer or more characteristic of the Venetian school. The picture is life size and painted on canvas in oil, a medium that was brought to Venice by Antonello da Messina. Mr. Cole in his notes on his engraving of "The Knight" says: "No artist knows better than Giorgione how to captivate the mind and to hold the imagination with so few means."

The Knight is dressed in heavy black silk and the cross of Malta glows brilliantly against the rich black. The rich low tones of the chestnut-brown hair, the ribbon for the medal, and

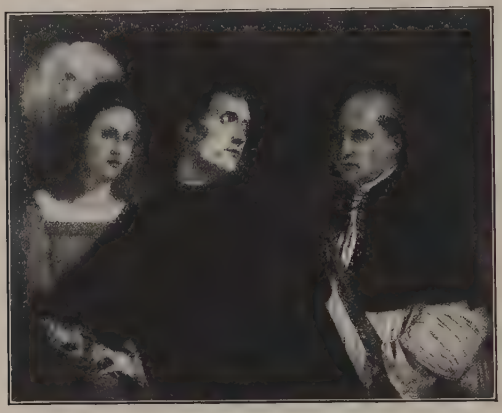

FIG. 99.—Giorgione. The Concert. Pitti Palace, Florence.

the olive-wood beads, intensify and vivify the flesh tints of the face and hand and the white of the chemisette. There is a richness and softness in the blending of these strongly contrasted colors that only a master hand could have made so entirely satisfactory.

Another work, "The Concert" (Fig. 99), in the Pitti Palace, Florence, critics pronounce authentic and a masterpiece of the artist. The figures in this picture have been looked upon as portraits of Calvin on the right, Luther in the middle, and Melanchthon on the left, but as Giorgione died when Calvin was only two years old, this interpretation cannot be true if the picture is a genuine Giorgione. Never mind whether that

central figure is Luther or simply an Augustine monk; we do know that he was an aristocrat from the tip of those delicate fingers that grasp the keys so firmly to the clear-cut features and proudly set head. The whole pose of that man breathes forth high thinking and moral living, yet shows the keenest sympathy with poor, erring humanity. It is no wonder that Giorgione was placed by his contemporaries among painters of the first rank after making such a powerful picture as "The Concert."

Giorgione (Big George), as his name indicated, was noted not only for his large body, but for the bigness of his mind and the versatility of his talents. He entered fully into the gay life of Venice and was heartily welcomed because of his genuine love for his fellow man. He died of the plague at thirty-four, leaving humanity his debtor for all time.

Titian was a man who seemed to grow with the growth of human thought. One might say of him that "he absorbed his predecessors and ruined his successors." He was endowed with a rare faculty that enabled him to take to himself the particular qualities that marked the greatness of other artists in special lines, and to so incorporate them with his own powers, that he reached a degree of perfection unknown before. There have been, and were, greater artists in form, finish, breadth, and elegance, but Titian united all qualities of technic with a personality that made him one of the greatest, if not the greatest artist of the world. "Il divino Titiano!"

During the ninety-nine years of the life of Titiano Vecelli (1477–1576), there transpired some of the greatest events in history—events which have revolutionized mankind. The year he was born Caxton's first book was printed in England. When Titian was fifteen Columbus discovered America. Another quarter of a century had hardly passed when Charles V., already King of Spain and her new colonies, was crowned, at Aix-la-Chapelle, emperor over the fairest countries of Europe. Then followed the Reformation with Luther as its leader, which resulted in the "Diet of Worms" and the "Council of Trent." When the hundred years were nearly completed there came that great upheaval in the Netherlands which placed the Prince of

Orange—William the Silent—on the throne, and sent the Spaniards about their own business.

Living in such eventful times, it is not surprising that Titian gave us an art that combined truths of a universal nature. His early life in the hill town of Cadore gave him that intimate knowledge of nature, in her different moods, that can be gained in childhood only. The contrast between the ruggedness of his native town and the soft voluptuousness of beautiful Venice must have made a deep impression on the sensitive mind of the boy-artist, and brought more vividly to him the scenes of childhood. In later life he used these familiar landscapes as a mere setting for his figure pieces, yet these backgrounds were true landscape paintings, which were not surpassed until nearly a half century later, when the French artist Claude Lorrain arose.

Possibly after leaving Bellini's studio Titian may have been influenced by his companion, Giorgione, whose talents were perfected at such an early age. They may have been partners for a time and without doubt worked together on the external decoration of the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, the German Government building on the Grand Canal near the Rialto. There is nothing left of these paintings to-day except a patch of color.

The artist who seems to have made the greatest impression on Titian in his early years was Albrecht Dürer, who came to Venice after Giorgione died. Dürer had the German hair-splitting precision that is so marked a trait of that nation. He painted in such detail that the weave of the cloth and the pores of the skin could easily be seen. If he was lacking in the glorious coloring of the Venetians his perfect finish proved to those artists that finish must be added to color to produce a perfect work of art. Titian recognized, however, Dürer's excessive "finish," and, when taunted by some Germans who visited his studio, replied that finish was not the end and aim of art. But to show Dürer that he, too, could count each hair and separate each thread, he painted his famous "Tribute Money" (Fig. 100), that is one of the gems of the Dresden Gallery to-day.

For four centuries this picture has received the highest praise as an example of the combination of perfect finish and

broad handling, thus producing a composition both detailed and free. Titian could hardly have contrasted two men with wider differences than he has in this painting. The Pharisee, with his face full of that low cunning, characteristic of his

Fig. 100.—Titian. The Tribute Money. Dresden Gallery.

calling, is so eager in his anxiety to find something to condemn that he leans toward the Savior, holding out the penny in his coarse, vulgar hand. The Christ with sublime dignity and repose points to the coin, saying: "Whose is this image and superscription?" The look and voice compel the crafty Jew

to answer, "Cæsar's." One can almost imagine that the expression of low satisfaction on the face of the Pharisee is changing to chagrin as the Savior answers: "Render therefore unto

Fig. 101.—Titian. Portrait of Himself. Berlin Gallery.

Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." Could anything be more impressive than the pale, beautiful face of Christ with its setting of red-brown hair

—hair so delicately painted that a breath would lift the curl from the neck? There is a fullness and breadth in the handling of the drapery that intensify the simplicity of the garments and add strength to the heads and hands. In the "Tribute Money" Titian seems to have given his only example showing any influence that Dürer may have made upon him.

In the Berlin Gallery is a "Portrait of Titian" (Fig. 101), painted by himself in 1542, when he was sixty-five years old. The broad, swift strokes on the changeable crimson doublet, shimmery damask sleeves, and rich brown of pelisse and fur collar have the strength of a master's hand that requires no finish to prove its skill. How wonderfully modeled is that face, and what strength of character in every line! It is not surprising that kings and princes strove to honor such a man! Neither is it strange that even Charles V., a man who "was as false as water," should have again and again sought the companionship of this king of painters. That Titian understood the various moods of his royal friend and patron is very evident in the numerous portraits that he made of him. In none of them has he given a truer index to his character than in the one at Munich (Fig. 102). How truly that Austrian lip and chin mark the stubborn quality that prevented this man from seeing, until it was too late, the great religious importance of the Reformation which he was opposing on political grounds! Motley says of him: "He believed in nothing, save that, when the course of the imperial will was impeded, and the interests of his imperial house in jeopardy, pontiffs were to succumb as well as Anabaptists."

Fig. 102.—Titian. Portrait of Charles V. Pinakothek, Munich.

Titian's manner of painting was broad and full, and his colorings superb. He was never extravagant in handling his subjects, but always dignified and stately. He was a man of the world, with that keen insight into human character that enabled him, with his complete mastery of art, to show by pose and expression the workings of the human soul. He moved

among the men and women of nobility and studied life from the palace and the council chamber. His days were filled with the good things of this world. He was honored by kings and sought after by noblemen. Church and State, both in his own country and abroad, sent for him to paint their portraits and decorate their buildings.

Many are the stories told of his friendship with Charles V., and how that emperor showed him marked attention; even at times humiliating his own nobles to do the artist honor, saying: "There are many princes, but there is only one Titian;" and again, "I have many nobles, but one Titian." One day the emperor went so far as to pick up the artist's brush, remarking

Fig. 103.—Titian. Presentation in the Temple. Academy, Venice.

as he did so: "It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian." The artist's court life was both brilliant and profitable. In fact, one of the mars on the otherwise almost perfect character of Titian was his excessive love of money and favor. He was willing to fawn and even humiliate himself to gain position and worldly riches.

Probably there is no picture in which Titian has mingled so much thought and feeling, brush work, technical skill, and color secret as in "The Presentation in the Temple" (Fig. 103), in the Academy, Venice. Although it is a religious subject, yet it is not a religious picture in the true sense. The wall space that it covers is peculiarly well fitted for it. Parallel with the painted steps are real steps leading into the room

where the picture is, so on entering and seeing the child coming up the steps there is a feeling of having just come from the temple to which the little Virgin Mary is going. The landscape in the background is one of his choice bits of idealized Cadore scenery. The soft, fleecy clouds mellow the rugged mountain tops and spread a warm glow over the entire scene. The architecture is Venetian and the people are Venetians, but there is perfect harmony between the subject and the settings so far as the arrangement of the composition is concerned. There is also complete decorum among the company gathered to see the public consecration of the little Virgin, even to the dog and little child in the middle foreground. Some of the natural touches are almost amusing—as the old woman with her basket of eggs. But the absorbing interest she takes in the scene makes it seem perfectly natural that she should sit there to rest. The wonderful secret of color, and treatment in detail, are perfect in this picture.

One of the marked characteristics of Titian's skill as an artist was his ability to cover up all show of effort in bringing about the desired results. That he was a painstaking, laborious worker is very evident from the care he displayed in preparing his canvases for his final touches, which were put on with his finger, thus covering all marks of his brush work. His most perfect example of elaborate and careful workmanship, resulting in a painting of the greatest apparent simplicity, is "The Assumption of the Virgin" (Fig. 104), Academy, Venice.

Look at the consummate skill with which he draws attention to the central figure—the Virgin. Beginning with the apostles, with uplifted hands and faces, one instinctively follows their gaze, being only half conscious of the wonderful display of human emotions on the faces of those strong men. Then look at the circle of angel children—so human in their earthly beauty that one longs to smother them with kisses—as they point with face and gesture to the heavenly queen. Even the Father in the sky above bends His gaze on her upturned face. What marvelous foreshortening to bring that multitude of figures into poses so natural and so simple! And then, above everything else, are the glorious coloring and subtle

blending of light and shade in this masterpiece. Hanging, as it does, opposite the folding doors at the end of the long entrance room to the gallery, on entering one is thrilled with rapture and feels that the scene must be a reality in its vividness and forcefulness.

Titian continued to paint to the end of his long life—a life of almost one hundred years. While it is remarkable that his mental vigor and skill of hand remained so like the Titian of his zenith, yet it is pathetic to note the power with which old age held him and prevented him from again reaching that zenith. Our hearts are full of pity for the old man as he dies of the plague, alone and forsaken. But he is not forgotten, for so long as the art of painting lasts Titian will stand as the exponent of color—color so wonderful that one stands spell-bound before his works.

CHAPTER XVII

LORENZO LOTTO—PALMA VECCHIO—MORETTO—MORONI

THERE were two artists, three years younger than Giorgione and Titian—Lorenzo Lotto and Palma Vecchio—who were, until within a few years, always spoken of as natives of the same town and as great personal friends. The latter statement is true, but Lotto was born in Venice and Palma at Serino. They came into the world the same year—1480; both were bachelors all their lives, both came under the influence of Giorgione and Titian, and both were men of strong personality.

Lorenzo Lotto was probably a pupil of Alvise Vivarini, but he shows the influence of many of those earlier artists. While still a young man he spent four years in Rome, where he came in contact with Raphael, as is seen in many of his works. As his art became more mature, however, there was a stronger note of personal independence in it. This was specially marked in his portraits, where he manifests a tendency toward psychological research. Lotto was a man of a deep religious nature and one who never swerved a hair's breadth from his honest convictions of what he thought was right. Aretino, the life-long friend of Titian, wrote of him, "O Lotto, good as goodness, and virtuous as virtue itself!"

Lotto excelled as a painter of portraits, and in them showed his keen insight into character. He felt deeply the immorality of the sixteenth century, and, choosing his sitters from among the virtuous men and women, he depicted in their faces a longing for better times. All of the portraits seem to tell a life history, a history possibly a little too sad, but he may have "read into them a little of his own morbid self-consciousness and religious aspirations." Except his portraits, he painted religious pictures almost exclusively. He wandered over the country,

leaving specimens of his work in church and convent, from Milan to Rome. In these wanderings he may have been associated with some of the reformers of his day. His interpretation of the Bible stories indicates a profound thoughtfulness of the religious truths as laid down by the old prophets, and the apostles of the early church, a return to which was being taught by the reformers of that time. Then, too, in one of his notebooks he states that he has just finished portraits of Luther

Fig. 105.—Lorenzo Lotto. The Three Ages of Man. Pitti Palace, Florence.

and his wife. It is just possible that he knew that sturdy preacher in the days of his crusade against "indulgences."

In the Pitti Palace, Florence, is Lotto's "Three Ages of Man" (Fig. 105). While, as many critics say, this picture is much like Giorgione's work, Lotto has preserved his own individuality in his manner of bringing out the inner life of these three. How plainly the heedlessness of boyhood is brought out in the face of the boy! He only half hears the instruction of the older man; his eyes are on the music, but his thoughts are with his playmates. The young man is thinking deeper thoughts than the simple lesson in music; life to him is opening out into a future of great possibilities, but filled with

serious problems; while the old man shows the scars of many battles, but battles won; he is still looking out on life with the steady eye of the veteran who is ready to "fight the good fight." This old man *lived*, and as he looks at us so keenly he has no thought of posing for his portrait, but he is busy with his own estimate of *our* character. His cardinal gown, so soft and rich in its color-note, is most appropriate for this old war-horse, and then how beautifully it harmonizes with the purplish maroon of the boy's dress, and the scarlet of his scarf; and how the black cap and soft black hair of the child are emphasized against the white beard and bronzed flesh of age. Could any one show greater skill in blending the rich brown of the young man's hair into the deeper brown of the background? How the golden tint of the hair is brought out by the tender green of his sack, and how the flesh of the hand glows with health against nature's favorite color! How empty the picture would be without that hand—what a tale of latent strength it unfolds! The wonderful harmony of this picture seems to enter one's soul and later

> " . . . flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude."

Lotto never had a home of his own, but made his abiding place in the convents of the Dominican Order, and chose his intimate friends from among the monks. He lived in the Convent of San Giovanni e Paolo when in Venice and there he hoped to end his days; but two years before his death (1556) he went to the beautiful little town of Loreto, and there entered the Holy House, where he lived quietly and happily to the end.

No artist was more patronized by the fashionable women of Venice than Palma Vecchio. He alone held the secret of putting on canvas dark auburn and chestnut-brown hair with its surface glitter reflecting the light rays as virgin gold; set against an ivory-white skin that fairly sparkled in its dazzling whiteness, which were symbols of beauty among the women in high life. At that time the arts of the feminine toilet included a special treatment of the hair with a wash that gave a tint as yellow as gold. In no line of work did Palma show

his mastery of the painter's art more fully than in his portraiture of women. He knew, to the smallest detail, every device used to heighten the effect of fold, puff, and ornament, and, with consummate skill, gave full value, not only to these minutiæ, but to the texture of the satin and brocade draperies as well; then, too, the happy way he had of placing his figures with a smiling landscape as a background gave an added charm.

Fig. 106.—Palma Vecchio. St. Barbara. Church of Santa Maria Formosa, Venice.

Palma was born in a little country town in the Bergamask district not far from Venice—his city home for most of his life; but he never entirely lost a certain *bourgeois* manner that came from his peasant origin. This inheritance is evident in the great simplicity of many of his pictures, and the peasant type of his men and women so often seen in his *Santa Conversazione* compositions—pictures of the Holy Family surrounded by a picnic group of Venetian merry-makers—one of Palma's special inventions.

The Venetian artillerists requested Palma to paint an altar-piece for their chapel in the Church of Santa Maria Formosa; in granting their request he gave to the world one of its masterpieces—"St. Barbara" (Fig. 106). This saint is the patroness of soldiers, and is always represented with a tower near her and a palm in her hand as symbols of her life and martyrdom.

Certainly the influence of such a saint—so instinct with strength and victory—ought to inspire soldiers with courage and patriotism. Her calm, dignified attitude as she stands framed in that simple archway, looking out on the battlefield of life, would give him a sense of triumph over every difficulty; if only she is on his side he will conquer. Palma knew just how to clothe that noble figure with the soft brown undergarment and the rich red mantle held so lightly and gracefully over arm and knee, so as to enhance the sweet serenity of the pure woman; and yet, by placing the crown on the golden hair and the white scarf knotted at the side and brought across the glowing flesh of neck and shoulder, he has raised her to the place of a conqueror through faith.

Palma was probably a pupil of Bellini, and never lost the effects of the lessons taught him by the master. He was also closely associated with Lorenzo Lotto, his warm friend. He brought into the sixteenth century the perfections of the fifteenth, and, adding to his work his own individuality, gave a solidity and depth to the art of painting that raised him to a place beside Giorgione and Titian. He may not have been an originator, as was the former artist, or an epoch-maker, as was the latter, but he interested the public and left the new field open, ready for his followers to cultivate and extend. He was, and still is, one of the most popular of Venetian painters. Very little is known of Palma's personal life. He was only forty-eight when he died in 1528, and was buried in the Church San Gregorio, Venice. It is doubtful if we even have an authentic likeness of him, although the picture in the Munich Gallery is listed as a portrait of the artist—Palma Vecchio.

Another artist who was born the last of the fifteenth century—1498—and came from Venetian territory was Moretto of Brescia. He never went to Venice, although he was no doubt familiar with Titian's work and later with the compositions of Raphael. He was a man of originality, and was the first artist to give color that "silvery" quality so peculiarly his own. His individuality comes out in his contrasting of light and shadow in both his figures and skies; his darker figures seem to spring from a clear, bright background, and the

different colored clouds are made to offset each other, but it is done in such a simple and direct way that the manner of doing it is lost sight of in the results obtained.

Moretto was equal to any Venetian artist in his perspectives, elegant proportions, and gorgeous draperies, handling each with such delicate power that his pictures speak to us with force and emphasis. He, in his portraits, has given so much of the life history of the noble families of Brescia, that one wishes to know more of their doings and character. In this branch of his art he seems to step from the sixteenth century into modern times.

In his sacred pictures Moretto has that sensitive insight into the emotions of his characters that makes his people express the sentiments they represent. This is specially seen in the "Supper in the House of Simon" (Fig. 107), Academy, Venice. The stern disapproval in the face of Simon, the benign sympathy of the Savior, the humiliation and grief in the attitude of the Magdalene, and the wonder and astonishment in the face and posture of the servant, are all expressed in a dignified and masterly manner, but with a ring of true sincerity. Even if he has told his story well there is nothing lacking in the technic of the composition. The balance in the arrangement is admirable, the contrasts of light and shadow effective, the lighting good, and the color is that harmonious "silvery" quality that was so characteristically his own. Then, too, the rich stuff of the Pharisee's dress is differentiated to the smallest detail.

Fig. 107.—Moretto. Supper in the House of Simon. Academy, Venice.

When Moretto died in 1555 he left one pupil, Giambattista Moroni (1525–1578), of whose personal history very little is known, but who is known as a great portrait painter of "Men." It was not the nobility that attracted him, but the genus *man*—as a representative of the highest development regardless of time or place. These commonplace persons were given commonplace

titles, as: "Ecclesiastic," "Lawyer," "Tailor," etc.; but what did it signify so long as the picture brought out the quality "manhood"? In the portrait of "The Tailor" (Fig. 108),

Fig. 108.—Moroni. The Tailor. National Gallery, London.

Tagliapanni stands before us in all the dignity of a true nobleman. This painting, a gem of the National Gallery, London, is so fascinating in its lifelike attitude that one stands waiting

for the man to speak, feeling that he has stopped his work to answer some question that has been put to him. Somehow that man's personality fills the room; his influence would be felt in a crowd; whatever he would have to say would be worth hearing; that tailor has made his work—the work hasn't made him. He is not a man of high intellectual ability, but a man from the common walks of life, who has made the most of his "one talent." Moroni excelled as a portrait painter; his pictures are looked upon as gems, breathing, as they do, the universal spirit of truth.

CHAPTER XVIII

TINTORETTO—PAOLO VERONESE

IF ever a man was possessed with the spirit of work it was Tintoretto. An undecorated wall space was a perfect inspiration to him. His mind began at once to teem with figures clamoring to be set free. It was of little consequence to him whether he was to be paid for his work or not, just so he was given the privilege of covering the vacant space and relieving his burdened brain of the imprisoned picture. He would set to work with all the eagerness of a novice and work with such furor and impetuosity that the picture would be completed in the time that most artists were making the first sketch. He was most appropriately called "Il Furioso" by his companions, but their very just criticism on his too rapid way of working was that "Tintoretto is often inferior to Tintoretto."

The real name of this artist was Jacopo Robusti (1512 or 18–1594); his nickname Tintoretto came from the fact that his father was a dyer and young Jacopo used often to help at this trade. He probably studied in Titian's studio when he was quite young, but for some reason—likely because of unseemly behavior—the master refused to have him as a pupil.

Very early in life the young artist set to work to perfect himself in his art, using as his ideals "the drawings of Michael Angelo and the coloring of Titian." He used casts of the great sculptor's work and drew from them placed in every conceivable position and light. Then, to add to the experience that this practice gave him, he made small lay figures of clay and wax, draping them and hanging them at different angles with legs and arms representing all possible gymnastic feats, that he might become familiar with the rules of foreshortening.

He even went so far as to place these little figures in and among pasteboard houses, lighted with tiny candles to get perspective and the effect of light and shade. He worked at these fundamental principles of his art with marvelous patience, sparing no pains or trouble in training his hand to execute with skill and rapidity what his active brain originated. When he began to paint for the public he neglected no order, however humble; all he asked was to show what he could do. His subjects were chosen from all sources. He was as willing to paint sinner as

Fig. 109.—Tintoretto. Minerva Driving Away Mars. Ducal Palace, Venice.

saint; religious scenes as rioting gods; allegorical Venice as adoring senator; mythological subjects as men and maidens; in fact nothing that represented humanity was too difficult for his facile brush.

In the Anticollegio, or waiting-room, of the Ducal Palace, Venice, are four of his mythological subjects so wonderfully painted that they are often spoken of as the most beautiful pictures in the world. It was not until he was thirty years old that he reached the desire of his heart—a commission to work in the Ducal Palace. More than a decade he devoted his talents to the glory of Venice in covering hundreds—yes,

thousands—of feet of wall space in this building, that was and is the pride of the Venetian. Of all his marvelous paintings none hold us with stronger claims for admiration than those pictured gods and goddesses. Tintoretto enters so completely into the spirit of those classic myths and gives them to us with such a sense of fitness that we, too, seem to live with the immortals. In the painting of "Minerva Driving Away Mars" (Fig. 109), we can feel the tension of Minerva as she pushes against the intruding Mars. Certainly he had no right there! The warmth and beauty of human flesh are so real and are brought

Fig. 110.—Tintoretto. The Adulteress. Academy, Venice.

close to us with such consummate skill that we are a part of the scene ourselves. We are not surprised that we are drawing long breaths of delight at being in company with such beauty of form, such marvelous color, such light and shade; we feel the palpitating atmosphere about us, being scarcely conscious that we are under the charm of art instead of reality.

If Tintoretto was at home among the gods and goddesses of the old Greek myths he was equally at home among the people of Venice of his day. His religious pictures reflect the life of his time, which was a common characteristic of Venetian artists. In the painting of "Christ and the Adulteress" (Fig. 110), in the Academy at Venice, he has given us one of

those voluptuous women of the sixteenth century—true to the life of the times; but in placing her in this Biblical setting, with the Savior as her final accuser, he has given to her physical beauty a subtle charm that has a deeper significance than outward attraction. The painting is crowded with men and women, yet the artist has so centered the interest in Christ and the woman that the others simply represent a crowd of people as they usually gather when some one is being brought to "justice." The eager interest on the faces of the men as they lean forward to hear the verdict is most human in its universal truth. Tintoretto knew humanity and could depict the different emotions with wonderful exactness. The warm, rich coloring and the bold contrasting of light and shadow on the faces and garments in the foreground give this painting a richness and strength that places it among the best of the master's work.

By perseverance and untiring labor Tintoretto won his place among the great artists of Venice. It is true that there is great inequality in his work, but it would have been impossible for any one to have kept up to a universally high standard and have painted as many pictures as he did—the number is so great that "they are fairly rotting on the walls of Venice to-day." The artist's home life was a source of great inspiration to him. Like Titian, he, too, had a beloved daughter—Marietta—on whom he lavished his strongest affection and whose talents promised much, but she was taken away and the adoring father was left to mourn her loss for four years. His home was the resort of many, but his studio was held sacred to himself.

Paolo Caliari (1528–1588), more commonly known as Veronese, was ten years younger than Tintoretto, and did not come to Venice until he was nearly thirty years old. Almost from the beginning of his Venetian career Titian was his friend and well wisher. Coming as he did at the very height of the Renaissance, the opportunity was ripe for him to show his power as an artist. No man was more faithful to his trust, for he was a painter *par excellence*, and whatever his subject he gave a calm strength and dignity to the composition that

raised it to the highest plane. He knew how to flatter the merchant princes of wealthy Venice by filling his canvases with people clothed in magnificent stuffs, surrounded with noble architecture, amid rich furnishings. His religious pictures are Biblical in name only; the sacred characters seem perfectly at home in their elegant surroundings and show no surprise at the extravagance of the times. He did go a little too far in introducing cats, dogs, and buffoons into his compositions, so that the authorities questioned and even brought him to trial, but he defended himself with the assertion that they were simply put in the picture as a bit of decoration in color or space filling. His imagination never ran away with him and his workmanship was always good. There is an independence about Veronese's work that raises him to a high standard, and a happy frankness in his manner that removes all traces of bombast. He followed his own inspirations, painted quickly and lightly, his brush dipped in light as it were, which enveloped his whole canvas with a transparent atmosphere that charms and delights us.

In the National Gallery, London, is one of the loveliest of Veronese's compositions—"The Vision of St. Helena" (Fig. 111). There is none of that wonderful display of magnificently brocaded stuffs and priceless jewels that marks his large canvases, but rather a subtle tone of refinement that no outward adornment could enhance. Nothing could represent the dignity of the Roman queen more perfectly than this Venetian lady of quality. The graceful naturalness of the queen at the moment when sleep has overpowered her has been chronicled with unerring skill. Her vision, the legend says, of the whereabouts of the true Cross gave her just the clew necessary for reclaiming it at Jerusalem. St. Helena was the mother of Constantine the Great, and through her influence the spread of Christianity was greatly increased. At her request her son, Constantine, built a basilica in Jerusalem over the spot where the true Cross was found. The quality of Veronese's light and color as it reveals the fullness of life in purity of living has reached its highest note in this painting.

The large painting of the "Supper in the House of Simon

the Pharisee" (Fig. 112), Academy, Venice, is a companion piece in its sumptuousness to his "Marriage of Cana," in the Louvre, Paris. This picture was painted for the Refectory of the Dominican monastery of San Giovanni e Paolo, Venice. In removing these pictures from their original home much of

Fig. 111.—Veronese. St. Helena. National Gallery, London.

the appropriateness of the design is lost. Veronese painted four of these Biblical banquets, each one for the end of a long dining-hall, where it seemed to form a continuation of the hall itself. In this one the background gives one the sense of infinite space and adds greatly to the spaciousness of the scene. The superb architecture of the overhanging arches and the faultless

perspective of the background would make the plainest dining-hall a princely banqueting-chamber. The picture glows with color and light and is full of the animal spirit, but is lacking in spiritual life. The Savior in the center of the table is very inconspicuous compared with the noblemen who figure in the foreground. It was in this picture that Veronese had put so many grotesque accessories that the Inquisition compelled him to paint out, but he left a sufficient number to show his tendency in that direction.

To see Veronese himself as he walked the streets of Venice one needs but look at the men as they appear in the creations

Fig. 112.—Veronese. Supper in the House of Simon the Pharisee. Academy, Venice.

of his brain, clothed in all their magnificence, and then the artist stands before us in his velvet breeches and figured waistcoat, his gorgeous cloak and jeweled ornaments. He was to the manor born, with his courtly manners and princely attire. As one lingers to-day before what remains of Tintoretto's elegant little home at the foot of Ponte di Mori, Venice, one longs to see the magnificent Paolo Cagliari step from his gondola and enter the older master's house, where he spent so many hours as an honored guest. The petty jealousies of the artist were laid aside in the social intercourse of these two masters.

One of the paintings that shows Veronese's extravagant love of elegant stuffs is "The Adoration of the Magi" (Fig. 113), in the Dresden Gallery. The brocaded satins and embossed velvets that make up the draperies of the Magi are so

heavy with gold and silver threads that one can almost feel the weight and hear the swish of the garment at every move of the wearer. Notice how carefully every detail is worked out. They are such a vital part of the whole that to remove the smallest article would spoil the general effect of harmony. No artist understood better how to bring superficial arrangement

Fig. 113.—Veronese. Adoration of the Magi. Dresden Gallery.

to such perfection; even the lack of deep thought in the subject presented is almost forgotten in the enjoyment of the way it is put before us. He paints as naturally as he breathes and apparently with as little thought, but the picture he gives us is as full of pure life as the rich blood is after a breath of pure air. He found the Renaissance at its height and left it there when he laid down his brush after forty years of almost incessant work.

ITALIAN PAINTING—DECADENCE

Fig. 115.—Domenichino. Communion of St. Jerome. Vatican, Rome.—*See page* 175.

CHAPTER XIX

CARACCI—DOMENICHINO—GUIDO RENI—CARLO DOLCI—CARAVAGGIO—SALVATOR ROSA

THAT there is, in the natural world, either development or decline is a Law of Nature. To remain stationary in a state of perfection is contrary to every known rule. The law which holds good in the rise and fall of empires, kingdoms, and republics, also applies to literature and the arts. The Law of Inertia works until opposing forces start new paths.

The great Renaissance movement in Italy was at an end. Artistic development had reached its height in the sixteenth century and a decline was inevitable. There were no more Michael Angelos, Raphaels, or Titians, with their originality and genius, to open up new fields. Under the depressing rule of the Jesuits, and the public calamities that came through pestilence, famine, and the feuds of the nobles, even the greatest genius would have been crushed. Artists there were with considerable power and individuality, but, lacking the talents of the originator, they became mere imitators and exaggerators.

Religion had been the chief subject for the artists of the Renaissance, and was still the chief subject for the artists of the Decadence, but what was there left to be brought out that had not been thought of by the master minds of the past? The province of the rising artists was to gather up the excellences of their masters and form a new school, the Eclectics; Bologna was the city that led in this new movement through the Caracci—five of them—and their followers.

Annibale Caracci, who was born at Bologna in 1560, was really the strongest man of the five. When only twenty years old he went to Parma to study the works of Correggio, and then on up to Venice to learn the secret of the Venetian colorist.

He was in no sympathy with the Mannerists of whom Vasari was an exponent; in fact his aim was to overcome the exaggerations of that school and to make a return to the simpler methods of his predecessors. Poussin was so enthusiastic over his frescos in the Farnese Palace at Rome that he said the work was only surpassed by Raphael. The subject of those frescos was taken from mythology, in the painting of which he shows his careful study of the antique, which he had added to his already noble qualities after he came to Rome. Annibale painted the usual number of religious pictures, but he gave to

Fig. 114.—Caracci. Christ and the Woman of Samaria. Imperial Gallery, Vienna.

them considerable more strength than was found in the sentimental compositions of the Mannerists.

In studying his pictures we find that he was a student of nature as well as a student of the great masters. This is specially true of the landscape setting of his painting of "Christ and the Woman of Samaria" (Fig. 114), in the Imperial Picture Gallery at Vienna. How truthfully he has handled the perspective in the winding stream that appears and disappears so naturally! True, it is a classic landscape, but entirely satisfactory as a setting for the Savior's message to the woman. The beauty and grace of the woman of Samaria call forth our unbounded admiration. Surely Annibale understood how to make an attractive woman when he painted that figure! Her attitude of earnest attention is portrayed with much technical skill, while the entire scene has a beauty of color and an atmospheric effect that stamp the originality of the artist. He has

selected the very best from his predecessors and has used the material in his own individual manner without falling to the level of a mere imitator. The times were against him or Annibale might have become an artist of considerable power.

One of the best pupils of Caracci was Domenico Zampieri (1581–1641), or, as he was more familiarly known, Domenichino. He was a native of Bologna and followed his master to Rome, where he worked with him on the decorations in the Farnese Palace. The picture that brought him the greatest renown was his "Communion of St. Jerome" (Fig. 115—*see p.* 172), which his enemies declared was taken from a similar picture by the elder Caracci. He was finally compelled to leave Rome and go back to his native city because of the persecutions of his jealous rivals. The painting, now in the Vatican, Rome, is a companion piece to Raphael's "Transfiguration," in the same room, both standing on easels. How it was ever possible for the eighteenth-century critics to rank the "Communion of St. Jerome" as a rival to the "Transfiguration" is a puzzle to us to-day; it is still often classed with the ten great pictures of the world. One thing Domenichino has done to perfection, and that is to represent poor old St. Jerome so realistically that no one would doubt his having crucified the flesh until all earthly desires were overcome. The hardness in the handling and the lack of warmth in the color mar even the powerfulness of the composition. The expression of grief on the face of the man at the left is so true to life that one feels the sincerity of the sorrow in that man's heart. A few years later the artist was called back to Rome by Gregory XV., and was soon as popular as ever—receiving commissions from princes and cardinals.

The most noted pupil of the Caracci was Guido Reni (1575–1642). He was a native of Bologna and was early apprenticed to a Flemish artist of that city, but, being attracted by the fame of the Caracci, he often visited their studio. When he began to show something of their influence in his pictures his Flemish master was so incensed that Guido left and entered the Caracci school. Here he advanced so rapidly that it aroused the jealousy of his fellow students and the displeasure of his masters.

Fig. 116.—Guido Reni. Aurora. Palazzo Rospigliosi, Rome.

He soon left Bologna for Rome and there, for a while, devoted himself so earnestly to the study of the antique and to the works of Raphael that he really produced paintings of great merit; the greatest being "The Aurora" (Fig. 116), on the ceiling of the Rospigliosi Palace, Rome. For more than two centuries and a half this fresco has shone forth in all its pristine glory of color. It is to-day one of the most popular pictures in Rome and most highly extolled by tourists. Guido has just fallen short of making a *great* masterpiece; he overbalances the insincerity of unity, expression, and pose of the figures by the sincerity of grace, rhythm, vitality, and color of the composition. The shading of the goddesses' robes from delicate blues and greens into white, and the harmony of the dun-colored horses against the clouds, offset by the yellow sky and the blue note over the landscape below, are charming in their balance and poetry of tone. It can be truly said of the "Aurora" that, "taken all for all, it is the most accomplished work of its century."

Fig. 117.—Guido Reni. Ecce Homo. Dresden Gallery.

The "Ecce Homo" (Fig. 117), in the Dresden Gallery, is another one of Guido's strong productions: a subject that no amount of technical skill or loving care could make anything but soul-harrowing, but still a subject that has had a certain fascination for artists of all countries and all time. Of all the pictures of the "Ecce Homo" this one is fullest of the pathos of the world-suffering Savior combined with the strongest marks of that manly strength which can endure to the end and finally come off conqueror.

The great popularity of Guido Reni in Rome certainly turned his head, for, although an artist endowed with much natural talent, he contented himself with being a mere reflector, catering to the tastes of his patrons and bent on making money. He became weak, sentimental, and superficial, with no strength

Fig. 118.—Guido Reni. Christ on the Cross. S. Lorenzo in Lucino, Rome.

or true emotion to redeem his really graceful, ingenious compositions; but it is hardly fair to blame Guido for his failure, for no amount of originality or progressiveness could have fought successfully against the ebb tide of the seventeenth century.

Another very popular picture of Guido's is "Beatrice Cenci." Simply naming this picture brings it so vividly before the mind

that we feel an intimate acquaintance with the mysterious girl whose "story of offended innocence, of revenge, and of expiation will never be forgotten." What is our surprise when we find that it is not a portrait of Beatrice Cenci at all, but Guido's idea of a Sibyl. The legend—for it was nothing but a legend—that this artist had painted the beautiful parricide a few days before her execution cannot be true, as he did not come to Rome until after her death. M. Corrado Ricci says: "The canvas surely represents a Sibyl."

In his painting of the "Crucifixion" (Fig. 118), in S. Lorenzo in Lucino, Rome, Guido shows a little of the influence of the leader of the Naturalist school—Caravaggio. The peculiar arrangement of the clouds, with the heavy side borders where "now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour," gives that exaggerated realism that marked that school. There is nothing in the pose of the Savior's body or the expression of his face that awakens the least feeling of sympathy for the agony of that awful hour. Even Jerusalem so peaceful in the distance gives no response to the tragic scene on Calvary. There is plenty of exaggeration, but no sincerity in the scene. Compare this with Dürer's "Crucifixion" (Fig. 202).

We now turn to Carlo Dolci (1616–1686), the last of the Florentine artists. With such an inheritance of greatness from men whose works will follow them to all time, how could one be such a sentimentalist as Carlo Dolci was? Most of his subjects were taken from the New Testament; these he treated with considerable skill as a painter, giving a surface smoothness to some of his compositions that almost equaled the Dutch painters, but he was lacking in invention and imagination. The excessive sweetness in the faces of his angels and women palls on one; they are so insipid that even the skill in the management of the chiaroscuro counts for little. How often one hears the general tourist rave over his pictures, with, "Oh, how pretty!" "Isn't she sweet!" and other inane exclamations that express about as much as the pictures themselves do. Even in his "St. Cecilia" (Fig. 119), in the Dresden Gallery, one of his best paintings, one finds very little to really admire. The delicacy of color and dainty gracefulness of pose please for the moment;

if only they had been founded on sincerity and truth! Nothing is so insipid as affectation; the world wants genuineness even if, at times, it is uncouth and outwardly unlovely. The great reformers were truth-tellers.

Fig. 119.—Carlo Dolci. St. Cecilia. Dresden Gallery.

Michelangelo Caravaggio (1569–1609), the leader of the school of the Naturalists, was a man of strong artistic temperament, but with a morose nature and a passionate temper that led him not only into quarrels but into the murder of a companion. In his art he taught "a return to nature" as a means of reviving art; he wished to represent nature and nature's children just as they are; so in his sacred subjects he took his models from the street, making the Neapolitan beggar serve as an apostle or saint. The coarseness of the man's own nature is so apparent in his pictures that even his power as a colorist and brushman is overshadowed. He overcharged his backgrounds with shadows, often placing his figures in dungeons with but a single ray of light coming from above to illuminate the scene. His contrasts of light and shade were so strong and peculiar in their results that they became a marked feature of his school and gave the name of "Darklings" to his followers.

Fig. 120.—Caravaggio. Judith with the Head of Holofernes. Corsini Gallery, Florence.

His painting of "Judith and Her Maid with the Head of Holofernes" (Fig. 120), in the Corsini Gallery, Florence, exem-

plifies the natural trend of his mind toward the horrible. The word vulgar is written all over the picture. Would it be possible for this woman to have prayed, "Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day," before committing the deed that was to deliver Israel? How can one associate this Judith with the beautiful, pure woman of the Apocryphal book of Judith?

One of the principal pupils of the Naturalist school was Salvator Rosa (1615–1673). He is usually known as a landscape painter, delighting in wild and romantic scenery—such as broken rocks and deep caves—and over all he threw a deep shadow of gloom with only an occasional sunbeam. There was a half-savage picturesqueness in all that he painted. He made his stay in Rome all but impossible by his bitter satire, until, being invited by the Medici, he went to Florence and put himself under their protection, where he remained for a number of years, but finally returned to Rome, where he died and was buried.

Fig. 121.—Salvator Rosa. Diogenes Looking for an Honest Man.

A good example of Rosa's satirical paintings is his "Diogenes in Search of an Honest Man" (Fig. 121). The expression of shrewd wit on the face of Diogenes is well contrasted with the silly laughter of his witless tormentors. This picture was, no doubt, a reflection of the times.

For more than two centuries Italy has lived in the glories of the past. Her works of art are drawing the world to her cities; it is to feast on the masterpieces of the great masters of the past that is the lodestone. Nothing short of another Renaissance can arouse her from the lethargy into which she has fallen.

"We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted, better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that."

—*Browning.*

Part Second

PAINTING IN NORTHERN AND WESTERN COUNTRIES

IRELAND—HOLLAND—BELGIUM—SPAIN—GERMANY—
FRANCE—ENGLAND—AMERICA

FIG. 134.—Rembrandt. Portrait of a Lady. Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna.—*See page* 200

CHAPTER XX

IRISH PAINTING

IN tracing the artistic development of the peoples living in northern countries, we must again refer to the Egyptian and Chaldean civilization. Historians believe that the bronze-using Dravidian people, so old in their history that they followed the ancient Stone Age, was the parent of the grand civilization of Egypt and Chaldea. These people dwelt in a warm, wooded region in the south of Asia, and to them is credited the invention of writing. We find in Ireland, before the Kelts, this same people under the Fino-Ugrian section of mankind. The Old Testament is full of the mythology of this ancient people. They were skilled in the arts and magical sciences, but they needed the strength brought to them by the Kelts from Gaul. They needed this active-minded, belligerent, chivalrous people to teach them.

Very soon the religion of Ireland began to show the influence of the mixture of these two races. At first there is the Shamanistic superstition of the Fino-Ugrian race; this was followed by the Keltic pantheism of the Druids; after which came the pure form of Christianity, at first Eastern in character and probably brought by the Greek colonists. Then Rome, ever watchful to send her missionaries into far countries, sent Bishop Paladius to Ireland. This servant of the Church was well chosen by Pope Cœlestinus (A.D. 422–432); he built churches —simple wooden structures—for the people and left representatives to carry the work forward. The religion soon became Roman Catholic.

St. Patrick, who was born in A.D. 372, came back to Ireland as a missionary early in the fifth century. His ideas were

Alexandrian rather than Roman. His bell, said to be the oldest bit of metal work in existence, with an unbroken history of fourteen hundred years, was supposed to have been used by St. Patrick in his missionary tour through Ireland. On it is seen the scroll work (Fig. 122) that was one of the most characteristic forms of ornamentation in missal illumination among the Irish. The story goes that when St. Patrick was a young boy he was bound out to an Irish landholder, of the petty kind, by whom he was subjected to many trials and forced to undergo many hardships. He was sent out to watch the sheep, and, wandering over the country for good feeding places, came in touch with the very poor, and, although a young lad, realized what an ignorant, downtrodden life they were living. The more he thought about these poor, depraved creatures the more he longed to uplift them, until the desire became so strong that he finally ran away from his master, and after many weeks, possibly months, found his way to the south of Europe, some say to Rome, others to some other center of learning. Visions came to him in which appeared the children of Ireland, yet unborn, stretching out their hands to him, until at last he returned to Ireland, where he is to-day revered as the patron saint. From this time to the Reformation the Irish were lukewarm Romanists.

Fig. 122.—Scroll Work on St. Patrick's Bell, Suggested from Design in the Book of Kells.

The early art of Ireland, as of every other country, was simply a desire to ornament some object or represent some idea. There are found to-day drawings on bone which indicate that the first efforts of the people were to copy objects in nature. A specimen of bone ornamentation or history record in the Museum at St. Germain, Paris (Fig. 123), shows an elephant in outline. The drawing is very cleverly done and may have

been made to call the attention of some absent one to the fact that an elephant had been killed. The peculiar form of the skull, and the long, curved tusks mark it as belonging to an extinct species of the prehistoric mastodon.

In no country has the illuminated manuscript reached the perfection that it did in Ireland. A careful study of these illuminations discloses the skillful combination of motives adopted from textile and metal designs, from vegetable life, from the simpler form of animal life, and from an attempt to represent the human figure. In Trinity College, Dublin, is the "Book of Kells"—purely Irish—in which are wrought very curious monograms. The letter "J" (Fig. 124) is particularly interesting because of the delicate handling of the man's head at the end of the curve. Certainly a miniature so lifelike must have been the portrait of some one well known to the artist. The work done on these illuminated manuscripts is exceedingly beautiful, and a fine example of the original meaning of the word manuscript—hand written; many of these pictures tell the story of the life of the time as well as though written in words.

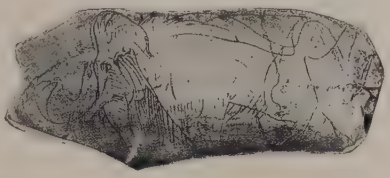

FIG. 123.—Drawing of Elephant on Bone. St. Germain, Paris.

FIG. 124.—Monogram "J" from Book of Kells. Trinity College, Dublin.

The "Durham Book," in the British Museum, is another most wonderful example of hand work, of Irish origin. These books—the Kells and the Durham—were made between the sixth and ninth centuries; when we remember that all the rest of Europe was at that time steeped in barbarism the work appears still more remarkable. The delicacy of color and the general harmony of arrangement are excellent but, the figure drawing, as seen in a page from the "Durham Book" (Fig. 125),

is crude and awkward in the extreme. So far as any expression of face or figure is concerned, the model might have been a wooden idol instead of a human being.

FIG. 125.—Page from Durham Book, 720 A.D. British Museum, London.

While the cross holds a most important place in Christian art, there are many evidences to prove that prior to the time of Christ the cross was, with the Jews, a sign of salvation; the brazen serpent was mounted on a cross; when Moses instructed the people of Israel to mark their doorposts with the blood of the sacrificial lamb, he told them to mark with the form of the cross. The sign of the cross is frequently found on ancient monuments near Persepolis. In the very early Irish illuminations the cross is not only a symbol of the instrument of the suffering of Christ, but of HIMSELF SUFFERING. In the College Museum of St. Gall, Switzerland, is a wonderful example of "The Crucifixion" (Fig. 126), taken from the Irish manuscript Gospels. The figure of the Savior, with the typical scroll work forming the body, shapes nearly the entire cross. The church and college of St. Gall were built by an Irish monk, Gallus, who went as a missionary to Switzerland the middle of the seventh century. In the Museum are found some of the most beautiful of the Irish illuminated manuscripts. There is nothing that pleases the custodian more than asking him to show these treasures. It is well worth the tourist's time to turn aside from the beaten line of travel and visit St. Gall. The monks from the Abbey of St. Gall were employed by Charlemagne to build churches and abbeys in his kingdom. Many of the patterns used for ornamentation by these Keltic workers can

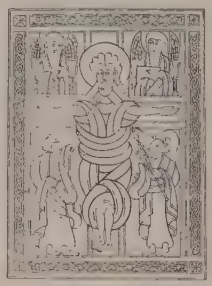

FIG. 126.—The Crucifixion. Irish Manuscript Gospels. St. Gall, Switzerland.

be traced to the work of very early Greek artists. The golden period of art in Ireland was from the fifth to the ninth centuries.

There is scarcely a country in Europe that is not indebted to Ireland for its masters in every branch of learning. All through the early centuries the Irish skilled workmen designed and built, not only the churches and public buildings, but they built roads and bridges, and also supplied the masons, plumbers, carpenters, and smiths. The Venerable Bede, who wrote in the seventh century, says: "Irish architects built a church for the Anglo-Saxons at Witham, A.D. 603 . . . afterward built old St. Paul's in London, A.D. 610, on the site of the temple of Diana."

Prince Dagabert (A.D. 602–638) of Strasburg, Holland, was educated in Ireland. It is said that when he returned to Holland he brought with him monks and skilled men who built churches throughout his kingdom. The records show that during the eighth century the Irish workman was building in Italy, Germany, Spain, Portgual, and France. As we take up these countries in the growth of painting, the influence of the Irish on the artistic development of the people will often be noted.

DUTCH PAINTING

FIG. 133.—Rembrandt. The School of Anatomy. Picture Gallery, The Hague, Holland.—*See page* 200.

CHAPTER XXI

LUCAS VAN LEYDEN—FRANZ HALS—REMBRANDT

IN no country of Europe has the art of painting been more imbued with the independent spirit of the people than in Holland. From her very earliest existence her history has been of a continual strife against the sea and the neighboring tribes, which developed in her inhabitants a strong intellectual ambition and a wonderful amount of common sense. Their desire to excel showed itself as early as the middle of the seventh century, when Dagabert I. studied in Ireland and brought back skilled workmen who built the first Christian church in the Netherlands, at Utrecht (Wittenburg). But swamps and woodlands prevailed, even when it was a part of the Frankish empire in A.D. 800, under Charlemagne, and ruled by dukes and counts. By the last of the ninth century began the Viking incursion from the north, and Siegfried, the great leader, married the emperor's daughter. During this invasion the country was devastated, the wealthy monasteries perished, and all works of art were destroyed. The nobles, however, soon came to the front and rebuilt the towns, and prosperity again smiled on the country. By the eleventh century the title "Count of Holland" was originated, and for four hundred years these counts ruled the Netherlands. During this period the people became independent of imperial authority.

There were probably many works of art produced at this time, but the invader and iconoclast did their work so well that nothing remains to show the character of the art. Not until the fifteenth century, when Holland and Belgium were still united, were there any specimens of painting preserved, and these show the characteristics of both the Dutch and Flemish artists. The first man to really represent Dutch art

was Lucas van Leyden (1494–1533). When but twelve years old he was recognized as a master in painting, engraving, and wood-carving, and during his short life of thirty-nine years he came in contact with the greatest artists of his time. There existed a personal friendship between Albrecht Dürer, the first artist in Germany, and Lucas, although Dürer was more than twenty years older than the Dutch artist. At first Lucas was quite Flemish in his method of work, but he developed a peculiar style of his own, particularly in the use of color, in which he would produce the quaintest effects by strange con-

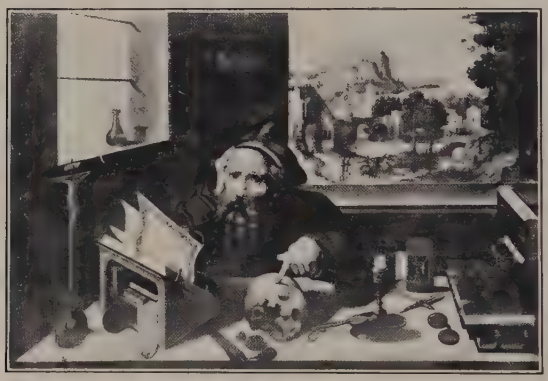

Fig. 127.—Lucas van Leyden. An Alchemist. Academy di S. Luca, Rome.

trasts. He would place jet-black hair against yellow or rose-colored drapery, red hair by the side of apple-green or black, using such opposite colors that the result was almost startling. He painted many religious subjects, treating them in a most original manner, often introducing exquisitely modeled heads painted with the greatest delicacy into scenes that were full of grotesque realism. He is better known from his engravings than his paintings, as there are but few of the latter. His *genre* pictures have the quaint naturalness and attention to details that characterize the "Little Master" of the later Dutch school. In the Accademia di S. Luca, Rome, is the picture of "An Alchemist" (Fig. 127), which illustrates his ability to portray a homely scene in an interesting manner. He has not

only made this man a philosopher, but he has added that personal element that brings him in touch with us. The landscape as seen through the open casement has a classic cast that gives a deeper meaning to the meditations of the alchemist.

Van Leyden worked before Holland threw off the yoke of the Roman Catholics. In time, however, the Dutch people began to protest against the intolerance of the Church of Rome. A long, fierce struggle was made against the Spanish rule of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and finally they were a free people—free in thought, and free in religion—and became "The United Provinces of Holland," or the Dutch Republic, with the state religion Protestant. Such a change soon began to show itself in every department of industry. The artist was no longer confined to religious subjects sanctioned by the Church, but he could choose for himself, usually taking his scenes from the life around him, where everything appealed to his artistic sense. No object was too ugly, no scene too humble for his brush; often his studio was the village tavern or the village green, and the pictures were the card tables or the village dance.

Holland has always been noted for its merchant guilds or corporations. Early in the seventeenth century corporation pictures became very much the fashion. The paintings are large and each figure in the picture is a portrait of the individual member of the guild, and yet the grouping of the figures is so fine that the pictures are not merely portrait groups but figure pieces. The painting of the "Banquet of the Officers of the Corps of Archers of St. Andrews" (Fig. 128), in Haarlem, by Franz Hals (1580?–1666), is one of the best of the corporation pictures, and shows Hals in full flower in 1627. The arrangement of the figures is truly wonderful. With what skill the artist has turned the faces so that the strong features of each face are emphasized! Look at the individual characteristics he has given to the hands! The picture is full of men, yet there is no feeling of its being crowded. The rich neutral color of the background is most harmonious with the white ruffs and soft, dark beaver hats; the yellowish brown, orange, and tender

blue of the scarfs blend well with the dark stuffs of the clothes. There is a breadth and certainty in his touch that could hardly be surpassed, if they were ever equaled.

When one bears in mind that Franz Hals did not follow a long line of artists who had gradually developed the genius that could produce such a guild picture, but that it was from himself alone that the power emanated, one appreciates more than ever his greatness as an artist. Very little is known about the daily life of this wonderful man, but much is known of his power to reveal the poetry of the men and things of his

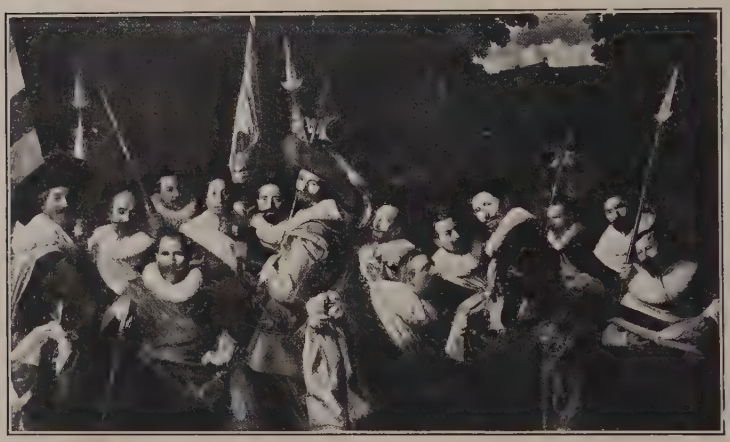

Fig. 128.—Franz Hals. Corps of Archers of St. Andrews. Haarlem, Holland.

time. If the stories are true in regard to his habits, there is no doubt but that sometimes he loved the ale-house better than his art, but this did not hinder his leaving some of the finest character sketches from that same ale-house that have ever come from an artist's brush. The personality of "Hille Bobbe" (Fig. 129), the Witch of Haarlem, is as familiar to us as the artist himself. She must have been a great favorite with him, for his paintings of her are in many galleries of Europe and also one in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. She is a perfect caricature of Minerva, but true to the life of her own social strata. He probably had listened to many an ale-house tale from this wit of the Bohemians and had laughed

as uproariously as any of her companions while immortalizing her with the swift, bold strokes of an impressionist's brush.

In the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, is "The Jester" (Fig. 130), a painting that the director of the Museum says competent judges pronounce not genuine, but probably done by one of the Hals family. Mr. Cole, who has made a fine engraving

Fig. 129.—Franz Hals. Hille Bobbe. Berlin Gallery.

of it, agrees with the director, and points out the clumsiness of the hands as the most evident sign of an inferior brush. The story goes that when Rembrandt went to Amsterdam to seek his fortune, he hoped to enter the studio of Hals, but when he went to see him, Hals was in such a drunken state that Rembrandt thought his life too precious to trust it under the same

roof with one who could so lose all self-control. Whatever his personal habits were, there is no question but that he was the most brilliant and masterly of Rembrandt's predecessors and the real founder of the Dutch school of painting.

Fig. 130.—Franz Hals. The Jester. Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, Holland.

Hals was more than a dozen years older than Rembrandt, but the latter only lived three years after Hals died. It is not known just how well they knew each other, or whether they were personal friends at all. Hals spent the latter years of his life in Haarlem, where he died in 1666. The greater part of Rembrandt's life (1607?–1669) as an artist was spent in Amsterdam. Probably no artist has had more varied stories told of his early years; there is even a controversy as to whether he was born in his father's mill, or in his home. This seems a rather trifling matter compared with the great importance of other details of the artist's life. While we say that Hals was the founder of Dutch painting, we say with equal emphasis that Rembrandt (Fig. 131) was the greatest painter of the Dutch school.

Fig. 131.—Rembrandt. Portrait of Himself. National Gallery, London.

Rembrandt's father was abundantly able to give his son every educational advantage, but his whole thought was to train him so that he could make money. Only when convinced that it would be a gain to himself to send the boy to Amsterdam would he furnish the funds for him to go. Reports say that Rembrandt inherited his father's love for gold, and, when away from the parental

roof, forgot to return the loan. No matter whether any of the stories told of the artist's cupidity and shameless extravagance are true or not, the simple fact that he was not perfect in his every-day life detracts nothing from the wonderful genius of the man as an artist.

Rembrandt was one of the great expositors of human passions. His portrayal of the joys and sorrows of life is so comprehensive in character that he represents the joys and sorrows of the whole world. Only a man who had had the supremest happiness and the keenest grief himself, could put on canvas such universal truths. His pictures belong to all people and all time. Could anything be fuller of gladness and laughter than the picture of "Rembrandt and His First Wife, Saskia" (Fig. 132)? It is so full of sunshine that it fairly brightens the room where it hangs in the Dresden Gallery. His laughing face tells plainly that his life is all pleasure to him now. He loved this young wife with the whole strength of his passionate nature. There is no foreboding of the great sorrow that is coming, when this "joy of his life" is to be taken and only the little son, Titus, left as his comfort.

FIG. 132.—Rembrandt. Portrait of Rembrandt and His Wife, Saskia. Dresden.

Rembrandt was now at the height of his worldly success; he had all he could do to fill the orders for portraits and for guild

pictures. The "School of Anatomy" (Fig. 133—*see p.* 192), ordered by Doctor Tulp for the Guild of Surgeons, was his first guild picture. This painting was intended for the Dissecting Room in Amsterdam, but it is now in the Gallery at The Hague. Soon after Rembrandt received the order he bribed the doctor's attendant to secrete him in the lecture room behind a curtain so that he could hear Doctor Tulp lecture without being seen. It was against the rules of the guild to admit an outsider. The men gathered around the doctor are probably members of the guild listening while he explains to his audience—not shown in the painting—the workings of the muscles and tendons of the arm. Each face is a portrait, and holds our attention so closely that the corpse is of minor importance, although Rembrandt has brought the strongest light to bear on the peculiar white of the dead body. Artists explain the shortness of the right arm of the corpse by saying that the subject must have been deformed, for Rembrandt never would have made so great a blunder in anatomy.

It was not only in the faces of himself and his wife that he caught the happy expression that belongs to a clean, pure life, but we find it in many of his portraits. In the one of "A Young Lady" (Fig. 134—*see p.* 184) in the Liechtenstein Picture Gallery, Vienna, he has expressed all the exuberance of spirit that a beautiful petted debutante possesses. There is not the least suggestion that life could hold anything for this beauty but joy and gladness. What a superb piece of portraiture! How it glows with golden tones that sparkle on every ornament, glisten in every lock of the fluffy hair, give greater depth to the laughing eyes, and warm the soft flesh! We could not look at this charming young woman without saying: "Her beauty made me glad."

The "Night Watch" (Fig. 135) is Rembrandt's most famous corporation picture. He probably had no sketch of the subject as a whole, as only two hasty sketches of the central group have ever been found—one is in black chalk and the other a pen drawing. The absence of preliminary study, together with the work of the restorer, would fully account for inequalities and faults of proportion in the painting. The

Fig. 135.—Rembrandt. The Night Watch. The Ryks Museum. Amsterdam, Holland.

incident portrayed is unquestionably a call to arms of the civic guards, and was more likely a "Day Watch" than a "Night Watch." Even in 1781 the tones were so dark and the shadows so dense that Reynolds scarcely recognized the work as Rembrandt's, which may account for the name "Night Watch" being given it. There are two theories, however, about the subject of this painting: one account says the men were

Fig. 136.—Rembrandt. Supper at Emmaus. Louvre, Paris.

assembled, preparing for practice of military tactics, and that the artist gives them with their "arms" ready to start—this would give precedent to the "Day Watch"; but the other account says the civic guards were having a banquet when, in the midst of the festivities, a little girl gives an alarm, with the story that she and her little companion were playing at the edge of the town just at evening when they overheard some Spanish soldiers planning an attack, so she hurries to the hall and her information causes the confusion shown in the picture.

The child, in the full light of the foreground, is shown as a queer mixture of woman and child. The lighting is peculiar to Rembrandt—placed wherever his fancy might dictate, with no regard to its source. When the "Night Watch" was put in place in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, it was too large for the space assigned to it, so a piece was cut off to accommodate it to its new home. Rembrandt began to lose prestige from the painting of this picture, for it was impossible to give equal prominence to every member of the guild represented, which so offended some that they withdrew their patronage from him.

As the burdens of the artist's life increased, the pathos of life became more and more apparent in his pictures. His art grew deeper and sadder under the burden of poverty, neglect, and sorrow, but it did not flag or decline. He never ceased the study of humanity, but sought the forlorn and the miserable; observing the beggar and the Jew, the old and the infirm. When the clouds were heaviest around him he painted that marvelous picture, "The Supper at Emmaus" (Fig. 136). As we stand before that picture in the Louvre the full meaning of the Prophet Isaiah's words come to us, for surely the face and figure of this Savior "hath no form nor comeliness." Dürer, in his "Christ on the Cross" (Fig. 202), has given the suffering Savior carrying the burden of the world's sin, but here we have the marks on his poor bruised body of that awful anguish where his "sweat was as drops of blood." No painter in all the realm of art has ever combined in one face such a burden of sorrow with so complete a triumph over the world as Rembrandt has shown in this face of our Blessed Lord. While he has represented the Christ as a Jew, yet in that face he comprehends the human race; it is from humanity that the burden of sin has been lifted; he is the universal Savior.

In the picture of his "Mother" (Fig. 137), in the Imperial Museum, Vienna, Rembrandt has brought out those traits of character that, transmitted to the son, made the world her debtor. Those keen, piercing eyes have looked squarely at life's problems. The undaunted spirit of a conqueror shines out of that face, but it is the spirit of a conqueror through *faith*. What an inspiration to womanhood to attain an old age so

beautiful in its serenity and sweetness! Such women are indeed the power behind the throne! Women, study this face! Let each lesson that the days and months bring to you give to you her deep knowledge of life! Rembrandt has left many etched and painted pictures of his father and mother.

We could hardly love such an artist as Rembrandt; he has gone so deep into the mysteries of life that we stand in awe of him; he is so much beyond us. We are not sentimentally enthusiastic over his pictures, but we are deeply impressed. There is a grandeur in his rich coloring that sends a thrill through our very being; those golden browns, that seem to send sunlight into the room, almost dazzle us in brilliancy; it seems as though, by some magical power, he had mixed the sunshine with his colors. No artist has ever so completely ignored all laws of art—he is a law unto himself. Such was his power in analyzing character that his portraits alone would give us the history of the Dutch people. Every fault is overlooked in recognizing the great truths he tells.

Fig. 137.—Rembrandt. Portrait of Artist's Mother. Imperial Museum, Vienna.

Even to-day, when there is a "corporation" celebration in Holland, one will see, in the hotels, parties of men seated around the dining table bearing such strong resemblance to the men of "The Cloth Merchants" (Fig. 138), in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, one hardly realizes that it is nearly three hundred years since Rembrandt painted that picture. There are the same bright, keen faces, the same strong, pliable hands; even the dark clothes and the wide white collars and broad beaver hats have changed very little. The men in the painting are

Fig. 138.—Rembrandt. The Cloth Merchants. Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, Holland.

simply honest merchants discussing the details of their calling. Look at the expression on those faces! Could anything be more full of life—the life worth living? Each man is so individual that we wish to shake him by the hand and ask his views on the vital questions of the day. We are sure that not a man there has his "price."

Rembrandt's influence on Dutch art was deep and lasting. He has never had an equal among his own countrymen, and never a superior in any country.

CHAPTER XXII

BROUWER—BOL—FLINCK—MAES—VAN DER HELST—TER BORCH—OSTADE

THERE is often a question about the exact names and dates of the Dutch and Flemish artists of the seventeenth century. This fact alone shows of how little importance such details are compared with the influence left through the personality of the artist himself. It is the character of the man stamped on his work that gives the "hall-mark" of his worth. "And their works do follow them."

FIG. 139.—Brouwer. Domestic Scene. Picture Gallery, The Hague, Holland.

Adrian Brouwer (1605?–1638) was claimed by both Holland and Belgium, and thus forms a sort of connecting link between the two countries. If he was not a native of Haarlem, as claimed by some writers, at least he was a pupil of Hals, who lived in that quaint old Dutch town. From Haarlem he went to Amsterdam and then to Antwerp, where he died in 1638. The few pictures we have of this artist, who was cut off so early in life, mark him as a very close rival of his master. No doubt his personal liking for the tavern accounts for his delight in portraying scenes of drunkenness and riot. "A Domestic Scene" (Fig. 139), in The Hague Gallery, is a characteristic example of his work. We have here the same naïve perception of the national tendencies that his master brought out in his

"Jolly Fellows." The beautiful color and fine technic of his paintings raise his scenes from low life to a place on the walls of the drawing room, where they are admired by the most fastidious.

Ferdinand Bol (1611–1680) is one of those artists over whom there has been a vast amount of talk in regard to himself and his master—à la Bacon-Shakespeare. That he was *one* of the first and *one* of the best of the pupils of Rembrandt is easily conceded, but to make him replace or equal the great master is absurd. During his early career as an artist—while Rem-

Fig. 140.—Ferdinand Bol. The Repose in Egypt. Dresden.

brandt was at the height of his popularity—Bol was an excellent reflector. When later he forsook his illustrious teacher, and, after many changes, followed in the wake of Rubens, he lost his really strong qualities, for he left portrait painting to compose figure pieces. His picture, "The Repose in Egypt" (Fig. 140), in the Dresden Gallery, belongs to his later period, when, with an Italian subject, he used his Flemish manner, but with little success in either. The smoothness of finish and a certain charm in the arrangement of his compositions, together with a delicate refinement in the handling, made him very popular in his day. It is as a portrait painter, however, that Bol is really at his best. In these likenesses he follows more closely the teachings of Rembrandt.

Govert Flinck (1615–1660) was not only a pupil of Rembrandt but his personal friend. He was associated with the master just at the age when the power of assimilation was the strongest, and his natural instinct taught him the value of the rare opportunity before him. During the early years of his artistic career he followed the master so closely that all his works show the influence he was under. Indeed many times his paintings were thought to be Rembrandt's. In the Louvre, Paris, is a charming "Portrait of a Young Girl" (Fig. 141), in which Flinck has retained the Rembrandt manner without jeopardizing his own originality. The simplicity and grace of this beautiful child have given a wonderful popularity to this painting. She belongs to no country or nation, but is claimed by humanity. If Flinck had only remained true to himself and his early training he might have left a name second only to his illustrious teacher, but he loved public approval, and, like his fellow pupil Bol, was easily won from the neglected Rembrandt to the more popular artists, Murillo and Rubens, who were then the idols of the fickle multitude. From this time on Flinck lost his real power as a painter, although he was a strong artist when in his native country and governed by rules that strengthened his natural artistic instincts. He became so popular that many of his portrait orders are said to have been filled by Van der Helst.

Fig. 141.—Govert Flinck. Portrait of Young Girl. Louvre, Paris.

Of all the pupils of Rembrandt probably none developed more originality than Nicolaas Maes (1632–1693). He had such a keen appreciation of what a pupil ought to absorb from his master, that, in his paintings, he shows the master's train-

ing, but stamped with his own individuality, which marked him as a man of ideas. The pity of it is that, instead of following the line that he was pre-eminently fitted to excel in, he turned his talent to portraiture, because there was more "money in it," so has left but a few little gems of his *genre* paintings. One of his very earliest domestic scenes is the "Le Bénédicité" (Fig. 142), in the Louvre. He was scarcely more than a boy when he painted this touching little poem. Only a boy who had sat at his grandmother's table and listened to the blessing as it fell from her lips could have painted a face so beautiful in its simple trust. The bright sunlight streaming in from the window above glorifies that meager fare and gives a touch of Divine Grace to that homely old face. How delicately he has painted every object—the keys hanging on the wall, the loaves of bread, the spotted pitcher, and even kitty as she pulls at the tablecloth; but there is no trace of pettiness in the handling. Such a saying of Grace would be a benediction in any dining-room!

FIG. 142.—Maes. Le Bénédicité. Louvre, Paris.

Very little is known of the early life of Maes except that he was born at Dordrecht in 1632, and studied under Rembrandt at Amsterdam, where he died in 1693. There are very few of his little idyls of Dutch home life, but those few are of great value, commanding almost any price. The earnestness of the "Le Bénédicité" is a marked characteristic of all his *genre* pictures, and that earnestness is just the quality that has made his little gems so much sought after.

The one Dutch artist who seems to have had little in common with the other men of the seventeenth century in Holland is Bartholomeus van der Helst. He was born in Haarlem about 1613, and possibly studied under Hals before he went to Amsterdam in 1636. It is as a portrait painter that he is best known; particularly in his figure pieces does he show his skill

in making each individual in the picture a portrait. He did not, however, succeed in making a pleasing composition of his figure pieces, any more than a photographic group is an artistic picture. "The Banquet of the Civic Guards" (Fig. 143), which hangs opposite Rembrandt's "Night Watch" in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, is his masterpiece. Sir Joshua Reynolds said of this work: "This is, perhaps, the first picture of portraits in the world, comprehending more of those qualities which make a perfect portrait than any other I have ever seen." Each man of the twenty-five represented has equal prominence, so far as his own individuality is concerned, whether he is in the foreground or background of the picture. He made no sacrifice of special likeness to perfect the harmony of the composition, so, unlike Rembrandt in his "Night Watch," he pleased each man—giving him his "money's worth"—and held his place in popular esteem. Some one has well said, in criticising the painting, that, if Van der Helst had taken separate portraits and pasted them on canvas, there could hardly have been less unity in light and atmosphere. Fine portraits they certainly are of men whose presence would be felt in any community. No one knew how to give dignity of pose and manner, strength of character in every feature of the face and every turn of the head, and to show power of execution in every pair of hands—which makes each man alive—better than did Van der Helst. His portraits were in great demand in his own day, and commanded even a greater price than Rembrandt's. He was only about fifty-seven when he died in Amsterdam in 1670; but very little is known of his life or his teachers.

The artists who followed Rembrandt and were not his immediate pupils were often spoken of as the "Little Dutchmen." Except for the corporation pictures, most of the paintings were made for the home and were small in size, which accounts for the name. The artist chose his subject from scenes in every-day life, and presented those scenes with such consummate skill that the subject was nothing compared with the *way* the subject was treated. An object ugly in itself was made beautiful by the hand of genius. These artists were the true *genre* painters.

Fig. 143.—Van der Helst. The Banquet of Civic Guards. Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.

Probably the greatest of the "Little Dutchmen" was Gerard Terburg—more correctly Ter Borch—(1617?–1681). His compositions are all small and most of them interiors; he knew just the details that were of most importance, and just how to subordinate all else in the picture to the center of interest. He loves to give us scenes from high life where the women wear silks and satin and play on the spinnet while they sing for entertainment. Fromentin says of the "Officer Offering Money to the Young Woman" (Fig. 144), that it is "one of the finest Dutch works that the Louvre owns." Was ever brush work so perfect! Every detail is noted, with no pettiness; both figures are clear cut without detracting from the melting outlines; the colors are as pure as nature's own, but showing none of the imitator's paltriness. Here we have a work of art but no artificiality; every feature of that officer and his lady-love is instinct with life. The very humanity of the scene is the keynote that touches the heart. Although Ter Borch's pictures are small the handling is broad and full. He uses few figures and places them so that all accessories center and emphasize the main thought; his details are never obtrusive, but often bring out a new truth from a very commonplace scene.

FIG. 144.—Ter Borch. Officer Offering Money to the Young Woman. Louvre, Paris.

Ter Borch was an aristocrat and an educated one, too. In his travels he visited Italy, where he made a special study of Titian; he also went to Spain, stopping at Madrid, where he may have met the great Spanish master, Velasquez; at least he made a careful study of his works. His own countrymen were not overlooked, for Rembrandt was greatly appreciated by him.

Often the subject chosen by the *genre* painters is almost disgusting in itself, but the workmanship is never degraded or ugly. A tavern scene, showing humanity when it approaches the nearest to the brute, awakens a pity for poor fallen man, and a feeling of wonder that the artist could so arouse our sympathy. From the works of these artists we picture Holland as she was at that time and as she is to-day; theirs is a national art. While Ter Borch was taking his scenes from among the people of refinement and culture, Adrian van Ostade was setting up his easel in the ale-house and tavern. He was the favorite pupil of Hals and only three or four years younger than his great contemporary—Rembrandt. Perhaps his subjects were a little too vulgar at times, but he had such a delicious way of showing them that we forgive the coarseness and give them the place of honor in the drawing room. One little gem, "The School-master," in the Louvre, valued at $33,000, will give some idea of Van Ostade's wonderful skill in giving character to the simplest and commonest of every-day scenes. "The Fish Market" (Fig. 145), in the same cabinet, has nothing finical in its handling. That fish dealer fits into his surroundings perfectly; he and the fish belong to each other. There is something of Rembrandt in the lighting of the picture; the strongest rays of light are on the fish, although it is in a no more direct path of light than the table or other fish beside it. Could anything be more charming than the "wondrous color —the warm, humid atmosphere and mellow golden light in which it is steeped"? Van Ostade's real name was Jansz. He was born in Haarlem in 1610 and there he died in 1685.

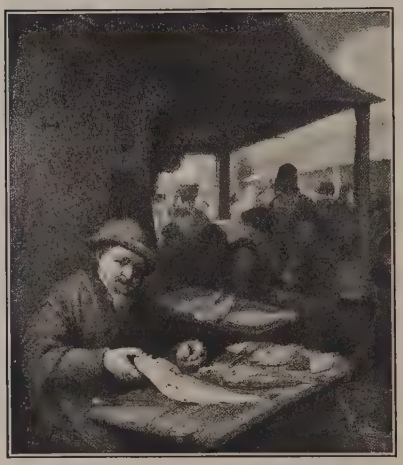

Fig. 145.—Van Ostade. The Fish Market. Louvre, Paris.

CHAPTER XXIII

DOU—STEEN—METSU—VER MEER—PIETER DE HOOCH—NETSCHER

SOME one has said of Gerard Dou that he was "great in little things," which expresses exactly his standing as an artist. In no picture does he show his excessive detail work more

FIG. 146.—Dou. The Dropsical Woman. Louvre Paris.

than in the "Dropsical Woman" (Fig. 146), in the Louvre. Look at the picture carefully and note the infinite pains he has taken to bring out the smallest detail of every article in the

room; nothing has been overlooked—the curtain, the chandelier, the window with its spray of leaves above, the ornaments—all have had the same attention as the patient, the doctor, and the grief-stricken girl. Dou could paint a brass kettle so perfectly that it takes but little imagination to see one's face in it. Mr. Timothy Cole says that when he first saw Dou's "Night School," in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, he put up

Fig. 147.—Jan Steen. Christmas. Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.

his hand to shut out the light of the candle in the foreground, that he might the better see the objects in the background, forgetting for the moment that it was painted light. One can scarcely keep from using the tabooed words "How natural!" when looking at Dou's pictures. But do we want a photograph in painting?

In turning to Jan Steen (1626?–1676) we again have scenes from the tavern and ale-house—in fact it is said that he had no studio except as he set up his easel in these public places.

But when we look at his painting of "Christmas" (Fig. 147), in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, we find him equally at home in the family among the children. No artist who could enter so entirely into the joys and sorrows of the large family of children on Christmas morning has lost his love for the pure and innocent. Who has not watched the little two-year-old darling of the household as she appropriates every present regardless of the tears of her booby brother? Steen was an artist, and, "If he had been born in Rome instead of Leyden," says one critic, "and had been a pupil of Michael Angelo's instead of Van Goyen's, he would have been one of the greatest artists in the world." He has often been called the Dutch Hogarth. He certainly did satirize his own time without reserve. His pictures of vice are a little too attractive, however, for him ever to have been a preacher, though his sarcastic flings may have cut deeply at times. "The Village Festival," or "Kermess" (Fig. 148), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, illustrates his inimitable rendering of ale-house jollity. The picturesqueness of the scene far exceeds the coarseness of the humanity gathered there. The bright colors of the costumes against the soft, rich green of the trees and grass are enchanting; the fleecy, white clouds and sparkling water, as seen through the low arch of the stone bridge, thrill one with delight. How nature softens man's vulgarity!

FIG. 148.—Jan Steen. The Village Festival. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

Steen was born at Leyden in 1626; after studying under a German painter at Utrecht, he probably went to Haarlem and became a pupil of Van Ostade. There is something of this mas-

ter's style in his work, but Steen never lost sight of himself while under Van Ostade or any other master. He was too strong a man to be an imitator. That he was a drunken sot can hardly be possible when he has left over five hundred pictures as a life work. It is true, however, that his work is not always up to high-water mark. When he is at his best no *genre* painter could surpass him, and as a brushman he had no equal in Dutch art.

If we were classing these "Little Dutchmen" according to their subjects, we would name Ter Borch and Dou for high life, Van Ostade and Steen for low life, and Gabriel Metsu as a

Fig 149.—Metsu. The Family of Gelfing. Royal Gallery, Berlin.

sort of go-between, with a preference for drawing-room scenes. Metsu, who was born in Leyden in 1630, inherited his talent from both his parents. After studying with his father and Gerard Dou, and becoming a member of the Guild of Painters at Leyden, he went to Amsterdam, where he died some time after 1667. This part of his life is shrouded in mystery; it is only known that the above date is the latest one on any work of his. As a painter there is that same clean mark of refinement in Metsu's pictures that is found in Ter Borch's; but he lacks the intellectual grasp of the greater man. Even in his scenes from the kitchen and the market he never loses that delicate touch which elevates and refines the subject. No man knew better

how to balance every object on the canvas with more pleasing effect than he. One of his figure pieces that illustrates this point admirably is "The Family of Gelfing" (Fig. 149), in the Royal Gallery, Berlin. Notice how the nurse and baby on the right are offset by the window seen through the doorway; the little girl, dog, and cat on the left, by the lady's foot, the dog, and little girl on the right. How cleverly he has brought out the details of the objects on the left, to balance the large number of figures on the right! We have a little of the Rembrandt lighting, but all the colors are kept clear and distinct, and the scale of color is fine. The handling of this portrait group is particularly delicate and picturesque; and the expression of animation and refinement on each face gives a personality that attracts us.

Fig. 150.—Metsu. Un Militaire Recevant une Jeune Dame. Louvre, Paris.

In the Louvre is one of Metsu's best pictures, entitled "Un Militaire Recevant une Jeune Dame" (Fig. 150). Again we find the same wonderful balance —object for object—with a diagonal tendency skillfully managed. How the atmosphere intensifies the space back of the woman and boy and neutralizes any feeling of ponderousness behind the officer! The noble bearing of the man, gentle grace of the young woman, and child-like interest of the boy could not be surpassed.

Jan ver Meer of Delft was born in 1632. From the time of this artist's death in 1675 until half a century ago, he practically dropped out of existence because of the omission of his name from a work on the Netherland Painters, by Houbraken, in 1718. A French critic, W. Bürger, greatly admired Ver Meer's

art, and took great pains to establish his standing for us to-day; he needed no "second" in his own day, for he then stood at the front with the "Little Dutchmen." One very strong characteristic of Ver Meer was his manner of placing the figures in the very foreground of his canvas and cutting off the upper and lower part of the room so that we stand directly in front of the person or persons represented. This is a daring thing to do, but an artist who so thoroughly understood himself as Ver Meer did, could handle the theme and show us the scene as we really see it in real life.

Fig. 151.—Ver Meer. A Young Woman Opening a Window. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

The picture of "A Young Woman Opening a Window" (Fig. 151), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, illustrates his manner of placing the scene before us. We fairly intrude ourselves into the very presence of the woman without her permission or knowledge even. Of course it is unfair, but who could resist looking in at that young woman? Her perfect unconsciousness of being observed is the great charm that attracts us. How was it possible that Ver Meer could make so simple a scene so charming? What magic does he possess that compels admiration? Surely only the most commonplace articles are displayed! True, the exquisite color of the plush table cover and bright metal of ewer and basin are fine. But what would that be without Ver Meer's marvelous light—blue light enveloping this room? The whole picture is full of light, so that even the articles in the shadows have the colors blended harmoniously. Light in his pictures seems to be a living, moving presence. He has represented it with such fidelity to nature that we are amazed at his masterful skill. He is most original in his use of color, especially when he contrasts a tender

shade of yellow against blue—the latter being his most characteristic color. He makes his shadows of "moonlight blue," and in these he puts his rich colored draperies, hangings, and table covers. Ver Meer's paintings are scattered among nearly all the picture galleries of northern Europe, and it is our good fortune that we have this one in New York City.

There are artists who hang out a sign, as it were, by which to identify their pictures. Pieter de Hooch is one of these men; he almost invariably has a checked or plaid floor, and pictures his indoor scenes with rooms having open doors through which can be seen a room or court beyond—all with the checkered floor. His subjects are usually commonplace, but never coarse or vulgar. No artist in Holland gives a truer history of the domestic life of the Dutch people. He has made the humble homes beautiful with the bright sunlight falling across the polished floors, and the rare rich garnets and deep yellows softened by the surrounding atmosphere. No artist ever loved light, pure and simple, better; his figures were not put in to tell a story—often they seem to be an afterthought—but to help bring out the effects of the sunlight. No one ever painted sunlight with a more personal quality than did De Hooch; the sun in his hand was a magic wand. There is something mysterious and lovable about all his pictures. The *home* element is always present.

FIG. 152.—Pieter de Hooch. A Dutch Interior. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

De Hooch was born in 1630; he lived in Delft until about 1658, and was in Amsterdam as late as 1670, and died some time before the next decade—that is all that is known of his personal

history. That he was a pupil of Rembrandt is a debated question and one that each person is at liberty to settle for himself. We do know that wherever his brush touches the canvas it is as though the sun was let in, and every object begins to sing with joy. "A Dutch Interior" (Fig. 152), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, is a good example of De Hooch's power to make a picture of the most ordinary circumstances of daily life. Nothing is commonplace after his brush has touched it—the little maid, as she stops to talk to the pet dog, exactly

FIG. 153.—Netscher. The Song Accompanied by the Piano. Dresden Gallery.

fits the place given her, and the look of interest on the face of the woman gives just the human element needed. Through the open door and window the warm sunlight comes to give the finishing touch to the artist's work.

Caspar Netscher was born at Heidelberg in 1639, and, although a German by birth, settled at The Hague when he was twenty years old, and became thoroughly identified with the Dutch school. His pictures are mostly interiors of Dutch homes and show great taste and refinement of treatment. He was particularly happy in the portrayal of rich stuffs, whether they were used in draperies, table covers, men's apparel, or

ladies' gowns. The "Song Accompanied by the Piano" (Fig. 153), in the Dresden Gallery, shows him at his best in this special line. While the fabrics are given due prominence they have not interfered with other qualities of the painting that make it a real work of art. The enamel-like finish of the portraits of the young women has given them the delicate quality of miniatures. In the grouping of the figures and the effective handling of the few accessories Netscher has proved himself a genius. Note the expression of boyish humor on the face of the youngster with the salver. Nothing has escaped his keen eyes of the wiles used to catch the much-bedecked and becurled gallant. The charms of music are not the only charms necessary to effect a conquest. Certainly this *genre* painter understands human nature and has the artistic skill of interpretation that makes even listening to the practicing of a song interesting.

CHAPTER XXIV

VAN GOYEN—RUISDAEL—HOBBEMA—POTTER—WOUVERMAN—CUYP—VAN DE VELDE—WEENIX—ISRAELS—MAUVE

THE landscape painters of Holland are peculiarly interesting as the forerunners of the landscape painters developed by the Barbizon school, in France. Landscape painting, like all other specialized art, was a growth; the beginnings were

FIG. 154.—Jan van Goyen. Summer on the River. Dresden Gallery.

crude and the progress in the art slow. Just how the Dutch produced two such geniuses as Ruisdael and Hobbema would be an interesting study of the influence of very early artists on succeeding generations. We realize from their works that the crude age is passed and that masterpieces are before us. The influence of these men can be traced to England and into France, where landscape painting reached its height in such men as Corot and Daubigny. Of course landscapes had been used as a background for centuries, but not until the painters of the

Netherlands began to look at nature as something more than a setting for a picture, did it become a picture itself.

Jan van Goyen, who was born at Leyden in 1596, was one of the best of the earliest landscape painters of the seventeenth century. He was fond of giving water scenes, with shipping and small boats filled with people, offset with houses coming down to the water's edge. His color was rather monotonous, but he harmonizes his figures with their surroundings and finishes his work most skillfully. There is a silvery quality to the water which reflects a beautiful bright light enlivening the whole picture. "Summer on the River" (Fig. 154), in the Dresden Gallery, is a fine example of his white light on the water. Possibly he is a little too anxious to have the people in the boat tell what they are doing, but that does not detract from the old stone building, the mill, and the ships in the distance. How well he has observed the laws of perspective in his selection of objects—each is in its right place and the most natural place too! Ruskin's criticism that "we look too much at the earth and not enough at the sky" would not apply to Van Goyen, for he has given marvelous cloud effects in his paintings. The title "Cloud Effects" would designate the "Marine View" (Fig. 155) much more accurately. In no country could he have had spread before him such glories in sky scenery as in Holland, with its abundance of moisture and glorious sunlight.

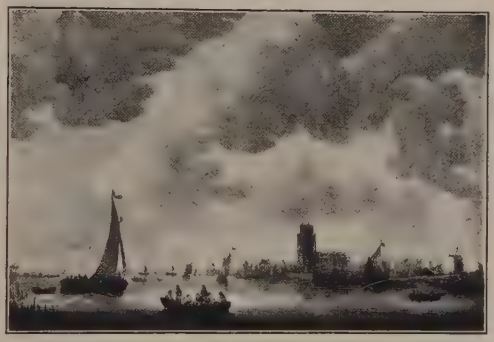

Fig. 155.—Jan van Goyen. Marine View.

The personal life of Jacob van Ruisdael is almost a sealed book to us. Although he stands at the head of the Dutch landscape school, yet he could not have been appreciated by his countrymen, for it is said that he died in the almshouse at

Haarlem in 1682 when less than sixty years old. If he knew the great artists of his time he must have been overshadowed by them. His works show the influence of the romantic landscapes of both the North and the South. Many of his scenes are taken from around Haarlem. A man of strong imagination, he pictures this Dutch country as seen in the glorious days of full summer or early spring. We love his landscapes, and, while he may not bring us so near to nature's heart as his younger contemporary Hobbema, yet we feel soothed and comforted by his scenes. If we compare his "Mill" with Hobbema's, possibly we feel a little more of the melancholy in Ruisdael, and the sunlight in Hobbema. Ruisdael is at his best when he is interpreting nature pure and simple. He could hardly have chosen a more secluded corner of nature than "The Thicket" (Fig. 156), and yet how beautiful he has made that spot! The dense foliage of the cluster of bushes and half-grown trees, with the bordering roadway extending out into the sunshine, creates in us a longing to be with the man and his dogs as he trudges along to the farmhouse or the village beyond.

Fig. 156.—Jacob van Ruisdael. The Thicket.

Meindert Hobbema was contemporary with Ruisdael and possibly his pupil, but was the better painter of the two, although he lacked the imagination of his master. Hobbema loved sunlight; he sifted it through trees and reflected it on pools wherever it was possible. His influence in England, where most of his paintings are, was very marked on Constable, the exponent of English landscape painting early in the nineteenth century. It was through this channel that the influence of the Dutch

landscape painters was felt in France. Hobbema was such a careful student of nature that every leaf and twig was noticed, which often gives a feeling of hardness, and this, with his sifted sunshine, a spottiness, to his pictures that is open to criticism. He is a master who was carefully studied by Rousseau, Dupré, and Diaz, and from him they learned how to brighten their pictures, but often in their works is seen the same hardness and spottiness. Hobbema was probably born

Fig. 157.—Hobbema. The Avenue, National Gallery, London.

at Amsterdam in 1638, although a number of towns would gladly claim him now that his standing as a painter is established. He lived at Haarlem for a time, but came back to Amsterdam, where he spent the last of his days in poverty and obscurity and died while lodging in the Roosgraft in 1709, the same street where Rembrandt died poor and neglected forty years before. It is only at Rotterdam that Hobbema is represented in his own country.

Only a genius who felt that he knew how to handle his material would have dared to make a picture of a few feather-duster trees, with some well-cultivated fields and barns as

accessories. But that he has succeeded is proved in "The Avenue, Middleharnis, Holland" (Fig. 157), in the National Gallery, London. Mr. Cole, who has made such a wonderful engraving of it, says, "Above all, it is the sky which holds us here; we feel the vastness of the immense vault of heaven." How perfectly those scraggy trees bordering the gray, dusty road lead the eye off to the distant town, where the church tower is a silhouette against the low horizon! In this typical Dutch scene Hobbema has given a glimpse of his native land

Fig. 158.—Potter. The Young Bull. Picture Gallery, The Hague, Holland.

that beckons us so strongly we need no second invitation to wander with him over that fascinating country.

Paulus Potter (1625–1654) was really the first Dutch painter to introduce animals into his landscapes, so that his pictures became animal-landscape pictures. His "Young Bull" (Fig. 158), in The Hague Gallery, is probably one of the most ill-deserving of any picture ever raved over by the general public. How much longer it will be counted in with the ten great paintings of the world is a question. That famous gallery of The Hague, so full of the masterpieces of the great Rembrandt, has nothing that so attracts the typical tourist as Potter's "Bull." Where one sightseer will stand before "The School of Anatomy" or "Simeon in the Temple," a dozen will go in raptures over "The Bull," with exclamations of "How natural!"

and "Doesn't he stand out?" Yes, as Mr. Van Dyke says, "the bull seems in some danger of falling out of the frame." The drawing of the young animal is indeed good; but look at the cow and sheep; could anything be more woodeny? Potter was but twenty-two when he painted this picture, so many of the imperfections are due to his lack of training and experience. He lived only seven years longer, but during his fourteen years of real work as an artist he painted over a hundred pictures and made a large number of etchings. While he may have

Fig. 159.—Wouverman. The Return from the Hunt. Dresden Gallery.

been called the "Raphael of animals," he bore no resemblance to that master as a young genius.

Philips Wouverman (1619–1668) has so constantly placed a white horse in his pictures—on which to concentrate his light—that it has been a common mistake to attribute every Dutch picture with a white horse in it to Wouverman. Such a constant use of one theme in his works has given just ground for the accusation of too much mannerism for high art. There has been much diversity of opinion about his paintings, yet it is hardly necessary to treat them with contempt, as did Ruskin; or to give them such high praise as to say, in the words of another critic, "It is not easy to know which most to admire, the beauty of the composition and grouping, the brilliancy and clear tone of their coloring, or their wonderful variety." When

looking at such an example of his work as "The Return from the Hunt" (Fig. 159), in the Dresden Gallery, we feel that he is a faithful chronicler of the low-lying country of his nativity. There is the same marshy land with the waterways cutting through it up to the very entrance of the houses; the same expansive sky that so characterizes Holland; the same gray-brown color with an undertone of green that water-soaked logs

Fig. 160.—Aelbert Cuyp, La Promenade. Louvre, Paris.

and stones naturally assume—again the spell of Holland is upon us.

The one artist of the seventeenth century who represented all the different phases of art was Aelbert Cuyp; and yet he was not a dilettante because of his varied talents. Cuyp was a man of independent means, which allowed him to follow whatever inclination he wished; whether it was to paint a portrait, compose a landscape, execute a still-life, produce a marine, or make an animal picture. In any one of these lines he far exceeded the mediocre, and if he had followed any one branch exclusively he would have had few equals, if any superior. Cuyp was born at Dordrecht in 1620, and died on his own estate near that town in 1691. We probably know him best by his landscapes; these he bathed in light so yellow and mel-

low, that they remind us of the warm, misty summer days in a valley along some river bank. The painting of "La Promenade" (Fig. 160), in the Louvre, is one of several pictures of the same subject, each one having its own peculiar charm. Very picturesque are the vivid-colored costumes worn so jauntily by the horsemen and their attendant. This painting illustrates the diagonal arrangement of his compositions that is so pronounced a feature of his landscapes. There is no sacrifice of

Fig. 161.—Van de Velde. The Sea with Shipping. Picture Gallery, The Hague.

the landscape in this picture to emphasize the animals. It is too bad that the men have such a conscious air of posing for their portraits, but they could have had no more exquisite setting than those fine old trees with the leafy branches growing to their very roots, and the distant reach of the valley below. Cuyp was too much of a genius to ever be anything but himself in whatever line he worked.

It would have been strange, indeed, if Holland had not produced some marine painters, as her very country is a product

of the sea. Many of the landscape artists painted seascapes, but the man who excelled in that particular line was Willem van de Velde, or Van de Velde the Younger, as he was often called. He was born in Amsterdam in 1633. He must have spent much of his young life watching the ships lying at anchor in the quiet harbor, for many of his paintings show that he loved this quiet, and preferred the drooping sail to that filled with the breeze of the open sea. He studied at first with his father and then later went with him to England and entered the service of Charles II., which necessitated his painting English fleets rather than Dutch ones. His constant study of the sea made him able to give its various moods and always with equal success. When she was a rendezvous for sister ships he quieted her waters just enough for small boats to pass to and fro. What a friendly air he can give to "The Sea with Shipping" (Fig. 161)! The gentle breeze is just enough to keep the sails from being useless. The ships rock lazily as they lie at anchor, and as they swing around, facing us, we see how carefully he has painted each rope and masthead; even the crest on the bow is visible.

Fig. 162.—Jan Weenix. The Seaport. Louvre, Paris.

During the last half of the seventeenth century there were a number of artists in Holland who devoted their talents to painting still-life; they chose their subjects from more or less trivial things, but they painted with a patience and painstaking exactness that were quite in keeping with the later Dutch school. In the Louvre is a painting by Jan Weenix called "The Seaport" (Fig. 162), that is a good example of the kind of work these artists did. The "harmonious coloring and technical

truthfulness" of the still-life here represented could not be finer, but this kind of a production would hardly be classed with the vigorous, life-inspiring works of Rembrandt's time. The whole character of the Dutch nation has changed with the change from a republic to a kingdom, and nothing shows it plainer than the art. Possibly Jan Weenix is as good an example of the still-life artist as any one, and has given as carefully wrought-out pictures. He was born in Amsterdam in 1640, lived most of his life in his native town, and died there in 1719. Like his father, who was an artist, he sometimes combined his

FIG. 163.—Josef Israels. The Evening Meal.

still-life with a landscape, but most of his pictures are of dead game.

From the painters of the seventeenth century, until we come to those of the nineteenth century, there is very little of Dutch art worth considering. After a hundred years in a dormant state, new life seems to have entered the Netherlands and roused the artist instinct that had been sleeping. True to the traditions of the past, the awakened artist took up his brush from where the seventeenth-century artist laid it down, and again began to give us the *genre* picture. These people of strong individuality have something definite in mind to accom-

plish, and they set about doing it in their own way, whether that way belongs to the present or two hundred years past. To really appreciate the Dutch pictures one must see these *genre* pictures in their own country, where life now is much the same as it was in Rembrandt's day. The artist to-day who has most fully entered into the spirit of the past in his pictures is Josef Israels. His painting, "Alone in the World," which was at the World's Fair at Chicago, probably held the interest of the American people better than any other picture on exhibition. True, it tells a story, but one so full of pathos and world-wide grief that the heart of humanity is drawn to the poor, lonely

FIG. 164.—Mauve. Shepherd with Sheep. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

old man. Israels reminds us of the French Millet. The home element in his paintings is very strong even in the homeliest surroundings. What an air of comfort he has given to "The Evening Meal" (Fig. 163)! The very naturalness of the scene is one of its greatest charms. He uses color so effectively that it enters intimately into every object, and becomes an integral part of the whole scene. Possibly he may be a little heavy in the handling, but he certainly knows how to draw just the right effect from a humble scene, whether that scene is in the open field freshly plowed by the coarse, rough peasant; or the dark, smoky interior of some half-tumbled-down old house with its inmates in rags. Israels was born at Amsterdam in 1824, but has lived most of his life at The Hague.

Possibly no Dutch artist to-day is better known in America than Antonin Mauve (1838–1888) through his paintings of sheep. His color scheme is pleasing and his sentiment truthful, but it is doubtful if his present popularity will stand the test of time. His paintings have been exhibited in the salons in Paris and in the exhibitions in this country. In the Metropolitan Museum, are several examples of his work, possibly none more typical than the "Shepherd with His Sheep" (Fig. 164). Mauve has evidently been among sheep himself or he never could have been so true to nature in huddling them together and in showing the limpness of the lamb under the shepherd's arm.

FLEMISH PAINTING

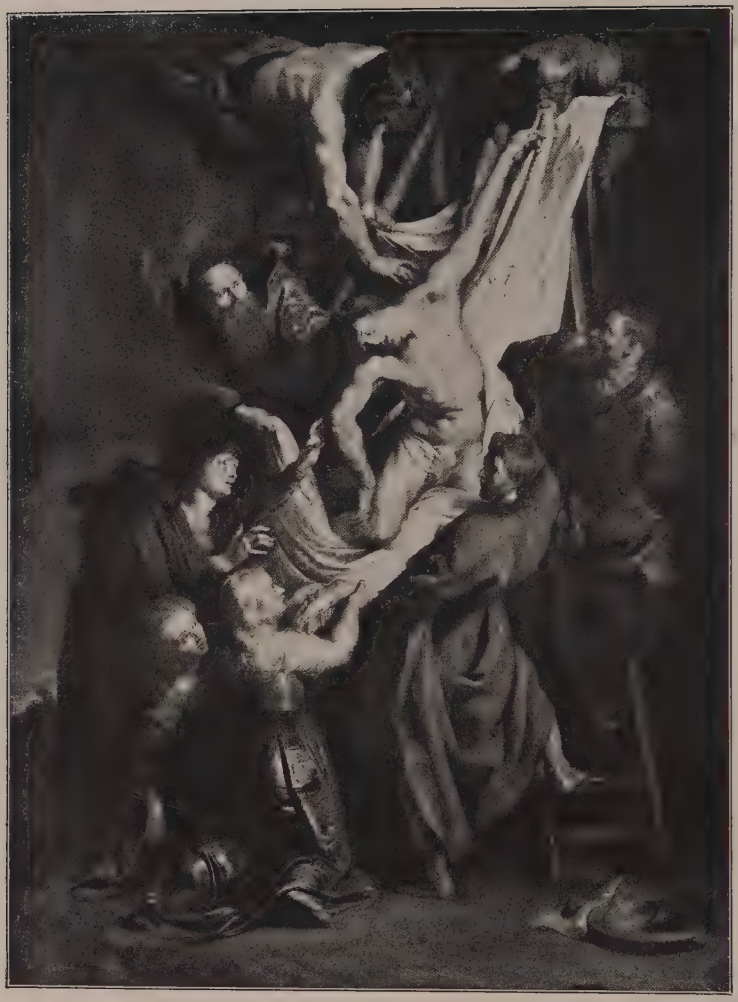

Fig. 180.—Rubens. The Descent from the Cross. Antwerp Cathedral.—*See page* 255.

CHAPTER XXV

THE VAN EYCKS—VAN DER WEYDEN—MEMLINC

THE very early history of Holland and Belgium is the same for each country. They were both fretting under Spanish rule, and using their utmost power to throw off the Spanish yoke. They were both contending for freedom of thought and action. In fact the Netherlands were one country and one people until their common enemy was overcome. It was only when freedom came that the different characteristics of those people living in the south began to mark and separate them from those living in the north country. When Holland made a stand for freedom she became a Protestant country through and through, and no amount of persecution or persuasion could move her one iota. The constant fight with her natural enemy —the sea—gave her a sense of independence which her southern neighbors could not attain.

When Belgium found herself free from the dominating power of the Spanish—and comparatively free from being overcome by the waters on the west—her less pure Dutch blood and her natural lack of energy made her more susceptible to the influences of her surrounding neighbors, and to the religion of the Church of Rome—left her by the Spanish rulers. All through the development of painting in Belgium it is easy to trace the influence of the Catholic Church; for the Flemish artists were more willing to follow her dictates than to assert their independence and make an art of their own, as did their more sturdy brothers of the north. This people, in whose veins was the blood of the Spanish, the French, and the Austrian people, loved the luxuries of life; and, as prosperity smiled on them, they entered heartily into the gayety and brilliant display of the fête day. The triumphal processions, so characteristic of the Catholic Church of southern countries, appealed to them.

They loved magnificent stuffs, sparkling jewels, and rich colors as only a people could who combined in them the deep passions of the north with the sensuous love of the south. Their art was a reflection of themselves; they put into it all the luxuriance and splendor that they enjoyed in their great prosperity.

The Flemish miniature painters of the sixteenth century brought this branch of art to wonderful perfection. Their skill in the elaboration of the border evinces great ingenuity. Into this framework they have introduced flowing branches which terminate in exquisite foliage, delicate flowers, brilliant-colored insects and birds, and through the whole have interspersed rich jewels. It is possible that this miniature painting of the Flemish was first taken from the French. Whether this is true or not, no artists have left more elaborate or more beautiful work in this line. A choice bit from a "Breviary" (Fig. 165), of the early sixteenth century, can be seen in the British Museum, London. The quaint little scene in the center—"The Flight into Egypt"—has many earmarks of the south, combined with the new element brought from the north. The decorations in the border are curious and elaborate. In the little medallion picture on the left, possibly the artist has in mind the old legend which says that when the Holy Family were fleeing into Egypt, they stopped at a wayside inn for rest and food. On departing the Virgin said to the innkeeper: "If we are pursued and you are asked if a man, woman, and child have passed this way, tell them yes, when the corn was being planted." As this was literally true, the man was very much troubled. In a few hours the pursuers came and the innkeeper answered as he had promised; but when he looked up, behold, the corn was ready to reap! Many of the old legends are represented in the art of Flanders.

Fig. 165.—From a Breviary. British Museum, London.

It has been thought that to the Flemish belonged the invention of oil painting, but critics think differently to-day. In the story of the life of the parents of Erasmus, as told by Charles Reade in the "Cloister and the Hearth," the author says that Margaret van Eyck, the sister of Hubert and Jan, gave to the young hero—the father of Erasmus—the wonderful secret of the mixture of the pigments with oil, as discovered by her brothers. The young artist was to use this secret as an introduction to the Italian artists. These brothers, Hubert and Jan van Eyck, while they did not invent oil painting, yet their use of oil to produce brilliancy in color, gave a stability to their work that was most acceptable in the art of picture making. The works of the artists before the Van Eycks, except the miniatures and illuminations, are lost or were destroyed by the Iconoclasts, so that real Flemish art begins with these brothers. Little is known of the personal history of these men but that they were born at Maaseyck during the second half of the fourteenth century and died before the middle of the fifteenth century—Hubert in 1426, and Jan in 1440.

The one work by which the Van Eycks will ever be remembered is the St. Bavon altar-piece, "The Adoration of the Lamb" (Fig. 166), at Ghent, Belgium. There were twelve panels, made so that they could be closed together as a screen. This composition is wonderful not only as a work of art, but for its almost miraculous preservation from harm. It passed unharmed through the vandalism of the Protestants in 1556; through a fire in 1641; through being closed to the world because of the nude figures of Adam and Eve; through being carried off to the Louvre by order of Napoleon; through its return in 1814, when the central panel was put in its original place and the side ones hid in a cellar; through years of dampness, before the middle side panels were sold, and finally reached the Berlin Gallery; through more years in the cellar, when the Adam and Eve panels were sold and landed in the Brussels Gallery in 1860. Copies of the original panels were made to replace those at Berlin and Brussels; now the altar-piece is in its old place in the little chapel of the stately Church of St. Bavon, Ghent. It is a great pity, however, that the original panels cannot be

returned to their old home. No words of praise are too great for this beautiful painting; the color is so pure and harmonious, and the whole subject is worked out with such tender, loving care that it represents pure religion as well as a perfect work of art. In singling out special points of technic we find the figures of Adam and Eve awkward and clumsy, lacking the warm flesh tints that would make them attractive; but look

Fig. 166.—Hubert and Jan van Eyck. The Adoration of the Lamb. Ghent, Belgium.

at the faces in the choir of the side panels; how beautiful many of them are and how well modeled! All the Van Eyck pictures show the wonderful success of these brothers in mixing colors, giving rise to the term "the purple of Van Eyck," which stands with "the gold of Titian" and "the silver of Veronese."

The "Virgin and Donor" (Fig. 167) by Jan van Eyck, in the Louvre, is a fine example of the "downright veracity, the clear insight, and untrembling directness" of the northern artist in representing the Madonna and Child. Compare this with

the spiritual loveliness of Fra Angelico's Madonnas. One is the earthly mother, proud of her baby and quite willing to accept the homage of Chancellor Rollin—the kneeling donor; the other the Virgin with the Divine Child, full of humility and heavenly sweetness. The brocaded velvet and jeweled ornamentation, the carved capitals and delicate flowers, are all painted with the most careful attention.

Roger van der Weyden (1400?–1464) was much younger than the Van Eyck brothers and may possibly have been a pupil of theirs; at least he produced a very similar art. The emotional and dramatic appealed to him most strongly, as can readily be seen in his scenes from the life of Christ. These religious pictures are full of sincerity and honest feeling, even if the figures are awkward and the drawing rather peculiar. It is apparent in his pictures that many of the traditions of the early Church have been remembered by these Christians of the north. In the painting of "The Naming of the Little St. John" (Fig. 168), in the Berlin Museum, the halo around the head of the woman who holds the baby carries out the belief that the Virgin Mary remained with Elizabeth until after the birth of her child. Notice the solicitude of the nurse, in the background of the picture, as she leans over the bed where Elizabeth is lying. Her attitude is the embodiment of tenderness, even if her figure is awkward and the drapery stiff. How much the round archway with the gray stone decorative designs, the erect statues, and the straight pillars enhance the values of the brilliant colors, and the sense of distance through the window and door beyond.

Fig. 167.—Jan van Eyck. The Virgin and Donor. Louvre, Paris.

Van der Weyden was one of the first northern artists to

FIG. 168.—Roger van der Weyden. The Naming of Little St. John. Berlin Museum.

visit Italy. He may have taught the Flemish method of mixing pigments with oil to the Italian. His stay among the Italian artists was no detriment to his own originality. He was a master and a teacher, while his pictures became types in the Brabant school that he founded at Brussels.

In the Berlin Museum is "The Magi Worshiping the Star" (Fig. 169), in which Roger has represented, in the three wise

men, the three nations—the Aryan, the Semitic, the Ethiopian. These kings are the Gentiles of the East. One can almost read the character of each nation by the different expressions. How well he has portrayed the devotional spirit, in the folded hands and upturned faces, and what an expression of reverential awe is on those faces! The star is represented as a little child—the Child Jesus—another very old tradition. In the background is a charming bit of landscape that brightens the whole picture. The drapery of the figures falls in unusually graceful folds and the detail work is delicately wrought out. Van der Weyden is most original in the arrangement of his compositions; the placing of his figures in an archway through which can be seen rooms beyond, or a bit of landscape, that he uses in his "Passion" pictures, is particularly unique and effective.

Fig. 169.—Roger van der Weyden. The Magi Worshiping the Star. Berlin Museum.

The greatest of Van der Weyden's pupils was Hans Memlinc (1425?–1495?), a man of beautiful religious spirit, full of tenderness and pathos. The delightful sincerity and spiritual sweetness of his compositions bring them very close to the ideal beauty of the Italian pictures of that period. The most famous work of Memlinc is the "Reliquary of St. Ursula"

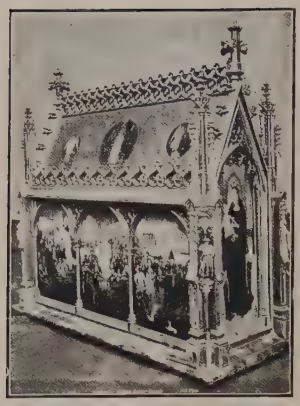

FIG. 170.—Memlinc. Reliquary of St. Ursula. Hospital of St. John, Bruges, Belgium.

(Fig. 170), in the Hospital of St. John, at Bruges, Belgium. Nothing could be more artistically graceful than this little Gothic shrine. On it he has represented scenes from the journeyings of St. Ursula—the patron saint of young girls—and her lover, over the mountains and over the seas, to Rome. On one end of the shrine is St. Ursula (Fig. 171), protecting her eleven (thousand?) virgins under her mantle. Grace and sweetness are in the attitude of the saint and a tender, loving expression on her face. It was a quaint, almost childish, idea to crowd her maidens so closely around her, and yet Memlinc has given a real feeling of protection to the tall, delicate figure. The whole story of St. Ursula is so full of absurd and extravagant statements it hardly seems possible that grown-up people could believe such fancies. But the

FIG. 171.—Memlinc. St. Ursula and Maidens. Hospital of St. John, Bruges, Belgium.

sacristan with the greatest reverence shows the little chapel in the Church of St. Ursula, at Cologne, where the bones of the eleven thousand virgins decorate the walls and ceiling.

Memlinc's landscapes were not equal to Van der Weyden's, but his graceful figures and warm flesh tints were superior. He has that true instinct that seems to bring out the very soul of the subject—and a soul as pure and stainless as his own character must have been. Between 1480 and 1490 Memlinc painted "The Virgin and Child Adored by Donors" (Fig. 172), that is now in the Louvre, Paris. On each side of the Madonna

Fig. 172.—Memlinc. The Virgin and Child Adored by Donors. Louvre, Paris.

are the donors, Jacob Floreins and his wife, with their large family of twelve daughters and seven sons, accompanied by St. James the Great and St. Dominic. Placing the Madonna on a throne in the interior of a church, with the donors kneeling on the edge of the carpet spread down in front, heightens the effect of worshiping suppliants, and gives to the whole scene a true devotional spirit. Nothing could be more masterful than the treatment of the architecture. How well Memlinc has handled the bits of landscape, with the roads leading between the church and the homes of the lord and the peasant, possibly to carry out the thought of the universal salvation. The upturned faces of the daughters on the right, so eager in their desire to see, have the varied expressions usually found

in children of one family, but all have the family resemblance that real portraits would have. No doubt but that the faces are portraits of living men and women known to the artist. The same child-like simplicity that marks his "St. Ursula" legend is apparent in this picture of the "Madonna and Holy Child." The sweet, tender face of the Virgin framed in its wavy blond hair, brought down so primly on either side of the pure white neck, is eloquent with spiritual grace. There are no halos marking the divinity of the Mother and Child, but the spirit of true faith envelops the scene. No northern artist more nearly corresponded with the spirit of Bellini, Botticelli, and Perugino than did Memlinc, yet he was always true to himself and his own ideals.

CHAPTER XXVI

BOUTS—MASSYS—MABUSE—BRUEGHEL—BRIL—RUBENS

DIERICH BOUTS, who was born in Haarlem about 1391 (some authorities put his birth as late as 1410), was a Dutchman by birth, but belonged to the Flemish school. He was probably influenced by both Van der Weyden and the

FIG. 173.—Bouts. Last Supper. St. Peter's, Louvain, Belgium.

Van Eyck brothers. After middle life he settled in Louvain, where he was appointed town painter, which office he held until his death in 1475. In St. Peter's at Louvain there is a "Last Supper" (Fig. 173) by Bouts. The grouping of the disciples

around the table is very unusual and most original. Notice how he has specially emphasized the hands of the whole group —with but one exception—and how well drawn they are compared with the awkwardness of the bodies! Nothing could be more absurd than his attempt to turn the heads of the figures on the front side of the table.

The founder of the Antwerp school of the Netherlands was Quinten Massys (1466–1531?), who was Dutch by birth but Flemish in training. Quinten's father was a locksmith, and probably the son would have followed this trade had he not fallen in love with a painter's daughter and, in order to gain her father's consent, was obliged to become a painter. However, he was often called the "Blacksmith of Antwerp" because of the beautiful work he wrought in iron. An exquisitely designed well-curb of his is one of the treasures of Antwerp to-day. Probably Massys was a pupil of Bouts; in 1497 he settled in Antwerp, where he joined the Painters' Guild, and soon became famous. He represented in his pictures the old and new styles of art, yet, true to himself, his methods of treatment were from his own broad, free brush. His "Money Pieces" bear an originality unmistakably his own. He understands the physiognomy of the money lender as one alone can who has studied the effects of that calling on the human face. "The Banker and His Wife" (Fig. 174), in the Louvre, bearing the date 1518, is one of his genuine works. While working out the details he has preserved a broadness in the general effect that far exceeded anything of his time. Quinten had the gift of absorbing into himself the best traits of his predecessors and using that gift so skillfully that he was never an imitator.

FIG. 174.—Massys. The Banker and His Wife. Louvre, Paris.

The real Flemish school ended with Massys; his pupils soon went to Italy to study and there lost their heads, for they became imitators. The man who might have equaled his master in color, brush work, and composition was Mabuse (1470?–1532). His name was taken from his birthplace, Maubeuge, although his real name was Jan Gossaert. His lack of originality may have made him specially susceptible to the Italian influence. That he followed the Renaissance movement of the south is apparent in his "Madonna and Child" (Fig. 175), in the Berlin Gallery.

Fig. 175.—Mabuse. Madonna and Child. Berlin Gallery.

Tradition asserts that Mabuse was a "winebibber," and, to prove it, says that on one occasion the artist sold a white damask dress that he was to appear in before Charles V., and spent the money in the tavern for drink. When the day arrived, to the astonishment of all he appeared in a more gorgeous white damask than any one else. Upon examination it was found to be of paper so cleverly painted that the emperor was delighted with the deception.

There were three men—the Brueghels—who stood for landscape painting as a background for figures. The most noted of these men was Jan Brueghel, or Velvet Brueghel, as he was more familiarly called. Jan was born about 1589 and died about 1642. He chose rather strange subjects for his pictures, but his work is excellent. The picture of the "Blind Leading the Blind" (Fig. 176), in the Louvre, is certainly unique in both subject and treatment. His knowledge of the mendicant class is very apparent from his portrayal of the poor unfortu-

nates in the foreground of the picture. There is nothing insipid or imitative in the manner of treatment. The landscape forming the background is beautiful enough to stand for a picture by itself.

The best representative of the Flemish landscape school was Paul Bril, who was born at Antwerp in 1556. He went to Rome to study, but struggled against the Italian imitation with such success that he really taught the Italians the Flemish methods, instead of being converted to the Italian himself. He painted in oil and fresco and chose his subjects with that keen sense of the eternal fitness of things that would make a

FIG. 176.—Brueghel. The Blind Leading the Blind. Louvre, Paris.

success whether it was painting a landscape or writing a poem. When his brother, who was in Rome with him, died, Pope Sixtus V. gave the former's pension to him, and as an appreciation of the honor Bril painted several works for the pope. His landscape of "Roman Ruins" (Fig. 177), at Dresden, illustrates his skill in distributing light so that unity and harmony are the results.

During the sixteenth century almost every artist in Flanders was imitating the Renaissance methods of Italy. The Romish Church became more and more powerful through the society of the Jesuits; which society was ever noted for advancing the interests of both the Church and education by building cathedrals and establishing monasteries, convents, and colleges. These buildings were elaborately decorated by the artists of

the time, but the early simplicity and purity of the religious sentiment of the Van Eycks, together with their originality, were completely crushed out by the demands of the Church and the magnificence of the daily life.

The sixteenth century was really barren of any great artists until 1577, when, on the anniversary day of the two great apostles—Peter and Paul—was born that master genius, Peter Paul Rubens. He was an artist who could combine successfully the art principles of two centuries, producing an art all his own, and of such merit that time has increased its value. What-

Fig. 177.—Paul Bril. Roman Ruins. Dresden Gallery.

ever he learned from his Flemish masters or from the master artists of Italy, he made so entirely his own that the lessons fused into his very individuality. Then, again, he seems to have mastered every technical point in the making of a picture, but we are obliged to admit that Ruskin was not far from right when he described Rubens "as a healthy, worthy, kind-hearted, courtly phased animal, without any clearly perceptible traces of a soul." No artist ever painted pictures so full of the exuberance of animal spirits and such marvels of color as Rubens; but where is the soul? His hand was trained to execute with marvelous skill what he saw with his mind and eye, and so untiring was his energy and so rapid his execution, that he

produced an amazing number of works. The size alone of most of his canvases would have staggered a lesser genius.

There is no face that appears oftener in his pictures than that of the fair young Helena Fourment, whom he married for his second wife when she was only sixteen. The painting in the Louvre of "Helena Fourment and Her Two Children" (Fig. 178) is one of the most popular of his pictures of this wife. How well Rubens has indicated the prevalent belief of the boy's superiority in the expression of arrogant pride on the face of the little "lord of creation," and that of almost abject humility on the face of his sister! It is very evident that the picture is painted to show off the boy. The heads are worked up with wonderful skill.

FIG. 178.—Rubens. Helena Fourment (Rubens' wife) and Her Two Children. Louvre, Paris.

One of the most famous of Rubens' portraits is the "Chapeau de Paille" (Fig. 179), in the National Gallery, London. For some unknown reason this painting is usually called "The Straw Hat." It is said to be a portrait of a lady whom Rubens was once on the point of marrying. It is a wonderfully effective picture, with the strongly contrasted black of the hat and dress against the brilliantly lighted flesh tones of the face and neck. Madame Lebrun was so pleased with this

painting of the "Straw Hat" that she made a portrait of herself with the same style of pose and hat, which painting is in the National Gallery, too.

Rubens painted many large altar-pieces of religious subjects. Those in the cathedral at Antwerp of "Christ on the Cross," "The Raising of the Cross," and "The Descent from the Cross" (Fig. 180—*see p.* 238), are the most widely known. The last named is one of the ten great pictures of the world. Only Rubens would have dared to place a white figure against a white sheet and have been sure of so marvelous a result. Look at the limp body of the dead Christ and the tense muscles of the men above as they hold the sheet with hand and teeth! See how well the men understand supporting the weight of the body from below! The intense sorrow in the faces of the women at the foot of the cross is particularly well brought out in the face of the Mother. The only bright spot in the picture is the beautiful golden hair of the Magdalene and the warm flesh pink of her face and arms. Compare this picture with Volterra's "Descent from the Cross" (Fig. 94), in Rome.

Fig. 179.—Rubens. Chapeau de Paille. National Gallery, London.

Some one has said of Rubens "he knew when to be born, when to live, and when to die"; certain it is that no man ever had a more successful life in both court and studio.

CHAPTER XXVII

VAN DYCK—JORDAENS—TENIERS—LELY—ALMA-TADEMA

THE greatest of all the pupils of Rubens was Anthony van Dyck. He was a baby while Rubens was visiting the great galleries of Italy, but the two men died within one year of each other—Rubens in 1640, and Van Dyck in 1641. Van Dyck threw off all the traditions of the sixteenth century and began the new century almost with his birth—he was born in 1599—adopting new methods and new ideas. He could hardly be classed with such artists as Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, and Velasquez, neither does he belong with men of the second rank; we assign to him a place of his own where he shines, particularly in his portraits of royalty and nobility.

In 1632 he was appointed court painter to Charles I. of England, whose portrait he painted many times. One of the best known of these portraits is "Charles I. and His Horse" (Fig. 181), in the Louvre. In this composition he has expressed the idea of power so well in the noble bearing of the king that one would know his rank without the portrait having a title. It is an exquisite work in all its details; the drawing of the face, the coloring and the nobility of style, mark it worthy of the highest praise. There is always a supreme complacency about his "grand folk" that is pleasing.

Van Dyck traveled extensively all through Europe and painted men and women of high life wherever he went. An interesting anecdote is told of his visit to Holland. He went to see Franz Hals—who was about twenty years his senior—and asked him to paint his portrait. Hals accepted the commission, but without knowing the name of his sitter. Van Dyck watched the rapid work of Hals with great interest; when

the picture was finished at one sitting, Van Dyck, with a very innocent face, asked Hals to let him try if he could paint his (Hals) portrait. Hals assented good-humoredly, and took his

FIG. 181.—Van Dyck. Charles I. and His Horse. Louvre, Paris.

seat ready for the work to begin. Van Dyck placed his canvas so that Hals could not see the progress of the work. In an hour Van Dyck said: "Your portrait is finished." When the

surprised Hals looked at the picture he exclaimed: "Either you are the devil or Van Dyck."

One of the best examples of Van Dyck's sacred subjects is "The Madonna and the Donors" (Fig. 182), in the Louvre. In this picture he has combined the portrait and figure piece, but has failed to produce the most harmonious result in the unity of the composition. Nothing could be more beautiful, however, than the unconscious grace of the little Christ Child leaning so lovingly toward the devout donor, whose whole attitude is one of sincere devotion. Aside from these two figures there is little to mark the religious element. The woman on the right is simply posing for her portrait; she is dignified and well bred, as Van Dyck's sitters always are, and has the beautiful hands that are so characteristic of all his people. The curtain across the left upper corner of the picture gives the unique effect that he so often produces in emphasizing his background.

Fig. 182.—Van Dyck. The Madonna and Donors. Louvre, Paris.

Possibly no picture that was ever painted has been before the public more constantly for the last twenty-five years than has Van Dyck's "Baby Stuart." It is in almost every kindergarten and primary school of this land. Although so well known, one wonders how many of the teachers, even, could tell

who the little fellow is who looks out upon life so demurely, holding fast to the ball in his hand. To know the history of "Baby Stuart" would be to know the history of one of the most troublous times of England. In 1649, when this boy was sixteen, he experienced the most fearful tragedy of life in the execution of his father, Charles I. When fifty-two he became

Fig. 183.—Van Dyck. The Children of Charles I. Picture Gallery, Turin, Italy.

James II., King of England. The "Baby Stuart" portrait is taken from the picture in the Turin Gallery of "The Children of Charles I." (Fig. 183). The little fellow is still more attractive as he stands there with his royal brother and sister—Charles II. and Mary, mother of William III. of England. One can scarcely credit the fact, when looking into these innocent faces, that, "once parted in life, these children were destined never to meet in amity." Van Dyck has represented the inno-

cence of childhood in these royal babies, but to that innocence he has added the subtle power of inherited sovereignty. Instinctively he has harmonized the nature and pose of the little ones to the gorgeously spangled satins and silks of dress and drapery. Even the dog has a dignity befitting the caress of the royal hand resting on his head.

Jacob Jordaens, who was born at Antwerp in 1593, was a personal friend of Rubens and very naturally fell into Rubens' style with his art. If his nature had had that quality of refinement that assimilates the good only, he might have

Fig. 184.—Jordaens. Driving Out the Money Lenders. Louvre, Paris.

taken rank with his friend, but as it was he has been called "a vulgar Rubens." He had a certain vigor of conception and force in color that accorded well with the gross realism of his subjects. His religious pictures were not of a religious nature except in name. This is specially true of his painting of "Driving Out the Money Lenders" (Fig. 184), in the Louvre, Paris. There is not the least semblance of righteous indignation in the Savior's face and manner that would lead one to suspect that the Temple of the Lord was being desecrated. The picture is a scene of riotous confusion of animals and human beings. The color is vivid, the action energetic, and the composition unique. Some of the individual figures are

strongly marked with Rubens' traits, with here and there a beautiful face and well-drawn animal.

The third greatest master in Belgium was David Teniers, the younger, who was born in Antwerp in 1610. He was the greatest of the *genre* painters of his own country and his work would compare favorably with the "Little Masters of Holland," who were doing their best work during his lifetime.

Teniers painted almost every subject, but really excelled in his pictures of low life as found among the tavern frequenters. The scenes from the village squares are full of life and action;

Fig. 185.—Teniers. The Village Fête. Dresden Gallery.

the handling is good and the color is often of that soft silver hue that relieves the coarseness of the subject. He shows the influence of Rubens in his work even if he was not his pupil. Teniers married a daughter of "Velvet" Brueghel. He was a prodigious worker, as he himself declared that it would need a gallery two leagues in length to contain all his pictures. The "Village Fête" (Fig. 185), in the Dresden Gallery, is one of his happiest portrayals of a convivial company. The realism of this scene marks Teniers as a true student of nature, and one who had a keen insight into the motives of his fellow man. Greuze said of him: "Show me a pipe, and I will tell you if the smoker is by Teniers."

Sir Peter Lely (1618–1680) was born in Germany, received his art training in Haarlem, lived most of his life in England, and was probably of Flemish extraction. His position in the court of Charles II. was what Van Dyck's was in the court of Charles I. The collection of portraits at Hampton Court glows with the fair beauties from Sir Peter's brush. While they lack the sterling genuineness of Van Dyck's court ladies they have a delicate touch of coquetry that is all their own. When Sir Peter chose Cromwell and Nell Gwyn as subjects for his facile brush he connected his own name and fame with the two most noted characters of the reign of Charles II. His portrait of "Nell Gwyn" (Fig. 186), in the National Gallery, has so ennobled the woman that her frailties are all but forgotten in our admiration for the beautiful picture. The elegant simplicity in the draping of the rich robe over the dainty undergarment, the perfect contour of the sloping shoulders, and the queenly pose of the head, with the soft, warm flesh tints and silken brown hair, are so charmingly portrayed that we, too, are under the spell of this beauty.

Fig. 186.—Lely. Nell Gwyn. National Gallery, London.

The most noted Dutch-Flemish artist to-day is Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. He was born in Holland in 1836, studied painting in Antwerp, and was adopted by the English when he came to London to make his home in 1869. Tadema is a law unto himself, but unfortunately has assumed a mannerism in his ever-present marble that is no more to be admired in a picture than in people. As a portrayer of Egyptian scenes he quite equals with his brush, the word pictures of his personal

friend, George Ebers. How well he recalls the story of Cleopatra's ingeniously planned scheme to captivate the wary ruler in his picture of "Cleopatra Meeting Antony" (Fig. 187). Word had been brought to the ruler at Tarsus that the beautiful queen was coming up the Cydnus. But when he sent her

Fig. 187.—Alma-Tadema. Cleopatra Meeting Anthony.

his urgent request that she come to him, how well she urges him on while holding herself aloof by saying that she hoped to see him her guest first. The artist has transferred the scene to canvas at just the moment when Antony has yielded and is under the fascination of the most captivating and artful woman history has ever known.

Alma-Tadema is one of the very few artists who has been knighted by King Edward VII.

SPANISH PAINTING

FIG. 194.—Murillo. The Immaculate Conception. Salon Carré of the Louvre, Paris.—*See page* 276.

CHAPTER XXVIII

RIBERA—VELASQUEZ—MURILLO—GOYA—FORTUNY—MADRAZO

ALTHOUGH Spain is geographically a southern country, yet she modified her manners and customs so much in her years of contact with the people of the Netherlands, that she forms a sort of connecting link between the north and south. Being the birthplace of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the society of the Jesuits, Spain was brought very close to the Church of Rome, for this society was a most powerful and persistent medium through which the religion of the Catholic Church was spread. Out of the excessive zeal in promoting the Church of Christ the Inquisition was intensified—a name suggesting everything that is horrible; to even mention it makes one shudder. These influences—the Church, with the Inquisition at its height; Italy, with its pilgrimages to the great center—Rome; and the Spanish domination of the Netherlands—supplied the motives and methods of Spanish painting at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Just what the early art of Spain was can only be surmised. When the country was ruled by the Moors, the art of that people must have prevailed; but the iconoclastic spirit swept over the land, leaving ruin in its wake; then, too, the Inquisition was a destructive agent. When Spain really began to found an art of her own, it was not the traditions of the past that governed her, but the influences at work in the present. There was almost constant travel between Spain and the Netherlands, and between Spain and Italy, which gave to the Spanish art student the art methods of both the north and the south; the Church asserted her right to dictate the kind of art, while the home artist had his own most decided views; out of all this came an art that was derivative in method, but decidedly Spanish in spirit.

The great centers of art in Spain were Toledo, Seville, Cordova, Granada, and Madrid; all these names call up vivid pictures in the history of Spain. While Spain was reaching her greatest political height, Italy was declining. Very little is known of the history of the Spanish artists until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Spain emerged from her isolated state, and her political power, literature, and art took their stand with the other countries of Europe. There were scores of painters of the different schools of the earlier centuries whose names and works were well known to their own countrymen, but the artists who are as familiar to the world at large as those of Italy and the Netherlands are Ribera, Velasquez, and Murillo.

José Ribera was born in 1588, about ten years after Rubens of Belgium, and a little more than ten years before Rembrandt of Holland. It is scarcely possible for three men to have been more unlike in character, training, and work than these three artists were. Though Ribera was born in Spain, he spent much of his time in Italy under the influence of Caravaggio—an influence that fostered his instinctive love of the horrible—a possible inheritance from the Inquisition. Little wonder then that the dungeon, the torture chamber, and the gibbet fascinated him! Nothing pleased him better than to represent saints with bodies so thin and emaciated that every bone could be counted, and every vein could be traced, while the skin glistens with a death-like pallor that comes with the excruciating pain of torture. Although one shudders with horror before these scenes of human suffering, they have a fascination that compels one to look again and again. There is a boldness of design, a strength in the heavy colors, that seem mixed with blood, and a force of truth that command admiration.

Were it not that he did paint the Virgin with the Holy Child, as in the "Adoration of the Shepherds" (Fig. 188), in the Louvre, one would wonder if Ribera ever loved, was ever sympathetic, or was ever uplifted by beautiful thoughts or holy aspirations. Even in the "Adoration" there is little of the spiritual, although the attitude of the Virgin and shepherds is that of devotion. The simple rustic on the left, with his lifted

cap, has the same look of curiosity that his donkey has, with his lifted ears. There is no real sincerity, no religious fervor in the hearts of the men on the right; the scene is too tame for the artist to bring out any depth of feeling on the faces or in the pose of these sturdy men. Even the contrasts of light and shadow are not so startling as is usual in his paintings. But

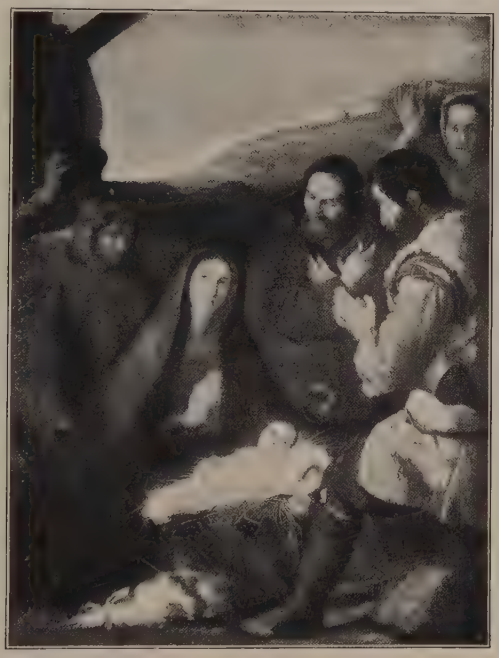

Fig. 188.—Ribera. The Adoration of the Shepherds. Louvre, Paris.

no one would mistake the peculiar color of the somber Spaniard; there is the same death-like pallor in the flesh tints and the same black in the dark colors that is a telltale sign of his use of pigment.

One turns with a sense of relief from the paintings of Ribera to the works of Velasquez. Here are people who "live and move and have their being" with the people of the world for all time and in all places.

Diego Velasquez de Silva was born at Seville in 1599, the

same year that saw the birth of Anthony van Dyck at Antwerp; he was often called the Van Dyck of Madrid. Velasquez became the king of painters in Spain, second to none in the world, while Van Dyck was simply a prince in Flanders who never came to the throne. To look into the face of Velasquez

Fig. 189.—Velasquez. Portrait of the Artist. Munich.

as shown in his "Portrait" (Fig. 189) gives one the character of the man. It is not surprising that such a man would not be dominated by the Church or intimidated by crafty Philip IV. The clear eye, straight nose, and firm mouth, with that strong chin and ample forehead, mark him as a ruler of men; a ruler not afraid to tell the truth.

Velasquez was a realist in the broadest sense of the word. He painted what he saw and felt with a perception so true that humanity entered into his seeing and feeling. His methods seem so simple that even the amateur feels that he, too, could produce the same results; it is only after trial that despair mocks the amateur and the master painter alike. How true that real simplicity in any art comes not save through the most severe training. The naturalness of the child returns when self gives place to the truths that nature alone can teach.

Fig. 190.—Velasquez. Philip IV. The Marquis of Lansdowne's Collection, London.

Velasquez's portraits are living, breathing men and women. Would it be possible to ever forget the face of Philip IV. as Velasquez has given it to us? Stand before the one owned by the Marquis of Lansdowne, London (Fig. 190), and study that face for five minutes. Could one ever blot it from the memory? Look at its strange pallor, its full Austrian lips, its drooping eyes. How alive that long, thin visage is, framed in the light flowing hair and adorned with the mustaches that curl up to the very eyes! This portrait alone would have immortalized the artist; but he has given us picture after picture of this monarch; one time as a warrior, another as a huntsman, and still another as a suppliant at the Throne of Grace. Strange as it may seem, Velasquez was the only one to whom the fickle king remained true; for forty years it was the king's custom to visit the artist daily when the latter was in Madrid at his

studio in the palace. Nearly all the members of the royal family sat for their portraits, and nearly every gallery in Europe has one or more of these priceless gems.

The portrait of "L'Infante Marguerite" (Fig. 191), in the Louvre, is as well known to school children as "Baby Stuart." While it is said that Velasquez was the painter of men, par

Fig. 191.—Velasquez. L'Infante Marguerite. Louvre, Paris.

excellence, this picture proves that he knew the inner life of the child as well. How one is made to feel the earnest simplicity of the sweet little princess as she watches the artist at his work! She is so perfectly simple and child-like in her whole attitude, and her interest is so genuine, one forgets that it is a portrait and wonders what the child sees that holds her attention so closely.

Velasquez twice visited Italy, where he made a careful study

of the artists of the Renaissance, especially Titian. He was commissioned by Philip IV. to purchase works of art from the masters of Italy, and then to found and arrange an art gallery in Madrid. This gallery ever since has been the richest in masterpieces and the best arranged of any art museum in the world.

Fig. 192.—Velasquez. A Portrait of Allesandro del Borro. Berlin Gallery.

In the Berlin Gallery is "A Portrait of Allesandro del Borro" (Fig. 192), which is pronounced to be, not only the greatest of Velasquez's portraits, but also one of the greatest ever painted. It is twelve years since the writer first saw that picture, and yet were the man to walk along the street to-day no familiar friend would be more quickly recognized. It is not the size of the man, nor his peculiar build; it is not that he is handsome nor even attractive in his personality, but there is a warmth of individuality, a subtle magnetism about him that compel one to take notice of him. He lives in that room and makes his presence felt. Once seen he is never forgotten.

Velasquez was the Alpha and Omega of Spanish art founded on the study of nature, having truly national characteristics. His skill in placing objects so that the air surrounds them, in grasping the salient points of color, of form, and of relative tones, whether of things or of persons, has never been surpassed. The light and air that are the despair of many artists flow as freely from his enchanted brush as they do from their own natural sources. An artist critic says that Velasquez was the great discoverer of *values*. Even the impressionists of today have scarcely learned the first lessons in the use of *values* in producing the results required, that he taught nearly three hundred years ago.

Fig. 193.—Murillo. The Melon Eaters. The Pinakothek, Munich.

There is scarcely an artist of the seventeenth century whose reputation as an artist has been subject to wider variations than has that of Bartolomé Murillo. As a religious painter he stood for the Church as Velasquez did for the Court. These two men, who were so unlike in character and merit, were both born in Seville. Murillo, who was born the last day of December, 1617, probably, was nearly twenty years younger than Velasquez. His parents died while he was quite young and soon afterward he was apprenticed to his uncle, under whom he learned his first lessons in painting. When less than twenty

years old, however, he was left to struggle alone; being shy and unknown, he was glad to earn the merest pittance painting rough color sketches as he stood in the market place.

Murillo could have had no better place to study the habits of the ubiquitous beggar-boy of Seville than in the busy markets. That he improved his opportunities is shown in his numerous *genre* pictures. "The Melon Eaters" (Fig. 193), in the Munich Pinakothek, is one of the most famous of these beggar-boy paintings. His skill in putting on canvas the feelings and manners of the little vagrants has made them such a reality that one feels the picturesqueness of their surroundings and the charm of their existence. Happy-go-lucky little beings they certainly are, absolutely irresponsible and unmanageable. If Murillo had devoted all his talents to picturing the street every-day side of Spanish life, even Velasquez, with his portraits of nobility, could hardly have surpassed him in revealing the methods and motives of the individual.

The instinct of true genius was so strong in Murillo that no discouraging circumstances could deter him from becoming an artist. After years of struggle he left his native town and, wandering over the mountains, in time reached Madrid without money or friends. He went at once to Velasquez, whom he had probably never seen; the great master was so pleased with the young artist's courage and enthusiasm that he took him into his own home. It had been Murillo's great desire to study in Italy, but he found just the lessons he needed to develop his talents with Velasquez. With his usual unflagging industry he copied the works of the great masters of the Netherlands and Italy, that he found in the new art collection ordered by Philip IV., learning from them a freedom of style and strength of coloring that even Velasquez approved.

Murillo returned to Seville before he was thirty, and almost from that time on he became the popular idol, not only of his native town and country, but of all Europe. With the sight-seer to-day this popularity is undiminished, but with the thoughtful critic, who is looking for more than "skin-deep" merit, it is becoming a serious question whether Murillo deserves his fame.

Having very strong religious tendencies, Murillo was devoted to the Church and to all those ceremonies established by the authorities at Rome. With all his religion, however, he was lacking in that pure spiritual nature of Fra Angelico. The excessive sweetness of his Virgins and saints savors of sentimentalism. When one first sees the "Immaculate Conception" (Fig. 194—*see p.* 266), in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, one is

Fig. 195.—Murillo. St. Anthony and the Christ Child. Berlin Gallery.

fascinated with the beautiful Virgin as she gazes up to heaven with the half moon under her feet. The deep blue of the mantle which falls away from her pure white gown so gracefully; the clouds surrounding her; the delicate soft pink of the baby throng that is worshiping her, all serve to make a charming picture. But is there really anything to satisfy the longings of the heart in the rapt gaze of that doll-baby face? Is it possible that that sweet child could say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word"?

The "Immaculate Conception" was a favorite subject of Murillo, so much so that he painted it twenty times or more; three of them are of special note—one in the Louvre, one in the Madrid Gallery, and one in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

The religious fervor of Murillo's "St. Anthony" pictures has less of sentimentalism about them. The expression of holy joy on the face of the saint in "St. Anthony and the Christ Child" (Fig. 195), in the Berlin Gallery, has a depth of sincerity that accords well with the life of that sainted man. His tenderness toward the Holy Baby touches the mother-heart, and the humanity in the loving caress of the little hand against the rough cheek of the lonely saint appeals strongly to the father-heart. We have a feeling of gladness that the bliss of holding the heavenly Child was given to St. Anthony while he was carrying the beautiful gospel to the poor. So vivid is the scene that the legend becomes a reality to us.

Murillo left his native city but once after his return from Madrid. At almost the end of his life he was asked to paint some pictures for the high altar in the church of the Capuchin friars at Cadiz. It is said that, while he was at work on the large altar-piece of the "Marriage of St. Catherine," for the church at Cadiz, he had a severe hurt from a fall. He lived for two years after the accident, finally becoming too weak to use his brush; he spent much of his time in prayer in Santa Cruz, the parish church near his own home, in Seville, where at his own request he was laid to rest when the end came in 1682.

During the eighteenth century art in Spain declined as it did in every other country of Europe. Not until the very end of the century, when Goya began his art career, was there any work worthy of mention. Goya (1746–1828) was strong and natural in his methods, but his subjects were too often chosen from those scenes of horror that please the Spaniard to be agreeable to people in general. In his "Portrait of Don Sebastian Martinez" (Fig. 196), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, he has given national characteristics in a forceful and pleasing manner. This picture came from Bilbao, Spain, where it had belonged to a descendant of Martinez, who reports that Martinez was a lawyer and art patron in Cadiz.

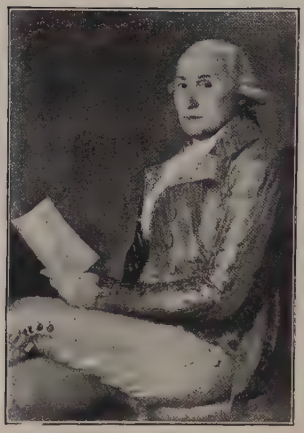

FIG. 196.—Goya. Portrait of Don Sebastian Martinez. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

The keen black eyes and clear-cut features of Spanish mold are intensified by the close-fitting striped coat of blue-gray silk and buff trousers.

After Goya's death there was nothing national in the art of Spain for a quarter of a century, when Mariano Fortuny (1838–1874) came to the front. He was an artist of originality in his use of color, his placing of sunlight, and his choice of subjects. He is best known to us through his oriental scenes, which he paints with a truth and enthusiasm that only one can who has a personal knowledge of the people and country. In his *genre* pictures he has given many of the customs and manners of the Spanish people of to-day, and has put so much native animation into his scenes that he gained great admiration from his countrymen. One of the most popular of these pictures is "The Spanish Marriage" (Fig. 197), in a private collection, Paris. No explanation is necessary in interpreting a scene so vividly

FIG. 197.—Fortuny. The Spanish Marriage. Private Collection, Paris.

realistic as Fortuny has pictured this one. The play of light on the warm, delicate colors of the gowns worn by the bride and her maids gives a sparkle and glow to the whole room that is charming.

Madrazo (1841–), the brother-in-law of Fortuny, has more of the French in his manner of painting, although he was

Fig. 198.—Madrazo. The Masquerade.

a pupil of his father, who was a Spanish painter of considerable note. His picture of "The Masquerade" (Fig. 198) reminds one of the times of the three Louis, when elegance in dress and entertainment was the main thought in life. The brilliancy of his portrait painting and the happy combination of French and Spanish traits in his figure pieces have given his pictures a specially high market price.

GERMAN PAINTING

Fig 203 —Dürer The Knight, Death and the Devil.—*See page* 288.

CHAPTER XXIX

MEISTER WILHELM—DÜRER

BEFORE treating directly of the subject of German painting, an understanding of the origin of the school is necessary. That Christianity was the motive power which gave birth to the art of painting in the north is certain, for nothing of an artistic nature has been found before its introduction. At first the art of the north developed without differentiation, but by the close of the fourteenth century the Cologne school sprang up with an art peculiar to itself. This school was a combination of the characteristics of the Netherlands on the west, the Germans on the east, and the French on the south. The city of Cologne, which is often called the city of churchmen—the German's Rome—was just the city to draw together the representative men of these countries, to foster their strongest individual talents, and blend them into an art that combined depth of religious feeling, strength of handling, and sweetness of expression, indicative of all three nations. Out of the Cologne school sprang two distinct schools—the German and the Flemish.

One of the most beautiful pictures of the Cologne school, and one of the most beautiful pictures of the world, is the "Madonna of the Bean Flower" (Fig. 199), by Meister Wilhelm, who was probably the real founder of the school. The identity of this artist is fairly well established by the old *Limburg Chronicle* in the sentence where it speaks of Wilhelm, who lived about 1380, as one who "painted a man as though he were alive." Surely this Madonna is wonderfully life-like! She comes very close to us as a real mother and one we can love and cherish in our inmost being. There are strength and tenderness in that sweet face, humility and submission in the folded arms, and in her whole being an expression of love and devotion for the

Divine Child. How naturally and lovingly the little Jesus caresses this mother, of whom it was said, "Blessed art thou among women." One lingers long before this picture, realizing that the artist who could give to humanity such a type of pure motherhood had accepted the teaching of Christ that "Blessed are the pure in heart." This exquisite little gem, in the Cologne Gallery, is painted as a triptych—three panels.

While Rome was the center from which Germany, with the other countries of northern Europe, drew their spiritual inspira-

Fig. 199.—Meister Wilhelm. Madonna of the Bean Flower. Cologne Gallery.

tion, her finished work was very strongly marked with the Teutonic element. Just how early the Germans began to use the art of making illuminations and miniatures is not known; but national characteristics came out in the work of the fifteenth century, and in the next century individual traits were so pronounced that a national type was formed.

There is nothing that gives a truer index to the inborn tendencies of a people than the subjects chosen by its artists. And these, too, often describe the native differences of countries better than volumes of description could do. Could any

number of words picture the traits of the Germans and French so well as the fact that the artists of the former chose "The Dance of Death" as a favorite subject, and the latter the "Court of Love"? The series of forty small woodcuts (Detail, Fig. 200) designed by Hans Holbein, illustrating this grewsome subject, is a good example of the general treatment of the theme. The only other example of any note of "The Dance of Death" now left in Germany is a mediæval bridge crossing the river Reuss, at Lucerne, called the *Spreuerbrücke* or *Mühlenbrücke*. On three-cornered panels set in the roof of the bridge are a series of one hundred or more pictures representing "Death" in his journey through the world. He is gathering his victims from high and low, rich and poor, young and old, always appearing where he is least wanted or least expected, and ever wearing that constant grin on his horrible face as a reminder that he is all powerful. These pictures were made the early part of the eighteenth century and are of no artistic merit, but they give an idea of how the subject was treated at a much earlier date. There was another very old bridge across the river Aare at Bern, with a set of these pictures, but it was destroyed early in 1800.

FIG. 200.—Hans Holbein. The Dance of Death.

In the quaint old town of Nuremberg, in 1471, was born Albrecht Dürer, the artist who was to place Germany in the front rank with other great art centers. It is in Nuremberg that one feels the presence of Dürer as a man. His personality seems to penetrate every nook and corner of this mediæval town. The old house where the artist spent so many of his working days is one of its precious treasures; the walls of the rooms are decorated with original engravings of the artist and many copies of his paintings.

Dürer was one of a family of eighteen children. Very little is known of his early life except a few brief notes from his own hand, in which he writes: "My father took special pleasure in me, because he saw that I was diligent in striving to learn. So he sent me to school, and when I had learned to read and write he took me away from it, and taught me the goldsmith's craft." Not being satisfied with being a goldsmith, and wanting to be a painter, his father apprenticed him to Michael Wolgemut. After three years in this artist's studio, his father sent him off, and, as he himself says, "I stayed away four years till he called me back again." Nothing is known of Dürer's wandering during these four years.

Fig. 201.—Dürer. Portrait of the Artist by Himself. Munich Gallery.

To understand Dürer's character as a man one needs but look into his face (Fig. 201), as painted by himself, in the portrait in the Munich Gallery. The steadfastness of that gaze is sufficient of itself to mark him as a man of purpose. What a beautiful face it is, and how like the typical Christ face! It is no wonder that, with all due reverence, he should have used himself as the model for his favorite subject — the "Ecce Homo," as has been asserted. A beautiful story is, that at Dürer's death an "Ecce Homo" was found completed all but the face, and that some one said, "He has gone to see the Face in reality."

When about thirty-four years old Dürer went to Venice, probably called there by the German merchants to paint a picture for their new hall. He was very well received by Bellini, who was an old man at this time, and of whom Dürer said, he "is still the best painter of them all." It was during this visit that Titian painted his "Tribute Money" (Fig. 100), to convince Dürer that he, too, could paint with a "one-hair" brush; and Dürer painted the "Feast of the Rose Garlands," to show

his skill in the use of colors, which he really acquired from the Venetians; of which picture Dürer says, in writing to a friend, "I have also silenced the painters, who said that I was a good engraver, but did not know how to manage colors."

Another picture, of the Italian period, that raised this northern artist to a place beside the great masters of religious painting in Italy, is his "Christ on the Cross" (Fig. 202), in the Dresden Gallery. It is one of the most pathetic pictures in the world; nothing compares with it except Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus" (Fig. 136). The scene of awful desolation in this crucifixion echoes still with that despairing cry of nineteen hundred years ago: "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?" There is nothing to relieve the blackness of the picture but the faint streaks of green, yellow, and red in the lower part of the sky and the slender birch trees in the foreground. Even the white cloth floating in the breeze adds to the gloom. There is nothing ghastly, however, in that beautifully modeled body; nothing repelling in the agony on the Savior's face; only the deepest love and reverence well up in our hearts for the human suffering of the God-man. Dürer alone knew how to put into that dark hour the new Christian hope that led the penitent to the foot of the Cross. He was the Luther in painting.

Fig. 202.—Dürer. Christ on the Cross. Dresden Gallery.

As an engraver Dürer stood alone on the heights, and has scarcely had an equal in the four centuries since his day. He put this art on the same plane with the fine arts. In no work does he give the character of the man—Dürer—as in his en-

gravings. They represent the strong, honest mind of a man seeking for the higher truths of life. His subjects are full of mystery, but a mystery set forth with the simplest means. Who can explain the symbolism of those wonderful engravings typifying the "Four Temperaments"? One of the best of the four is "The Knight, Death, and the Devil" (Fig. 203—*see p.* 282). Vasari speaks of this horseman as "the symbol of human force." While Dürer has simply designated the plate as "The Horseman," he has expressed such powerful determination in the sturdy figure of the Knight that one is inclined to agree with Vasari that he has given the epitome of human force. Whether the horseman hears the warnings of Father Time or the jeerings of the devil, he gives no heed, but pushes on, overcoming every obstacle and conquering every foe. Dürer's technic was never more perfect; every object is clean cut, accurately represented, and perfectly finished.

Fig. 204.—Dürer. Charlemagne. Nuremburg Gallery, Germany.

His engravings were the art treasures of every country. Rembrandt is said to have made a valuable collection of them, than whom no one could better judge of their merit and value. Possibly Rembrandt saw deeper into the meaning of those enigmatical scenes—a strange mixture of allegory and reality—because of

his own deep knowledge of great truths.

In the month of June, 1520, Dürer set out for a journey through the Netherlands. For more than a year he visited from place to place, receiving honorable attention wherever he went. The town council in Antwerp even tried to persuade him, through a most generous offer, to remain permanently in that town, but his love of home was strong. Returning to Nuremberg he found that the Reformation had made a strong impression on his native town, and, with his usual keen sense of right, he accepted the new movement and looked upon Luther as the right man to lead such a cause.

Dürer's portraits of his contemporaries prove Goethe's words of the world, that the artist saw through

"Its life of duty and manliness,
Its inward strength and steadfastness."

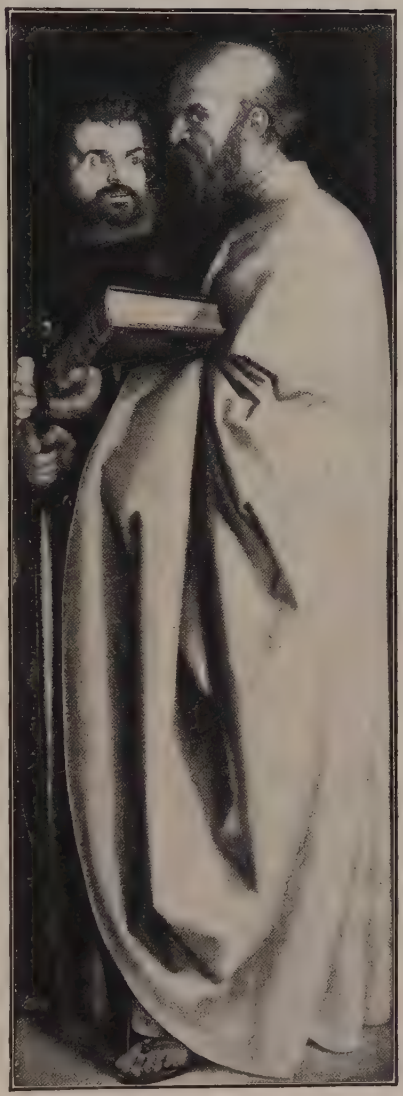

Fig. 205.—Dürer. St. Paul and St. Mark. From The Four Apostles. Munich Gallery.

Dürer's own consciousness of right and wrong was so true that he gave the same uprightness to all his sitters. Even his ideal portraits have the same stamp of integrity. Is it the true "Charlemagne" (Fig. 204)

that confronts us in the Nuremberg Gallery, or do we see Dürer's "Charles the Great?" The iron crown of Lombardy, which the nail from the Cross of Christ consecrated, fittingly adorned the head of such a king.

Dürer's last, and possibly his greatest, work was "The Four Apostles" (Detail, Fig. 205). These panels, now in the Munich Gallery, were painted for his native town as a token of his respect. In presenting them to the council he wrote, "I have just painted panels upon which I have bestowed more trouble than on any other painting; I considered none more worthy to keep them as a reminiscence than your Wisdom. Therefore I present them to your Wisdom with the humble and urgent prayer that you will favorably and graciously receive them." A hundred years later the ungrateful city sold the panels to Bavaria, and had copies made for his native place.

In these panels Dürer reached the very zenith of the art of painting. The combination of profound thought, noble bearing, and severest simplicity, with perfect handling in color, drawing, and composition, has indeed placed them among the masterpieces of the world.

CHAPTER XXX

HOLBEIN—CRANACH

JUST at the close of the fifteenth century—1497—the second greatest German genius in the art of painting, Hans Holbein the Younger, was born in Augsburg. These two men, Dürer and Holbein, have faithfully represented the national traits and the spirit of the times, and yet each artist has kept his own personality distinct in his work. The former was an idealist, painting religious scenes with such a spiritual insight of fundamental truths that they became types; the latter was a realist, giving little spiritual significance to religious subjects —he painted very few of them—but drawing his scenes from the life of those around him. Holbein was never petty in detail, but he had that rare power of selecting the salient features of object or person and so transferring them to canvas that there was no mistaking their significance. That he was a portrait painter of superb power is unquestioned. Some one has truly said that "Holbein depicts men as they are; Van Dyck as they behave."

No finer example of Holbein's power in portraiture is exhibited than in his "Portrait of Erasmus" (Fig. 206), in the Louvre. When one remembers that these two men—Holbein and Erasmus—spoke different tongues, and that they never came to understand each other through the medium of spoken language, one is the more astonished at the marvelous insight of the artist in giving the prominent traits of the great philosopher. Certainly Holbein's "Erasmus" is immortal! What a clean-cut face that is! There is no denying the keenness of mind behind those features. The native wit and cutting sarcasm kept unspoken by those tightly closed lips, Holbein alone knew how to suggest in the telling lines on the sensitive face. How wonderfully those expressive hands supplement the frail

delicacy of the head and act as willing servants in obeying the massive intellect! The technic of the picture is perfect.

Young Hans had the good fortune to be the son of an artist of no mean ability, so that his art career began when a mere child. Before he was eighteen, however, he left his native town and set-

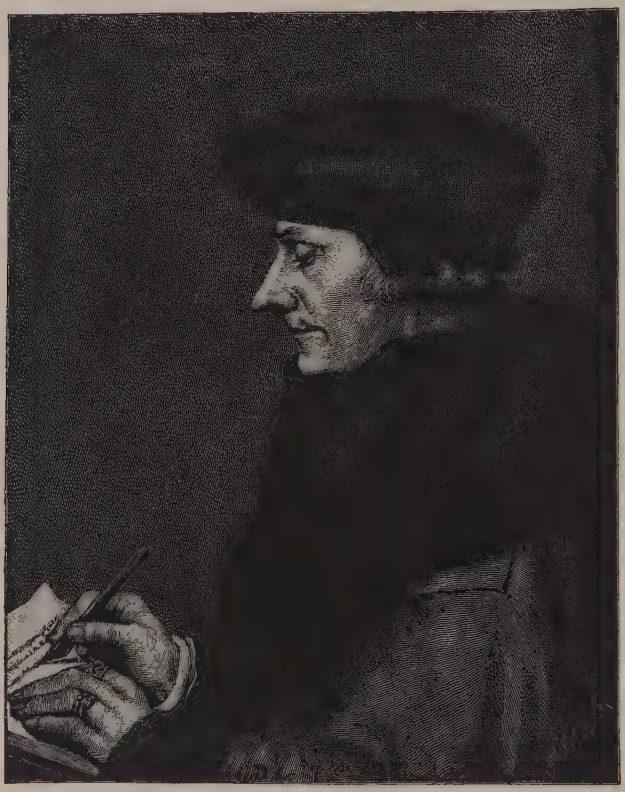

Fig. 206.—Holbein. Portrait of Erasmus. Louvre, Paris.

tled at Basle, the great center of literature at that time. Then it was that his friendship with Erasmus began, and also his connection with John Froben of "Amerbach printing-press" fame. He now spent some time in making drawings for title-page blocks and initial letters. As the Reformation advanced, the new doctrines provoked so much controversy that, not

alone religious pictures, but the very art of making pictures was frowned upon. Holbein, who had helped spread the new doctrines in his "Dance of Death" (Fig. 207), found that he must seek his fortune elsewhere than in Basle. After securing a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, he went to England. Fortune again smiled upon him, for no court favored the advance of learning in every line as did that of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas stood high at court, which finally insured royal favor for Holbein. During his first visit to London, he made his home with More, and for two years his brush and chalk pencil were busy immortalizing the men and women of that historic time. His portraits so truly reveal the character of his sitters that Fromentin's famous definition of painting was proved: "Painting is the art of expressing the invisible by means of the visible."

Fig. 207.—Holbein. Dance of Death.

During the last seventeen years of his life, Holbein spent the most of his time in England, and died there of the plague when only forty-six. Neither the exact date of his death, nor his burial place, is known; in fact much of the artist's personal life, especially his birth and his death, is shrouded in mystery. Not so his works; they are known and valued as great expositors both of art and of history. The collection of eighty-odd drawings at Windsor Castle—drawings so instinct with life that one becomes a contemporary with the men and women of the court of Henry VIII. while studying those marvelous portraits—is work enough to place any man in the "Hall of Fame."

About the year 1536 Holbein was appointed by Henry VIII. "the king's painter" in England. The following year he was commissioned to decorate the king's privy chamber at White-

hall Palace. The fresco represented Henry VIII. and his family. Apparently the king was so satisfied with the portrait of himself as Holbein had painted it that he never sat again for a later portrait. All of the oil paintings of the king, including the one at Windsor Castle (Fig. 208), are reproductions from the fresco portrait, and probably not one of them from

Fig. 208.—Holbein. Portrait of Henry VIII. Windsor Castle, England.

Holbein's own hand. The fresco was destroyed in the fire of 1698. In the print-cabinet at Munich is a study or cartoon (Fig. 209) of the king, drawn from life in the master's accustomed manner. This rough sketch is the true likeness of Henry VIII., without any flattering touches from the painter's brush. If ever a face told the character of the man, certainly this crude drawing tells the character of Henry VIII.

The one religious picture that has placed Holbein beside the great Italian painters of the Church is his "Meyer Madonna"

(Fig. 210), at Darmstadt, in the Grand-Ducal Palace. This altar-piece was painted, before he was thirty years old, for Burgomaster Jacob Meyer of Basle, and while he was in full sympathy with the Roman Catholic cause. The picture represents the Madonna and Christ Child in the center, on the right the burgomaster's two wives and daughter—the first wife, next to the Virgin, is dressed in grave-clothes to show that she has departed this life—and on the left Meyer himself with his two sons. There are several traditions respecting this "Madonna." The one Ruskin believes to be true is that a father and mother have prayed to her for the life of their sick child. She appears to them with her own child in her arms. She puts down the Christ Child before them, and takes their child into her arms instead; it lies down upon her bosom and stretches its hand to its father and mother, saying farewell. Jean Rousseau says of this picture: "Raphael is the immortal painter of Madonnas; Holbein painted but one, but that one is worthy to be compared to the Sistine Madonna." The controversy as to which is the original of the paintings of the "Meyer Madonna" altar-piece —the one at Dresden (Fig. 211) or the one at Darmstadt—has been decided in favor of the latter.

Fig. 209.—Holbein. Portrait Drawing of Henry VIII. Munich, Germany.

In 1887 the Darmstadt picture was retouched in several places, but it has now come out from the spurious covering of paint in a wonderfully pure manner. The Dresden "Meyer Madonna" was a copy of unknown date, but so cleverly done that for more than a century it passed for an orignal. Careful comparison, however, of the two paintings makes apparent

Fig. 210.—Holbein. Meyer Madonna. Darmstadt, Germany.

Fig. 211. Holbein. Meyer Madonna. Dresden, Germany.

the lack of sincerity and force of character in the Dresden copy.

Lucas Cranach (1472–1553), who took his name from his native place—Kronach, in Franconia—was a contemporary of Albrecht Dürer. He became a favorite at court when quite

Fig. 212.—Cranach. Portrait of Luther. Uffizi, Florence.

young; later he was court painter for three electors of Saxony, and often took charge of the numerous festivities. His art leans toward no special school, for he was too decided in his opinions to be influenced by any teacher. His paintings are most interesting, because in them he has preserved the national traits of his countrymen, while keeping his own peculiar style

in his own whimsical manner. His subjects were as varied as his treatment of them was peculiar. His love of the nude figure, combined with his strange lack of beauty-sense, often led him into most peculiar and grotesque combinations. It was not at all unusual for him to picture an Eve or a Venus in a red velvet hat, while otherwise they were clothed as nature left them; still he was so perfectly child-like in his German simplicity that one is simply amused at his delightful candor. He had very little idea of aërial perspective or of the use of light and shade, and was often defective in drawing, but he gave a certain grace to his figures that was charming, if not truthful.

Fig. 213.—Cranach. A Patrician. Berlin Gallery.

In portraiture Cranach was at his best; even in his religious pictures he often introduced the portraits of those grand men, Luther and Melanchthon. Many notable men of that time sat to him for their likeness, but of them all no one drew stronger, truer work from his brush than did Luther. One needs but to look into the face of the great reformer, as seen in the portrait made by his artist friend (Fig. 212), to understand the power that could elicit such a picture. There must have been a strong bond of sympathy between these two men, for Cranach accepted Protestantism very early in the movement. A recent Italian writer has very cleverly defined the feelings of Pope Leo X. toward Luther

in a little poem, where his portrait, placed in the Vatican Palace, is the leading motive:

"Towards the ground in a darksome nook,
Low'ring his lantern, he bends his look.

There on a panel by curtain dimm'd
Is the Luther portrait Cranach limn'd.

The pope looks wildly for Satan's trace;
The stern monk gazes right in his face."

A portrait of a "Patrician" (Fig. 213), in the Berlin Gallery, is another example of Cranach's wonderful insight in reading the characters of the men around him.

Dürer, Holbein, and Cranach began and ended great art in Germany. Although these men represented three art centers—Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Saxony—they did not found schools. Dürer was a genius of too varied a nature to be confined in the narrow limits of a teacher; Holbein spent most of his time in England, so there was no opportunity to gather pupils around him; Cranach was too busy with his life at court and in political office to teach his art to others. They all had imitators who copied their various styles—this was specially true of Dürer—but the imitations fell so far short of the originals that the work was not art.

CHAPTER XXXI

DENNER—KAUFFMAN—BÖCKLIN—PILOTY—HOFFMANN—MAX—DEFREGGER—VON UHDE—LENBACH—MUNKACSY

DURING the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries art was at a very low ebb in both Italy and Germany. The Renaissance had come and gone in the south, and a new movement was started to counterbalance the work of the Reformation in the north; religion was again the motive power in art, but, there being no original Michael Angelo mind to give new meaning to old themes, the artists simply exaggerated what had gone before and—failed. The German artists had ceased to be national and were following Italian methods, so they, too, fell short. There were a few men who succeeded in pleasing the public taste and in keeping alive the art instinct, but their work was very inferior in quality.

Nothing indicates a decadence in art more quickly than when artists begin to copy nature so perfectly that the result becomes photographic, and calls forth the remark, "How natural!" which of itself implies that it is an imitation. How long would the person who is the most enthusiastic over the life-like wax figure be contented to sit and gaze in its face? And yet a portrait where the artist has caught the soul of the sitter will hold one for hours even if every wrinkle, mole, and eyelash has not been noted. It is strange that such a man as Balthasar Denner (1685–1747) could call forth the enthusiasm that he did as a portrait painter. Perhaps it was curiosity that held the attention. In looking at his portrait of the "Head of an Old Man" (Fig. 214), in Munich, one is rather curious to know just how many wrinkles there are at the corner of the eye, and if the old man's beard is as heavy as it looks. The pains Denner has taken to bring out every line, whether of beauty or defect, is distressing. If he had only put into those

fine large eyes of the old man that subtle something that shows the life of the inner man, how that old face would have lighted up and glowed with intelligence! He seemed to prefer the marred and time-worn countenance of the aged rather than the rounded cheek and youthful bloom of the young. His portraits show simply the head and upper part of the shoulders of his sitter, with almost no drapery to relieve the minute detail of the head. Many of the sovereigns of Europe sat to him for their portraits.

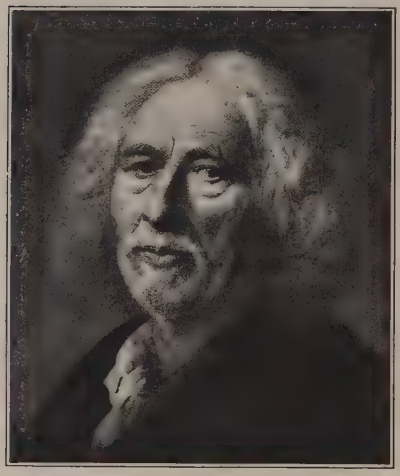

Fig. 214.—Denner. Head of an Old Man. Munich Gallery.

Shortly after Denner laid down his microscopic brush, Angelica Kauffman (1741–1807) began her art career as a portrait painter. Again the public taste was pleased, but this time with sweet, pretty faces having no lines of age to mar them, or no emphasized features, either, to detract from the excessive sweetness of their doll-like beauty. Angelica was born in Austria, and when fifteen she was taken by her father to Milan to study both music and painting. Later she traveled in Italy, where she visited Naples, Rome, and Venice; and, meeting the wife of the British Ambassador, Lady Wentworth, she went with her to England. The young artist's wit, pleasing manners, and skill with her brush soon won her a place in the most brilliant London society. She was honored as one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and probably at this time began that friendship with Sir Joshua Reynolds which, if tradition is true, ended in Sir Joshua becoming her lover, but not her choice, as she accepted a Swedish impostor from whom she was soon divorced. Her second marriage to a landscape painter from Venice also proved unfortunate. The last of her life was spent in Rome, where she died in 1807.

Angelica's art was at its best in her ideal figures; these are pleasing in both the composition of the subject and in the handling of drapery. There is a tenderness in the faces that often redeems, in part at least, the mere prettiness of flesh tone and fluffy hair and elevates them above sentimentalism. The "Vestal Virgin" (Fig. 215), in the Dresden Gallery, has a purity of conception that raises it to a high standard. The

Fig. 215.—Kauffman. Vestal Virgin. Dresden Gallery.

virgin has that innocence of young maidenhood that is a priceless ornament, but has she the strength of character that will enable her to keep that innocence at any cost? It is in not showing this very strength, that Angelica fails in her art. There is pleasing beauty but no abiding qualities.

For over two centuries there was stagnation in the development of art in Germany before an attempt was made to revive the old and create a modern art that would rival, if not surpass, the glories of the past. At the beginning of this movement,

young art students went to Italy to study, and there they imitated the spirit of simplicity found in the artists before Raphael's time. These newly acquired ideas they carried back to Germany and spread broadcast over their own country. Instead of producing an art strong in individuality and of exalted ideals, they founded schools where large canvases were the measure of excellence. The classic and religious subjects were the themes that attracted them, but the spirit that would fill these subjects with life was lacking. Everything they did was commonplace. These reformers were ambitious, but ambition without the genius that will produce a masterpiece is of no avail. Genius is heaven-sent, not ambition ordered. Here and there the individual artist worked out his own salvation, and left work that will live; these special men overcame the modern tendency of German art to tell stories with their pictures, which characteristic is not indicative of great art. The different schools that came to the front attracted some attention, as the Munich school and the Düsseldorf school, but most of their notoriety was due to the fame acquired by some particular artist who had been connected with the school while preparing for his life work.

At the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century were born several artists who have become more or less noted as marking some special movement in German art. Of these, perhaps Arnold Böcklin, who was Swiss by birth (1827–1901), represents the most striking originality. Böcklin was a native of Basle, and there, in a dingy little room of the university library, he spent hours studying the wonderful creations of Holbein. No teaching could have been more helpful to this genius, whose mind was teeming with fantastic beings born of his fertile imagination. The strong common sense of the master, which came out so unmistakably in his works, was just the steadying influence necessary to hold the boy and awaken in him an earnest desire to become a great artist. After two years training in the Düsseldorf school he went to Belgium, where he was fascinated with the color of the Flemish masters, especially with the glowing canvases of Rubens. He then went to Paris for a short time before going to Rome, which

latter city opened to him the greatest blessings of his life—perfection in his art and a good wife.

Böcklin is not only one of the strongest and most peculiar personalities of the artists of the nineteenth century, but of the whole history of art. No trait gives better evidence of the power of the man than his thoroughness in preparing for his work. He was a master of composition and a superb colorist. It is true that his drawing was not academic, but his marvelous grasp of the essentials that make a complete whole far outweighed any lack in his sense of form. One of his most charming effects is where he brings into his landscapes figures—sometimes human, sometimes mythical—that seem to grow out of the surroundings as naturally as the trees, the flowers, or the grass. Weird beings these figures often are, but perfectly harmonious; in fact the landscape would be incomplete without them. "The Centaur at the Village Smithy" (Fig. 216) causes no more wonder than a beautiful horse brought by his master for a shoe to be replaced. The smithy listens with the same respectful attention as though it were nothing unusual to be addressed by so strange a monster. Even the bystanders evince no surprise—only admiration and respect. As a landscape painter Böcklin may well be classed with the Fontainebleau artists. His passionate love for nature is felt as the very essence of every one of his canvases.

FIG. 216.—Böcklin. The Centaur at the Village Smithy.

Another artist of this period who was the best of the early Munich masters was Carl Theodor von Piloty (1826–1886). He was really the founder of a school. He early acquired fame and influence among his German contemporaries; but very soon, however, this spirit of progress, that gave him success with his pupils, proved his own rival and left him—the master

—in the rear. Piloty's strength lay in his historical canvases, where he vividly portrays scenes most realistically. He has left a monument to his genius in the decorations of the City Hall of Munich, in which he has painted portraits of the city's prominent citizens of the past. Sometimes his realism carried him a little too far in giving too much prominence to the settings of a scene, which detracted from the subject. In his painting of "Nero Walking among the Ruins of Rome" (Fig. 217), however, we are really more interested in the results of Nero's

Fig. 217.—Piloty. Nero Walking among the Ruins of Rome.

spoliation than we are in the monster of vice himself. Piloty has preserved the dignity and grandeur of the immortal city so faithfully that even her ruins are eloquent of her former power. Were it not for the pathetic interest that Rome herself always inspires, perhaps the careful detail work on broken column and cornice would seem as the merest old woman gossip compared to the human tragedy in the foreground, which he has treated simply as an accessory.

Probably there is no artist to-day whose pictures are more widely known in the home and in the Sunday school than Heinrich Hoffmann's (1824–). His Bible scenes have become

so familiar that his interpretation of events in the life of Christ is often accepted as the true one. It is a pity that "Raphael's Bible" could not have been the educating medium instead, for then the young people of to-day would have had a correct idea of what is true art and a more ideal conception of Bible times. Hoffmann was particularly fond of scenic effects, which come out in his portrayal of Shakespeare's dramas and Biblical scenes.

His most noted picture is "Christ before the Doctors" (Fig. 218), in the Dresden Gallery. Aside from the "Sistine Madonna," in the same gallery, no picture has more attractions for the general sightseer, and even that does not bring out as many adjectives of admiration. Certainly the artist has conceived a most beautiful character in the Boy Jesus, and one worthy the highest praise. There is a depth of knowledge in those large luminous eyes that is more than human, and a rare beauty in that uplifted head that only one who was sincere, and wholly absorbed by his subject, could have given.

Fig. 218.—Hoffmann. Christ before the Doctors. Dresden Gallery.

No three artists of the modern German school represent three phases of art subjects more truly than do Franz Defregger (1835–), Gabriel Max (1841–), and Fritz von Uhde (1848–). Although each man was more or less influenced by the Munich school, they were men of too strong ideas to be bound down to any particular school training. Defregger is pre-eminently a *genre* painter. It was his delight to picture the Tyrolian peasant as he appears at his work and at his play. No one knows better how to represent these rustic folk or to do it with more truth to nature, than did he. Born as he was

in a small country town (Stronach) he came very close to the lives of the people who, in later life, peopled his canvases. One marvels at his skill in giving such individual expressions to his scores of characters. Being a close observer of the lives of those around him, he could individualize each person. There is a charming picturesqueness in his scenes that is most pleasing; a hard common sense in the men and women that makes one feel their worth, and, above everything else, he knows just the right detail to repeat in all his peasant scenes to make the Tyrolian peasant distinctive without assuming a mannerism. Who does not know the green felt hat with the feather on one side, or needs to be told that the man wearing that hat belongs to the Tyrol?

Fig. 219.—Defregger. The Meal of the Hunters.

A typical picture of Defregger's is "The Meal of the Hunters" (Fig. 219). It is simply typical because he has given a scene from the life of the Tyrolian peasant; otherwise it is as different from his other pictures as are the various faces that make up the group. This is a veritable portrait group of these mountain people. It is just this freedom from repetition of some particular face in his *genre* compositions that makes them so full of interest. His delightfully frank, simple manner of bringing these people to our notice is perfectly charming. He is not telling a story, he is simply giving an incident of daily life where the actors in the daily drama are perfectly unconscious of anything but the part they are playing. We unconsciously look for the feather in the dark green hat of the Tyrol as being a part of the scene as much as the animals—and no one knew better how to make the

latter an essential element with the peasant folk than did Defregger.

In Gabriel Max we find the tragic side of life emphasized. His tendency in portraying historical characters is to picture them in distressing circumstances. That he has a wonderful imagination and great originality no one will deny, but one would not care to live with many of his pictures. The artist himself felt that in his picture, "Gretchen," he more nearly realized his own ideal than in any other painting. The conception of the character of Marguerite as pictured in "Gretchen" is truly marvelous. There is a peculiar fascination about the eyes of the women, as Max paints them, that almost haunts one after once looking into them.

Fig. 220—Max. The Lion's Bride.

One of his most popular pictures, "The Lion's Bride" (Fig. 220), is founded on a story taken from Chamisso's ballad. The young girl and the lion have been chums since babyhood, and have loved each other tenderly. In her joy over her approaching marriage she comes to tell her playmate of the young man who has won her and that they are to wed the next day. The lion feels the torments of jealousy, and, rather than relinquish his claims to another, he kills her with one stroke. The prostrate girl and the dignified bearing of the lion as he rests his cheek against the form of his beloved express vividly the tragedy and the right of possession. The cool tones in which it is painted have so softened the horror of the deed that we simply admire the artist's genius in the use of his colors.

As a religious painter no one is better known to-day than Fritz von Uhde. He has modernized the scenes in the life of Christ, but he has not vulgarized them. Sincerity is the key-

note in all his paintings. The simple peasants in their homely surroundings, dressed in their common, every-day clothes, are perfectly in keeping with the gentle Savior as he appears among them. He paints true Christianity as it comes from the heart; there is nothing artificial in the humility of his men and women. We all admit that story-telling is not true art, but when such an artist as Von Uhde tells the story of Christ in his simple, forceful manner, it becomes true art. As a painter he stands unchallenged. The Savior completes the family circle, as Von Uhde has represented "Christ in the Peasant's Hut" (Fig. 221), in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris. What combination of words could plead so eloquently for Grace before meals as this humble scene does? The blessing given here is a blessing for all humanity.

Fig. 221.—Von Uhde. Christ in the Peasant's Hut. Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

Had Franz von Lenbach (1836–1904) never painted any other portraits than those of Bismarck, his fame as a portrait painter would have been made. The Iron Chancellor will be as well known to posterity by Von Lenbach's likenesses as Washington is through the Gilbert Stuart portraits. The bond of sympathy between these two strong natures was very close. Both were born leaders of men. In the portrait of Bismarck (Fig. 222), Von Lenbach has caught the very essence of the character of the "Man of Blood and Iron." The flash of the eye and the set of the square shoulders denote the tireless energy of this diplomat, whose power was felt not only the length and breadth of Germany, but of the whole world.

Von Lenbach was not only the son of a carpenter, but he worked at the bench himself until he entered Piloty's studio at Munich. The honest manliness of his character was never more apparent than when, one day riding with Princess Bis-

marck, he pointed to a carpenter at work on a peasant's roof with the remark, "I, too, was at that trade in my youth." When this man died all Germany mourned his loss.

When Mr. W. P. Wilstach, of Philadelphia, bought "The Last Day of the Condemned Man" (Fig. 223), in 1870, it prac-

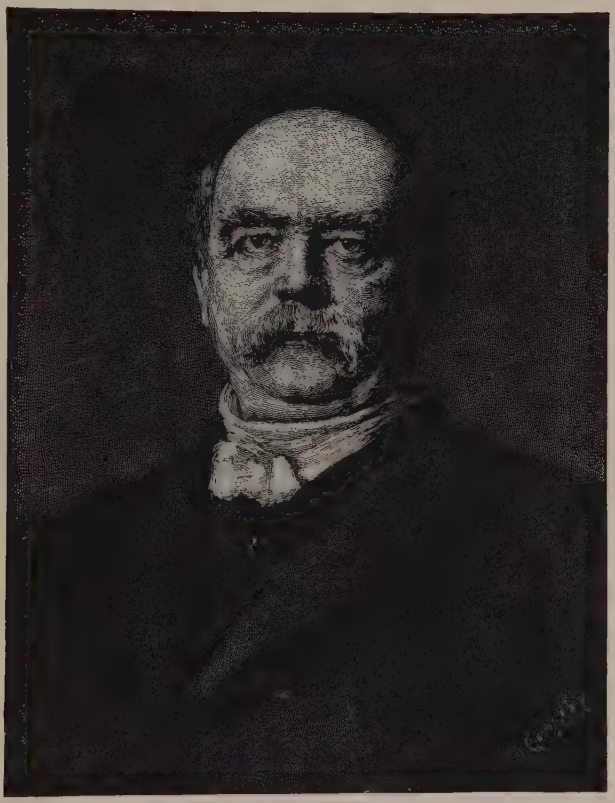

Fig. 222.—Von Lenbach. Portrait of Bismarck.

tically ended the youthful struggles of Baron de Munkacsy. The picture was exhibited at the Paris Salon of that year, which secured for him a high place in the world of art. In choosing such a subject, Munkacsy has commemorated an old custom in Hungary—that of exposing a prisoner, who had

been condeemed, to the public for several hours. The artist has made the pathos of the scene heartrending. The terrible grief of the wife, as she leans against the cell wall with her face buried in her apron, brings a sob to our throats; the hopelessness of the condemned man is stamped on every line of his body. The expressions on the different faces comprehend

Fig. 223.—Munkacsy. The Last Day of the Condemned Man. Private Gallery, Philadelphia.

every emotion that pitying humanity feels for the unfortunate. Michael de Munkacsy was born in Hungary in 1844. While apprenticed to a carpenter, he first began painting by decorating the furniture that was made in the shop. But, seeing a famous portrait painter at work, he resolved to become an artist. His native talent, combined with ambition, determination, and perseverance, finally brought him wealth and renown.

FRENCH PAINTING

FIG. 254.—Corot. Dance of the Nymphs. Louvre, Paris.—*See page* 348.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE CLOUETS—POUSSIN—CLAUDE LORRAIN—CHARLES LEBRUN—
LE SUEUR—WATTEAU—NATTIER—CHARDIN—GREUZE

DECORATION seems to have been the motive power in early French art, for, from the very beginning, this people loved the ornamental. Many influences were at work, for a long period of time, developing the French nation. While the art of the country passed through many phases, it is comparatively easy to follow the different effects that the conquering powers left on the native element. When Rome ruled France in the fifth century mural decorators followed Italian methods. Then Charlemagne, in A.D. 800, with his many acquisitions from the east, brought the Byzantine element; during this century Irish decorations were introduced and the Flemish influence was at work.

FIG. 224.—Matilda. Bayeux Tapestry. Hotel de Ville, Bayeux, France.

At the time William the Conqueror went into England—1066—his wife Matilda, with her maids, was at work on the famous Bayeux Tapestry (now in the Hotel de Ville, Bayeux), which is so perfectly preserved that by it we can judge of the artistic development of the eleventh century. This wonderful piece of needlework (Fig. 224) gives a most accurate account of the manners and customs of the times. Often the subjects chosen for decorative purposes were religious, but Christianity was not the motive power as it was in very early Italian art. Illuminated missals of rare beauty and exquisite workman-

ship are among the treasures of early French art. Stained glass was made as early as the thirteenth century. There was no real French art before the fifteenth century; even then the methods used were derived from other nations.

In the sixteenth century Francis I. introduced new schemes for enlarging and beautifying the buildings of Paris and the royal residences. He not only encouraged home talent, but brought into France the best artists from other countries. He traveled extensively, and while in Italy he invited Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto, with several other artists, to come to France to assist in the decorations on his new palace at Fontainebleau. Tradition says that Leonardo died in the arms of the young king, but this is hardly true, as he spent his very last days at the Chateau Boise, on the Loire, a home furnished him by Francis, and here he died in 1519. These master geniuses greatly influenced the art of France, and, for a time at least, furnished the art. They even established a school called "The Fontainebleau School."

Fig. 225.—François Clouet. Portrait of Elizabeth of Austria. Louvre, Paris.

There were also native artists, whose training was Flemish, who were making themselves felt, so that there was considerable strife between the two methods of work—the Italian, with its beautiful form and color scheme, and the Flemish, with its love of detail and its sincerity and love of truth. As time went on the Italian influence grew stronger until finally the Flemish leaven was overpowered and the southern master was the model for France. There was still no master mind so full of

French individuality that he could create a purely French art that would show the characteristics of the French nation. There were men filled with the artistic instinct, but they were trained in foreign schools and at once absorbed so much of the teacher that the inherited talent was overpowered.

The native artists of France who really attracted any attention at this time were the Clouets. They were Flemish in origin and preserved the Flemish methods, especially in the very fine detail work so characteristic of the northern technic. Two of the four Clouets—Jean and François—were noted for their portrait painting. The fine examples of their work in the Louvre show the careful finish of the Van Eycks with the same firm drawing and transparency of color. In 1570 François Clouet painted the "Portrait of Elizabeth of Austria" (Fig. 225)—daughter of Maximilian II.—who had just become the bride of Charles IX. of France. Is it possible as we look into her beautiful face that we see foreshadowed there a little of the sorrow that was to come to her so soon over the awful cruelties of that fearful night of St. Bartholomew?

In the seventeenth century there was founded a French academy of painting and sculpture, and large collections were made of works of art. Two artists, Nicholas Poussin (1593–1665) and Claude Lorrain (1600–1682), who were particularly noted for their landscape painting, were really great artists of this century, but they were simply French by birth—their work was Italian.

Poussin was born in Normandy. He worked for years trying to earn enough with his brush to take him to Rome, the center and gathering place of artists, and there he spent the remainder of his life. His son, who was born in Italy, is given among the Italian artists. Poussin was a student; he knew his Bible and made himself thoroughly familiar with mythology, legends, and traditions. He loved to fill his landscapes with classical figures; in fact the landscape was used more as a setting for the picture. A good example of one of his outdoor scenes, where he has used trees, mountains, and clouds to bring out the grace and charm of the composition, is his "Arcadian Shepherds" (Fig. 226), in the Royal Institution, Liverpool.

These shepherds have more the appearance of gods than real people. Homer might have used them as models for his Paris and Venus. There is nothing slovenly in Poussin's work; his drawing is good, his scenes are well balanced, and his color pleasing, if at times it was a little strong. He could not have been an expert in mixing his pigments, for many of his pictures are fading and changing color. While he followed very closely the methods then in vogue in Italy, of showing little interest

Fig. 226.—Poussin. Arcadian Shepherds. Royal Institution, Liverpool, England.

in humanity or sympathy for his fellow man, his classical scenes are so full of joy and animal spirits that we, too, feel a certain joyousness in looking at them. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in speaking of Poussin's love of the antique and familiarity with the ancient statues, says: "He may be said to have been better acquainted with them than with the people who were about him." The artist returned to his native country in 1639 at the invitation of Louis XIII., who gave him a pension and made him painter in ordinary, with his home in the Tuileries, but the jealousy of his rivals sent him back to Rome after three years.

Although there was nothing French in Poussin's art, yet he was the founder of the classic and academic art in France.

Claude Lorrain was born in Lorraine, from whence he got his last name. He was a true landscape painter. He loved the classic as well as Poussin, but he showed his love by creating a lovely garden filled with charming nooks covered with drooping branches, and secluded grottoes down by flowing streams, and into this garden he put little temples with porticos

Fig. 227.—Claude Lorrain. Landscape. National Gallery, London.

supported with Ionic and Corinthian pillars. These ideal spots were to be the home of mankind in the future, as they were of the gods in the past. One could walk among his trees and feel the warmth of his sun. To wander in one of his gardens would rest and refresh one's weary brain and tired body.

Truly the men and women in his "Landscape" (Fig. 227) do make life simply a holiday; the daily living amid these Arcadian scenes would be an unalloyed pleasure. Claude Lorrain worked with a trained hand that responded to a creative brain, but his creations were Italian in character.

In visiting the palace of Versailles to-day one naturally

asks what artist covered that immense *galerie des glaces* with so many and varied paintings; and with work whose quality could hardly have been thought good even by the uneducated. It will be seen that the pictures were made to flatter royalty, and any artist who paints simply to please the patron—even

Fig. 228.—Charles Lebrun. Christ in the Desert Waited on by Angels. Louvre, Paris.

if he is a king—could not be great. This prolific painter was Charles Lebrun (1619–1690), who certainly made up in quantity what he lacked in quality.

He was appointed court painter by Louis XIV., a monarch whose vanity was well pleased with being represented as a

Cæsar or an Alexander. The only redeeming feature of this work is originality of composition. For fourteen years Lebrun worked at Versailles, where his influence may be recognized in the works of other artists of his time. If he did not attract enough attention by the size of his canvases, he chose unusual subjects, as "Christ in the Desert Waited on by Angels" (Fig. 228), in the Louvre. Most of his religious pictures are unique because of his rather strange choice of scenes. One wonders why Michael Angelo or Raphael, when reading of the temptation of Christ, was not attracted by that verse which says: "And, behold, angels came and ministered unto him." If Lebrun's conception could have been worked out with the magic brush of one of those masters, how different would have been the results! To represent a figure in so unnatural a pose as balanced in mid-air required more genius than Lebrun possessed. The position of the angel is strained and awkward; even the wings are of little use either for assistance or ornament. The color and light are both inferior.

Fig. 229.—Le Sueur. Jesus and the Magdalene in the Garden. Louvre, Paris.

Eustache Le Sueur (1616–1655), who was born in Paris, may have been a pupil of Poussin when that artist came back to his native country in 1639. Le Sueur was of a frank, gentle nature, more in sympathy with mankind than either Poussin or Lebrun; often showing the deepest affection in portraying his subjects. There is a certain delicacy of touch, mellowness of tone, and grace of arrangement that, in a measure, counteract his weakness as a painter and uncertainty as a draughtsman. Most of his pictures are religious subjects, and, while at times he is inclined to be sentimental, there is a sincere religious

spirit in his sacred themes that reaches the heart. In the Louvre, Paris, is his "Jesus and the Magdalene in the Garden" (Fig. 229), a picture well worth careful study. This painting compared with the same subject treated so nearly like it by those great colorists—Titian (in the National Gallery, London) and Correggio (in the Prado, Madrid)—makes Le Sueur's thinness of color more striking—in fact all the weaknesses of the artist are more apparent; but when the picture is looked at for its own merit, there is some reason for his being called "the French Raphael" by his own countrymen.

Fig. 230.—Watteau. Embarkation for Cythère. Louvre, Paris.

The art produced all through the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. showed the influence of the kings. That of the first was to depict a monarch who longed for glory, and wished every scene to picture great achievements. Then followed a time when the court was given over to festivities of all kinds. The artist must represent the different pastimes of the pleasure seeker; he must give the lover and the mistress, the court gallant and the coquette. These pictures were used in decorating the suites of rooms belonging to the great ladies of the court. Nothing could surpass the delicate designs and beautiful coloring of these decorations. The scenes were always

gay; only the happy side of life was shown. In walking through these suites from sitting room to boudoir, from chamber to dressing room, it is one continual display of charming bits of happy summer time, where love is supreme.

No artist entered more fully into the spirit of the time than Jean Antoine Watteau (1684–1721). He was the first real French painter—painting French scenes through French eyes. With him came the *genre* pictures of court life—life in the summer forest, delightful gardens, idyllic groves beside the lake; with tender couples sauntering in these enchanted shades, loving and being loved—all is happiness with no thought of a to-morrow. His subjects are trifling and insipid, but he has an originality of treatment and a vivacity of color that charm and delight us. He has thrown off the Italian influence, and has given us something so full of individuality that we recognize the French characteristics at once.

Fig. 231.—Nattier. The Magdalene. Louvre, Paris.

In the "Embarkation for Cythère" (Fig. 230), in the Louvre, he has pictured the inhabitants of the imaginary island of love, with all the joy and happiness of courtship and honeymoon, and with that same play at living that so characterized all his works. He was a clever brushman, and pictured his fancies with a delicacy and skill that are simply fascinating. No one knew better how to pose his little figures to give them dignity and grace; he knew just the details necessary to bring out the style and elegance of gown and stuff. The "Watteau Plait" was never more gracefully worn in real life than in his tiny ideals.

While Watteau was painting paltry court life in its rôle of rustic simplicity, amid Arcadian groves and sylvan woods,

Jean-Marc Nattier (1685–1766) was putting on canvas an accurate idea of the pink-and-white complexions, velvety cheeks, and bewitching eyes of the court beauties. Nattier was the idol of that gay, brilliant world; he alone knew how to conceal defects, and make a plain face charming without the portrait being any the less a true likeness of the sitter. No wonder this "pupil of the Graces and painter of Beauty" was called "the Magician" by all women, whether pretty or plain. No one knew better how to paint gleaming satins, heavy brocades, and filmy laces; but he was not dependent upon rich stuffs to make his women fascinating. Could anything be more captivating than his "Magdalene" (Fig. 231), in the Louvre, Paris? True, there is little of the penitent in this dainty beauty, as she poses so gracefully in an ideal cave in an ideal desert. But who could look into those dark eyes without feeling that the artist could give a spiritual, tender expression even if he did not go below the surface and portray the character of the fair one? How thoroughly French he is in his lightness of touch, sparkling color, graceful poses, and fluffy draperies, which define the form, yet "float and flutter with unparalleled airiness and grace"!

Fig. 232.—Chardin. Still Life. La Craze Collection, Louvre, Paris.

For a time the popularity of Nattier was almost unparalleled; he was the favorite painter of the royal family; commissions came to him from the nobility, from the youth and beauty of court and city, and from many of the courts of Europe. But the dark cloud of war that was overshadowing this fair country was disastrous to art. His popularity began to wane until he was all but forgotten by his fickle patrons; this, together with his own misfortunes and domestic sorrows, filled the last of his life with the keenest suffering.

While Watteau and Nattier were catering to the high-born

in giving them pictures representing the gayeties of the court, Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin (1699–1779) was painting the truly *genre* subject. At first he confined his talent to still-life—one of his best pieces is in "La Craze Collection" (Fig. 232), in the Louvre. But whether because of the taunt of one of his friends, or because he felt that he could do better things, after middle life he began to paint figure pieces direct from nature. His success in this line was so great that his domestic scenes became the rage, and were sought after by all. The engraver made it possible for the very people whose lives he had portrayed so faithfully, to own copies of the same pictures so highly praised in the Salon by his friend, the art critic Diderot. He represented the daily life of the bourgeois class so faithfully and with so much simplicity that these compositions are simply perfect. There is a harmony about them that one cannot describe but one can feel. He uses little imagination in working up his subject, but he depicts every detail with such consummate skill that there is a personal note in each object. There is nothing of the simpering prettiness that was quite the style with many of his contemporaries.

Fig. 233.—Chardin. The Blessing. Louvre, Paris.

Nothing could be more charming than the homely little scene of "The Blessing" (Fig. 233), in the Louvre, Paris. The arrangement is simplicity itself. The little girl on the low stool has her tiny hands clasped and is intent on saying her own little blessing before she, too, can have the dish of soup her mother has ready for her. Nothing could be more perfect in color and light, shade and harmony, than this little gem. It is one of the most beautiful and most popular of his paint-

ings, and was not only reproduced by engravings, but the artist repeated the subject five different times. This one of the Louvre is the original painting.

For twenty-five years the works of Jean Baptiste Greuze (1725–1805) were the fashion. It is true that he was only a painter of the second rank, but he had the good fortune to come at a time when his particular talent as an interpreter was just what the French people wanted. He was not an originator, but he knew how to take the domestic scenes, so often portrayed by the Dutch and Flemish artists, and make these represent the spirit of his own times. There is nothing that so strongly impresses a nation or an individual as to have its thoughts or feelings laid bare as though by a supernatural power—and this power Greuze seemed to have in portraying the familiar scenes of every-day life. That he never painted a masterpiece, no one will deny; that there was inspiration in his brush when he painted the blushing cheek, the red lips, and the fluffy hair of the young girl so full of health and youthful beauty, every one will admit. The glaring defects of color, of light, of modeling, and of composition are all forgiven him because of the tender, loving thought he has put on these dainty maidens (Fig. 234)

Fig. 234.—Greuze. Maidenhood. National Gallery, London.

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet."

The one picture of Greuze's that has attracted the picture lover and the art student equally is "The Broken Pitcher" (Fig. 235), in the Louvre. In this painting he has more nearly

reached the ideal of innocent girlhood than in any other of his works. Neither the title of the picture, nor the presence of the broken pitcher itself, adds anything to its real merit. Here we have an interpretation of the serious thoughtfulness that comes to the little maid when young maidenhood is struggling for recognition. Those wide-open eyes are just seeing the

Fig. 235.—Greuze. The Broken Pitcher. Louvre, Paris.

beckoning future, and the whole attitude of the child is one of expectancy. Certainly this is the most naïve and charming of all of Greuze's pictures of innocence.

Turning away from these young girls that are so attractive to the majority of people, we find the word "artificial" written boldly on all his other canvases. In one class of pictures Greuze, like Hogarth, thought to teach a moral through his subjects, but, unlike the great English satirist, his sentimentalism pre-

vented him from calling a spade a spade, so his picture lessons became mere story-telling pictures of an exaggerated, bombastic character. "The Father's Curse" (Fig. 236), in the Louvre, is a good example of this class of subjects. Such a scene as he has here depicted would do very well on the stage, but it is too theatrical for real life, and lacks the sincere ring

Fig. 236.—Greuze. The Father's Curse. Louvre, Paris.

of truth that would represent a moral lesson. When these canvases were exhibited in the Salon they were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the French people, but, no doubt, the change of subject from the formal court scene and Arcadian groves, that had been the themes of the artists for a half century, was most welcome to this change-loving people. It is hard to be entirely just to this artist who was so overestimated in his own day.

CHAPTER XXXIII

DAVID—PRUDHON—GÉRARD—INGRES—GROS—MME. LEBRUN

THE Revolution at the beginning of the nineteenth century spread itself over all countries, and was felt in all departments of life. It was not simply a political upheaval, but an intellectual and artistic one as well. The people were awakened to the realization that they, too, were a part of the nation, and as such they felt a longing for something broader and deeper than had satisfied the ruling class. The dilettanteism of Louis XV. and the indecision of Louis XVI. were of themselves sufficient cause to disgust the true artist and turn his thoughts to the classical forms of the ancient Greek and Roman art. The noble forms of those old statues were more in harmony with the spirit of the times. The coming of Napoleon, with his ambition to excel in everything, and his wonderful power of acquisition and expansion, fostered this new spirit until the young artist felt that the study of the antique must be the principal preparation for his life work. The problems of life were more complex than when the king was the kind father and the Church regulated every action; it had become a serious matter for the individual to live, and this new responsibility made a stronger people. The combination of these two elements—the acquired classic spirit and the new spirit of French individualism—created the Classic school in France.

The "Regenerator of French Art," according to his countrymen, was Jean Louis David (1748–1825). His master Vien, who had made a brave fight against the inferior work and petty subjects of his fellow artists, instilled into his pupil the strong determination to overcome the weaknesses of those around him, and put the art of painting on a firmer basis. David began his art career at an early age, and at twenty-two

determined to compete for the Grand Prize of Rome, but it was only after repeated defeats and five years of steady work that he gained his point.

After five years spent in the Eternal City among the classic ruins, studying the Greek statues and copying the works of the master painters, he returned to Paris, where he was honored as an academician, with a home and studio in the Louvre. The story of the artist's life from now on would be a history of those troublous times. He was soon a prominent promoter

Fig. 237.—David. The Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine. Louvre, Paris.

of the Revolution, and a great friend of Napoleon, by whom he was appointed court painter later. David became "the man after the heart of the age," and the recognized leader of the new Classic school. His large canvases of subjects, filled with the republican and revolutionary spirit of the past, appealed strongly to the turbulent spirit of the day, and when those tragic scenes of the "Reign of Terror" were a reality, no man knew better how to put them on canvas for posterity than did David. While those pictures represent vividly the awful tragedies that were enacted, they show only the more formal, stilted side of this man's art. It is in the "Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine" (Fig. 237), in the Louvre,

that we see the real power of David in a historic scene. Napoleon, after an hour's examination of the canvas, turned to the artist and said: "It is well done, David, very well. You have divined my thoughts; you have represented me as the embodiment of French chivalry. I am indebted to you for handing down to posterity this proof of affection which I have desired to show her who shares with me the cares of government." After Napoleon's first abdication the original of the painting was destroyed by order of the Bourbons, but, on the return of Napoleon to Paris, this one was ordered from

Fig. 238.—David. Madame Récamier. Louvre, Paris.

the artist. There is a stateliness and dignity about the grouping of the figures and a richness in the low-toned color that harmonize well with the scene portrayed. It is an immense painting measuring thirty-three feet long and twenty-one feet high with over two hundred figures.

In turning from this crowded canvas to his "Portrait of Madame Récamier" (Fig. 238), in the Louvre, one realizes the wonderful versatility of this remarkable man. It is in his portraits that one feels the real personality of the artist; he seems to drop all rules and acquired ideas, and gives us a peep of his own naturalness and simplicity. Could anything be more simple in arrangement or graceful in pose than the fur-

nishings and figure in this picture? The plain white gown without ruffle or lace, against the pale yellow of the cushions, and the outline of the whole figure intensified by the empty background, make a picture so vivid in its severe simplicity and transparent color that even the memory of it gives a thrill of pleasure.

Another artist who was an exponent of the Classic school was Pierre Paul Prudhon (1758–1823). He had the same strong feeling for line and classic composition that was so pronounced in his contemporary—David. His subjects chosen from the mythological and allegorical were often treated in a mystical and indistinct manner, and his religious pictures were a little too exaggerated in sentiment and pose. He was entirely opposed to David in the purely pictorial element, and the use of light as an integral part of his compositions. He tempered the cold formalism of the classic with the spirit of throbbing, pulsing life indicative of an age of youth and simple living. Possibly he lacked the elevation of style of his contemporary, yet the arrangement of his compositions was graceful and effective. "The Assumption" (Fig. 239), in the Louvre, exemplifies his strength in drawing as well as his unique conception of a much-used subject. The ease and grace of the two figures in supporting the Virgin are well expressed and carry out the idea of the Virgin's own supernatural ascent into heaven. The clear light and rich color of the foreground are in perfect harmony with the delicate flesh tints of the phantom-like cloud of witnesses and the hazy blue atmos-

Fig. 239.—Prudhon. The Assumption. Louvre, Paris.

phere that forms the background of the picture. Prudhon was a true artist of his time.

A very close follower of David was François Gérard (1770–1837), who was born in Rome, where his father had been sent with the French ambassador, but came to France and entered David's studio when he was sixteen. After four years under this master he went to Italy for three years, and then coming back to Paris in 1793 — the year Louis XVI. was beheaded — he soon fell under the influence of the revolutionary spirit, which carried him out of the classic style, absorbed from his master David, into the freer, less austere style of the Napoleonic era. Through his portraits he attracted the attention of Napoleon, who made him official portrait painter of the court in 1806. On these portraits rests his fame as an artist. He was so industrious in painting the men and women of note, that, at his death, he left nearly a hundred full-length portraits and over two hundred smaller ones. His picture of "Madame Récamier" (Fig. 240), in the Louvre, is a fine example of the grace and good taste he displayed in this branch of painting. In representing the beautiful woman—Madame Récamier—this picture gives a greater charm to her personality than that

Fig. 240.—Gérard. Madame Récamier
Louvre, Paris.

of David's (Fig. 237). What a Salon that must have been with this most beautiful woman in France and her friend, Madame de Staël—the finest conversationalist—as entertainers! No wonder that Napoleon, when he found that they were not in perfect sympathy with him, banished them from Paris.

Fig. 241.—Ingres. The Source. Louvre, Paris.

The greatest of David's pupils was Jean Ingres (1780–1867). After absorbing from his master the love of line and form, he spent twenty years in Italy studying the artists of the Renaissance, which modified his classic ideas somewhat, but in no way lessened his respect for the early teaching of David. In no picture does he show his belief that "in nature all is form," as he so often said, as in "The Source" (Fig. 241), in the Louvre. This figure is as pure and chaste as the water that pours from the urn into the crystal pool at her feet. The beauty and dignity of the delicately curved lines of the figure are in perfect harmony with the seams in the rock, the falling water, and the flower stem of the fleur-de-lis at her side. No artist has so closely wedded the sister arts—sculpture and painting—as he has in his single figures. He was a fine draughtsman, working with such enthusiasm over drawing correctly, that even to-day it is felt in the French school.

An artist closely associated with Ingres, and a pupil of David, was Jean Antoine Gros (1771–1835). Unlike the

persevering Ingres, this artist was ready to change his style in painting his large battle-pieces, adding to form and line, color, light, and atmosphere—in fact he broke away from the formalism of the classic and portrayed his scenes in a more realistic manner. This temerity brought such a storm of criticism that his old master finally convinced him that so much freedom was not true art. Before he returned to the classic, however, he painted many large canvases, and held a prominent place at the head of the artists of his time. When he returned to the teachings of David, and competed with the Romantic school—of which he was really the forerunner—he failed in his attempt, finally closing his studio, saying bitterly: "I know no misfortune greater than to survive oneself." Shortly afterward he committed suicide.

Fig. 242.—Gros. The Visit of Francis I. and Charles V. to the Royal Tombs at Saint Denis.

One of the pictures that admirably illustrates his skill in overcoming the formality of the classic without losing its repose and dignity is "The Visit of Francis I. and Charles V. to the Royal Tombs at Saint Denis" (Fig. 242). The gorgeous display of colors in the attire of the royal sightseers against the massive stone pillars and archways of the old cathedral is just the contrast necessary to bring out the life and dignity of the scene.

Madame Vigée-Lebrun, who was born in 1755, began her artistic career at a very early age; when she was only seven or eight her artist father, seeing a sketch of a man's head that she had made by lamplight, said: "You will be a painter, my child, if ever there was one." Her father's death, when she

was but thirteen, so crushed her sensitive nature, that for a time she laid down her brush, but, remembering his prophetic words, and encouraged by the painter Doyen—her father's intimate friend—she found real comfort in trying to fulfill the prophecy of the loved parent. The individuality of the young

Fig. 243.—Madame Lebrun. Portrait of the Artist and Her Daughter. Louvre, Paris.

artist was so pronounced that the lessons of her teachers did little more than show her how to set her palette. At fifteen her portrait painting was so remarkable that it brought her commissions from members of the royal family, which was the beginning of her being the most successful portrait painter

in Europe. She probably painted more crowned heads than any other artist who ever lived. She was very unfortunate in her marriage to M. Lebrun, an art collector, a spendthrift, and gambler, who demanded all she earned for his own expenses, oftentimes leaving her almost destitute. He lived in elegantly furnished rooms, while she had but two small ones where she must even entertain her friends. Her "drawing rooms," how-

FIG. 244.—Madame Lebrun. Marie Antoinette and Her Children. Versailles, France.

ever, were always filled with the most noted artists and writers of the day, while she received them with the greatest simplicity. Madame Lebrun was a beautiful woman endowed with a charming personality that made her a favorite with all. Her devotion to her art and to her little daughter, the only child, saved her from becoming morbid over her unhappy lot. The portraits she has left of herself and her daughter are the embodiment of maternal love. The one in the Louvre (Fig. 243) is one of the most charming of these portraits. In no other pic-

ture has Madame Lebrun evinced greater skill in portraiture; the tenderness of the mother and the child-love of the little one are perfectly natural and unaffected; the exquisite modeling of the flesh, the perfect harmony of the delicate blue of the child's slip against the green and red of the drapery and sash of the mother, could hardly be more satisfying. This devoted mother was soon to lose the love of her daughter through her marriage to a scheming husband. No doubt the daughter, inheriting her father's mean traits, was easily influenced against her mother. We sympathize with Madame Lebrun.

Of all her portraits of the royal family, possibly the one most interesting to us is that of "Marie Antoinette and Her Children" (Fig. 244), in the palace of Versailles. It was painted when the popularity of the queen was declining, yet the painting was accepted with great enthusiasm because of the artist. After the close of the Salon of 1787, where it was exhibited, it was taken to Versailles by order of the king, who expressed himself to Madame Lebrun as so pleased with her work that, said he, "I do not know much about painting, but you make me love it." Madame Lebrun painted more than two dozen portraits of this ill-fated woman, most of them being made from personal sittings which brought the artist many happy hours in close companionship with the gracious queen.

CHAPTER XXXIV

GÉRICAULT—DELACROIX—DELAROCHE—ARY SCHEFFER—
DECAMPS—FROMENTIN—COUTURE

THE restless longing for a change, which the revolutionary spirit of France brought into all walks of life, gave dissatisfaction in the present and promised very little for the future. No class of people are more susceptible to disturbing elements than artists, with their high-strung, sensitive natures. They feel the moods of those around them, often expressing in their compositions the sentiments of the multitude. The quick succession of events and the highly wrought state of the public could no longer be represented by the perfect poise of the Greek hero. The art of Ingres was too cold and stern to show the intense passion of the stirring times. More action was needed than mere *form* could express. The followers of David were not full enough of life and enthusiasm to please the young artists. Such men as Géricault (1791–1824) and Delacroix (1799–1863), who, in their boyhood, had been fascinated with the exploits of the great Napoleon, found the methods of the Classic school inadequate to express the scenes their teeming brains evolved. These men were filled with romantic ideas gathered from the word pictures of the romantic writers. A fierce struggle began between the two schools—the Classic and the Romantic. The conservatives, on the one hand, said, study the old Greek and Roman models, give dignity and repose to each composition; the radicals, on the other, said, we want life, more animation, more expression of sentiment. Each side held to its own way of thinking until finally out of the two schools developed a third school, made up of the men who saw good in both the Classic and Romantic, and so combined the best from each, and started the Eclectic school.

The representatives of these three schools were all at work in Paris in the early part of the nineteenth century. David

and Ingres persevered in giving all their compositions a classical turn. They emphasized *line* and *form* as the principal things in painting. Géricault and Delacroix were just as persistent in doing away with so much "line" and "form." They exaggerated scenes from life. Delaroche, who was the real founder of the Eclectic, moderated the emphasized points of the other two, which made admirable pictures even if they do lack originality.

Géricault was never better pleased than when representing rearing horses, contorted bodies, and everything showing motion and unrest. His "Raft of the Medusa" (Fig. 245), in the

Fig. 245.—Géricault. The Raft of the Medusa. Louvre, Paris.

Louvre, proves his power to portray the horrible and dramatic. The more exaggerated the passion, and the more realistically a blood-curdling story could be put on canvas, the greater credit to the artist. Géricault did not live to see his romantic ideas realized, but Delacroix, his friend and fellow student, became the real founder of the school. This artist was an expert in the use of color, although rather harsh at times. He showed great skill in the distribution of light, also in filling the whole picture with atmosphere. His subjects were taken largely from the thrilling events of history, in the portraying of which his emotional nature had full play. His pictures created great excitement among the young and the old. When the "Massacre of Chios, in 1822" (Fig. 246), in the Louvre, was first exhibited, Gros called it "the massacre of art." Truly

nothing but the horrible is seen in this painting! The cruel Turk is riding roughshod over the prostrate bodies of men, women, and children, regardless of prayer or entreaty; in the distance the wild waves of the angry sea are lashing the shores of the island; not a tree, not a blade of grass—nothing relieves the ghastliness of the scene. But the conservatives could storm as much as they chose; Delacroix led on, drawing the young artists around him in the romantic movement; still he alone represented the strongest and best artist of the school.

Delaroche and Ary Scheffer, the founders and promoters of the Eclectic school, were both born the same year—1797. They were not men of great ability; in fact they invented nothing, but simply appropriated from those around them. As "story-tellers" in art, they pleased the general public and became popular both in their own time and to-day.

Fig. 246.—Delacroix. Massacre of Chios. Louvre, Paris.

Delaroche could draw as well as Ingres; he could express his ideas in a romantic manner so that he made pleasing picures even if they were not masterpieces. He loved to take some special event in history, and reproduce some one scene so that it would recall the whole story. In working out the single figures—seventy-five of them from the different epochs—in his "Hemicycle"—in the theater of the palace of the Beaux Arts, Paris—he has shown a wonderful constancy of purpose in the execution, and, "Like some beautiful poem, the painting of 'The Hemicycle' forms a harmonious whole, broken, as it were, into stanzas." The painting is intended to commemorate painting, sculpture, and architecture from Pericles to Louis XIV. At the lower front of the central

group is a charming nude female figure (Fig. 247). She represents the Genius of the Arts as she distributes laurel wreaths to crown the heads of those who have joined the immortals. The finished study for "The Hemicycle," entirely by Delaroche, is in the Walter's Gallery, Baltimore.

Fig. 247.—Delaroche. Detail from The Hemicycle. Palace of the Beaux Arts, Paris.

Ary Scheffer was more a follower of Ingres, although he combined the two schools. In many of his paintings the figures are so carefully and so accurately drawn that they could be used as models by the sculptor. In the picture of "St. Augustine and His Mother, Monica" (Fig. 248), in the Louvre, the color is cold, the drawing severe, the position of the mother strained, and the son awkward, yet the artist has put into the faces such true devotion that we feel the consecration of this mother and son, and know that they stand for sincere truth. Scheffer was an illustrator, choosing his subjects from the Bible, Goethe, and Byron.

Fig. 248.—Scheffer. St. Augustine and His Mother. Louvre, Paris.

There was a class of artists at this time who went to the far East to study the manners and customs of the orientals. The rich colors of eastern costumes, the magnificent oriental rugs, and the gorgeous hangings in the dimly lighted chambers—all appealed to these romance hunters. The two artists who led in this movement were Decamps

Fig. 249.—Decamps. The Foundling. Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

(1803–1860) and Fromentin (1820–1876). No artist has given a more accurate account of what he saw in that strange and wonderful country than Decamps. He loved to paint the scenes around him, giving not only interiors where wealth has brought together beautiful works of rare value, but also street scenes full of human sympathy. In the Luxembourg, Paris, is a painting of Decamps that is a perfect little gem of feeling and simplicity—"The Foundling" (Fig. 249). This little mite of a child lying on the pavement, the lower part of its little body wrapped in swaddling clothes, its tiny baby hands held toward you, and a wee smile on the baby face would melt a heart of stone. There is no other object in the picture—just this forsaken bit of humanity that tells its own story simply and forcefully.

Fig. 250.—Fromentin. The Falcon Hunt.

There is a delicacy of touch and brilliancy of color in Fromentin's pictures that are truly remarkable. He delights in Arab horses, especially when following the chase or galloping over the desert. "The Falcon Hunt" (Fig. 250) shows his talent in portraying those beautiful animals, and also his wonderful skill in handling the atmosphere, making it surround and envelop the wild, desolate scene among the rocks and crags.

Thomas Couture (1815–1879), who was a pupil of Gros and Delaroche, broke away from the particular influence of

Fig. 251.—Couture. The Romans of the Decadence. Louvre, Paris.

any special teacher or school, and represented a style quite original, in which he took the initiative, but was followed by a large number of artists, called the Semi-Classicists. At one bound he made his reputation by his picture of "The Romans of the Decadence" (Fig. 251), in the Louvre. Never again did he equal that production. Although a classical subject, in which allegory abounds, his treatment is so realistic that there is no mistaking the lesson, and to this he has added a freedom of handling and a rich coloring that intensify the realism. How well he has emphasized the calm dignity of the classic statues against the abandon resulting from the reeling of reason! but without allowing the "masters of earth" to wholly lose their spiritual birthright.

CHAPTER XXXV

MILLET—ROUSSEAU—COROT—DAUBIGNY—DIAZ—JULES DUPRÉ—TROYON

ABOUT the year 1830 the most famous coterie of artists since the Renaissance in Italy, was at work in France. All the restless longing for a medium through which to express an art that was universal, and that would belong to humanity, seemed to find expression through these men. They were the real founders of that famous school of "Landscape Painters," sometimes known as the "Fontainebleau School," or the "Barbizon School," or the "Fontainebleau-Barbizon School." It is true that landscape painting had reached a point of excellence among the Dutch painters that excelled everything in the past, yet now a new inspiration came and an added glory was given through a closer study of nature. The men who were in this school studied the old Dutch masters, and were in touch with Constable, the full rounded landscapist of England. All that was achieved in the past was gathered up by these geniuses, and given back to us so filled with that mysterious element that touches the inmost soul that we bow our heads in silence, realizing that we are in the presence of God's elect.

Was there ever a little hamlet more to be envied than Barbizon—that quaint little village just at the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau? Even to-day, while wandering through its quiet streets, one feels the influence of those men, so mighty in thought, yet so simple in habit.

Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Dupré, and Troyon, the seven who were most intimately associated in the Barbizon school, were often called "The Pleiades." These artists little thought what they were leaving to humanity!

As we enter the little town to-day from the forest side, we find, on one of the great bowlders that has crept into the very

village itself, two bas-reliefs, side by side, of the two men (Millet and Rousseau) whose lives were spent among these huge rocks—playthings of the forces of nature. It is a fitting place for souls so tried by the selfishness and inhumanity of the world. Looking into the faces of these grand, simple-minded men, one sees in them the strength that is drawn from nature and nature's God.

Millet (1814–1875), with his simple faith and prophetic eye, saw, with Burns, that there was poetry in the common things of life, and that there was beauty of form, of color, of atmosphere, in the plowed field, in the working peasant, and in the homely commonplace. Poor, almost destitute at times, he never forgot his duties as a parent and husband, and struggled on with that cheerfulness of spirit that belongs to the truly great. Persuaded by his friends, he went to Paris for a short time, but he was a peasant, and his peasant manners were not acceptable in the polite society of that city; the nobility beneath the rough exterior was not recognized by the leaders in superficial Paris. It was in his own home, near to nature's heart, that he fulfilled his destiny.

Fig. 252.—Millet. The Sower. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

Whatever Millet touched with his magic brush glows with the poetry of life, even when the scene represents the most humble task. Nothing could be more prosaic than "The Sower" (Fig. 252), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. But these homely peasants, bathed in the soft atmosphere that Millet knew so well how to paint, have so appealed to the human side of us that we are in perfect sympathy with

them and their work. It is not as a draughtsman that this artist holds his place among the foremost, but as a revealer of simple line, feeling for form, and that subtle relationship between shades of color that is seen in the meadow and across the grain fields.

Rousseau (1812–1867), with his many-sided nature, at one time bright and gay, and then sad and full of forebodings, found the sympathy he needed in this secluded retreat. When he was filled with sadness he would wander off into the depth of the forest with no companions save the trees he loved so dearly. Sometimes he would be gone for days, drinking in

Fig. 253.—Rousseau. The Edge of the Woods. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

strength from these silent guardians, and filling his soul with warmth and love from the joyous sunshine sifting through the wide-spreading branches. These days of solitude perfected in him that sublime sentiment, and love of warm, rich color so characteristic of his compositions. He was an earnest student at all times, and, while his methods varied at different periods of his career, yet he never wavered in his lofty conception of, and deep-seated love for, nature. No lover was ever more ardent in picturing his loved one than Rousseau was in putting on canvas his adorable trees. Whether these silent companions stand at "The Edge of the Woods" (Fig. 253), Metropolitan Museum, New York City, or are in the depth of the forest, we feel that his wish had been fulfilled when he said: "I wished to converse with them, and to be able to say to

myself, through that other language—painting—that I had put my finger upon the secret of their grandeur."

The "happy one" of the Pleiades was Corot (1796–1875). His heart was full of sunshine. Light and air were the two great essentials of his art. He was up before the first peep of dawn, and off to some secluded spot where he eagerly watched for the approach of day. He has revealed in his paintings each step in the morning's toilet, the full dress of the day's noon reception, and the evening's soft garments of sleep. He has inspired us with purer thoughts through his intimacy with nature's secrets. We stand before one of his morning anthems, and draw a long breath to drink in the invigorating air of the new-born day. We find him again, as twilight approaches, busy with his enchanted brush, transferring the lights and shadows of the sinking sun. Who ever painted such trees! Trees filled with the glory of sunshine! Trees dripping with the evening dew and glistening in the morning light! Trees bordering the quiet streams, and standing proudly alone in the open field! Corot himself says: "To really get into my landscapes, you must wait—wait till the mists have cleared a little. Be patient! You can't see the whole of it at first; but gradually, by and by, you will get in; and then I am sure you will be pleased." I once saw an old gray-headed artist standing before the "Dance of the Nymphs" (Fig. 254 —*see p.* 314), by this genius, who exclaimed: "It is a Corot; there is nothing more to be said." Then crossing the room, and stopping before a Daubigny, he went on, "And this man we love. He comes so close to us with his sunny meadows and shady streams." These two men were much alike in their love of atmosphere. But no one has understood the fitful moods of day, as she appears in the morning and disappears at night, as well as Corot. He treats her with all the tenderness and consideration that her woman's nature demands.

We say truly of Daubigny that he loved the atmosphere. He bathed everything in it. One can feel the breeze as it steals through the trees and rustles the branches overhead. Then at dusk the evening atmosphere covers every object with a soft haze, bringing us in nearer communion with the

spirits of darkness. Daubigny was born in Paris, but his love for nature was so sincere that a little house boat on the Seine was dearer to him than any mansion in the gay city. The gray days, when the mist hung low over the water, were his delight. In no picture does he show his love for color tones more truly than in "Morning" (Fig. 255), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. He knows how to choose just the

FIG. 255.—Daubigny. Morning. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

right bit of country, and then he has that rare power of giving, with truth and simplicity, the scene as it appears in its naturalness.

Diaz (1808–1876) was Spanish by parentage, but was born at Bordeaux, France. When he was a young boy he had the misfortune to lose one of his legs through the effects of a snake-bite. What seemed at the time a real calamity, was really a source of good fortune in giving the boy more quiet time for study and meditation. He never had much training in his art, but his fertile imagination gave him a great variety of subjects, and he loved brilliant colors. The two elements in his nature, developed through inheritance and environment, are often seen in his pictures in the rich colors and dense shadows of the Spanish, with the delicate handling and poetic feeling of the French. The gorgeous coloring of October touched a sympathetic chord in his heart, and brought from his brush

scenes that will stamp him for all time as a true artist. Diaz was a practical man with a big heart; through his kindness and generosity many a needy friend was cheered and comforted. When he died Dupré, who was one of the pallbearers, said, after the funeral, "The sun has lost one of its most beautiful

Fig. 256.—Diaz. No Admittance. In a private collection, Antwerp.

rays." "No Admittance" (Fig. 256), in a private collection at Antwerp, is one of the very few figures pieces that Diaz painted. The rich flesh tints contrast well with the magnificently colored drapery and somber-toned architecture. The light coming through the archway catches the glint of gold in the dark, luxuriant hair, giving an added glory as it crowns the shapely heads of the beautiful maidens. He was a great artist. None knew better how to give delicacy and poetic

charm to figure piece and landscape, than did this "versatile, unequal, impetuous Diaz."

Jules Dupré (1812–1889), as did Diaz, began his art career in a porcelain factory, where he studied design; these two

Fig. 257.—Dupré. The Hay Wagon. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

men were often called the decorative painters of the Barbizon school. From the very beginning, Dupré captivated the public with his rustic scenes. The charm of his "The Hay

Fig. 258.—Troyon. Cattle Going to Work. Louvre Paris.

Wagon" (Fig. 257), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, is the wonderful simplicity and truthfulness of the scene. He always put into his landscapes something of human inter-

est, that draws the heart toward him. His farms, with the cottages and meadows, where people live and cattle graze, represent true life; the mills and the trees bordering the streams furnish food and shelter for both man and beast. The peace and rustic charm in these homely scenes interest mankind. Dupré was the last survivor of the Pleiades of 1830.

Constant Troyon (1810–1865) was a landscapist as well as an animal painter. He loved animals, and when he put them into his pictures they became such an essential part of the whole that the scene would not have been complete without them. In the picture of "Going to Work" (Fig. 258), the oxen are a living, breathing element in the scene. They so palpitate with life that one almost feels their presence in the room where the picture is hung in the Louvre. Troyon could not be considered a good draughtsman, but there is so much truth in his manner of giving special traits that distinguish objects, in all his works, that much can be forgiven him. He interpreted nature with a large, free touch that can be readily understood and appreciated by the world.

CHAPTER XXXVI

JACQUE—BRETON—ROSA BONHEUR—PUVIS DE CHAVANNES—
BAUDRY—GÉRÔME—BOUGUEREAU—CABANEL—
COURBET—MEISSONIER—DETAILLE—
GUSTAVE DORÉ—MANET—MONET

ANOTHER artist contemporaneous with Troyon was Jacque (1813–1890), who was celebrated for his painting and etching of sheep. His barnyard scenes, as "The Sheepfold" (Fig. 259), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, with the open sheds and sheep contentedly feeding at the long, low manger filled with straw, and the chickens industriously scratching beside them, are full of poetry and true life. He knows the habits of sheep; he has been with them in the shed and in the field, and is not telling what some writer has said about them, but what he has seen himself. The way he huddles them together, and then tries to start them over some unusual object, fills us with mirth, for he understands so well the stupidity of the innocent things. While Jacque is not a true colorist, yet he has the power of giving scenes with a sincerity and truth that bring the natural scene vividly before the mind.

FIG. 259.—Jacque. The Sheepfold. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

One of the peasant painters whose works are often seen and easily recognized is Jules Breton (1827–1906). He knew just how to put his human beings in a real landscape without spoiling the effect of either. He could paint the peasant men

and women, and give them personal characteristics so that they would be recognized as individuals. He may not have had the originality of Millet in representing the commonplace

Fig. 260.—Breton. The Gleaner. Luxembourg, Paris.

in life, but he did give a certain dignity to his laborers that elevates whatever they are doing. Some of his single figures are specially strong, as seen in "The Gleaner" (Fig. 260). She has a charm of form and manner that marks his power

as a figure painter. There is perfect harmony between this rustic beauty, with her poetry of motion, and the landscape he has portrayed with so much sincerity and reverence. No French artist of the nineteenth century had a more unanimous acknowledgment of his merits than did Jules Breton during his lifetime.

Rosa Bonheur (1822–1899) acquired most of her fame in this country from her "Horse Fair," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. It was brought to this country about fifty years ago. The picture is full of dash and vitality. The horses are magnificent animals, and are showing off to the

Fig. 261.—Rosa Bonheur. Oxen Plowing. Luxembourg, Paris.

best advantage, as they prance before us on the way to the fair. Rosa Bonheur's sole teachers were her father and nature. Very early in her career she began visiting the horse fairs to study the animals in their natural surroundings. As she dressed in the blouse and breeches of the peasant boy, she was never molested, but passed as the clever boy-artist who knew how to please the men with his animal pictures. No woman has commanded greater respect for her purity and generosity than has Mademoiselle Bonheur. As an animal painter she will hardly rank with Troyon and Jacque, but in individual pictures, as in "Oxen Plowing" (Fig. 261), she stands second to none. As we linger before this painting in the Luxembourg, we realize that she has given the same intense study to the char-

acter of these patient, long-suffering cattle that she did to the noble horses. She has come in very close touch with nature, and has revealed her secret—the beauty of the plowed field—as she has surprised it through her own tender sympathy for the great out-of-doors.

These Barbizon-Fontainebleau artists were far from being appreciated in their day; in fact, they were condemned and ridiculed, and even shut out from the Academy to show in what disfavor they were held by the contemporary artists. To-day, however, the men who followed the classic influences are little sought after, compared with the nature-loving artists, who achieved greatness through the love of truth.

The close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century was

Fig. 262.—Puvis de Chavannes. The Sorbonne Hemicycle. The Sorbonne (University of Paris).

marked by the birth of five boys in France, who were to make names for themselves as artists. Each one developed in his own line, and each one has his own followers. They were Cabanel (1825–1889), Gérôme (1824–1904), Puvis de Chavannes (1824–1898), Bouguereau (1825–1905), and Paul Baudry (1828–1886).

The artistic career of Puvis de Chavannes was one long struggle against the artificial. He was perfectly calm and unruffled through all the storm of criticism that was hurled at him from all sides. His firm conviction that he was in the right, made him persevere; his truth, sincerity, and simplicity won the day, and, before his death, no man was more highly honored as a master. This artist will always be best known

by his mural paintings. In these the keynote is the absolute harmony between the landscape and the figures. His allegorical representations were the result of the most careful study and profound meditation; every line, every gesture has its special place in the meaning of the whole. His only commission outside of his native land was for the Public Library, Boston. The painting was first exhibited in the New Salon, Champ-de-Mars, Paris, then sent to America, to decorate the main staircase of the library building, where it fills the space with that perfect harmony that Puvis knew so well how to

FIG. 263.—Baudry. Panels from Paris Opera House

produce. The meaning of the large composition—"The Muses Hailing the Spirit of Light"—is emphasized and completed by the subjects portrayed in the eight small panels on either side. Perhaps his greatest work is the "Sorbonne Hemicycle" (Fig. 262), an allegory of the "Letters, Sciences, and Arts." This immense painting decorates the apse of the amphitheatrical lecture-hall of the Sorbonne, the University of Paris. The center figure represents the presiding genius of the Sorbonne—possibly it is the reincarnation of Robert de Sorbon, the founder; beside her are two youths with laurel crowns and palm branches to reward the worthy. From below the throne flows the pure stream of learning, from which young and old drink. When in the presence of these allegorical

people, placed, as they are, in a setting so severe in arrangement and so pallid in coloring, there is a feeling of having come into a region of pure air, where life is clean and thoughts holy. There is no earthly passion in these scenes, but a high moral tone radiates from color, light, atmosphere, and figure alike.

The best work of Paul Baudry is in the Paris Opera House —that building so famous for its situation and beautiful proportion. His paintings decorate the *Foyer du Public;* those

Fig. 264.—Gérôme. Pollice Verso.

on the ceiling represent Melody, Harmony, Tragedy, and Comedy (Fig. 263). Baudry was a fine colorist—although the color of these paintings are somewhat faded—and a correct draughtsman. Most of his subjects are taken from the classical, but he shows very little originality in planning his compositions. Some of his portraits rank with the very best.

Gérôme's versatility led him into almost every school of painting. He was a man of wide knowledge, gained through books and through travel, and he shows this knowledge in his subjects taken from the far East, from Rome, and from the life at home. Being a man of talent he promised great things, but he lacked that something that appeals to the heart of humanity. He shows no emotion in painting the most har-

rowing scenes. We feel thankful that the spectators have turned their thumbs down in "Pollice Verso" (Fig. 264), to save the fallen gladiator, for surely Gérôme has failed to awaken the least feeling of sympathy in his portrayal of the scene. Gérôme's drawing is correct, his colors are good, and his sub-

Fig. 265.—Gardner (Madame Bouguereau). The Judgment of Paris. Salon 1893.

jects are interesting; surely all these qualities ought to make a master, but masters are not made: they are born.

Probably no artist has been more popular in France for the past fifty years than Bouguereau, and possibly no one has been more criticised. His well-trained eye and hand have made him a famous draughtsman, but they are so well trained that little of the originality of the artist is left. Too much school and too little spontaneity is the criticism. We like some things made to order, but not a painting. The pronounced

mannerism that marks all the works of this artist does not stamp them with the characteristics of a great genius. He lacks that genuine warmth of color and true sincerity that really touches the heart.

Among Bouguereau's many pupils was Miss Gardner, our own countrywoman, who, after nineteen years' waiting, became his wife. This prolonged courtship was due to the artist's deference to his mother's disapproval of an American wife; after her death he became his own master, and when sixty-one they were married. While the works of Miss Gardner have some of the qualities of her master, the personal equation of her own genius saves them from many of his faults. The sweet simplicity and sincerity of "The Judgment of Paris" (Fig. 265) may not be the elements that designate a great painting, but they have given a charm to this picture that is delightful. At least Miss Gardner has had the good taste to be enthusiastic over her subject, which is an unknown quality in Bouguereau's pictures. A studio story is told by an eye-witness of his "Birth of Venus" (Fig. 266), in the Luxembourg, that when "he had caught himself in a false harmony, he had actually glazed one of his figures to the proper tone." Summing up his demerits and merits we heartily agree with the critic who says: "Tasteless good taste is his sin, wonderful accuracy in drawing his glory."

Fig. 266.—Bouguereau. The Birth of Venus. Luxembourg, Paris.

Cabanel is another thoroughly trained artist who could imitate to perfection, with an occasional glimmer of originality. From the very beginning of his career to the end of his life,

he had honors thrust upon him, until absolutely nothing remained for him to covet. He was the leading professor in the École des Beaux Arts for years, where, much to his credit, he sought to promote individual genius in his pupils, rather than to make "Little Cabanels." His classic training showed itself in the treatment of the many historic subjects he painted. We feel no thrill of emotion as we look at his painting where "Cleopatra Tries Poison on a Slave" (Detail, Fig. 267), for we

Fig. 267.—Cabanel. Detail from Cleopatra and Slave.

see nothing but a piece of work well drawn and perfectly finished. The strange history of this beautiful woman brings no brisk vivacity or dash of enthusiasm to the brush of this painter from the academic machine. As a portrait painter, who could make a likeness while softening all blemishes, he had few equals.

The two men who came to the front about the time of the Barbizon artists, and who stood for a special movement in the history of painting, were Gustave Courbet (1819–1878) and Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier (1815–1891). Courbet desired neither classic art on the one hand, nor romantic art on the other. His fundamental idea was realism; he wished to paint

a subject just as he saw it in nature—if ugly, then make it so; if beautiful, then make it beautiful. He went so far in his "exaggerated eccentricities" that he preferred the ugly and sought out the ill-favored for his subjects. As a landscapist, he shows his greatest skill, for in this the finer instincts of his nature are made apparent. His painting of "The Wave" (Fig. 268), in the Louvre, is a good illustration of his power in handling the attributes of nature, revealing them in a large,

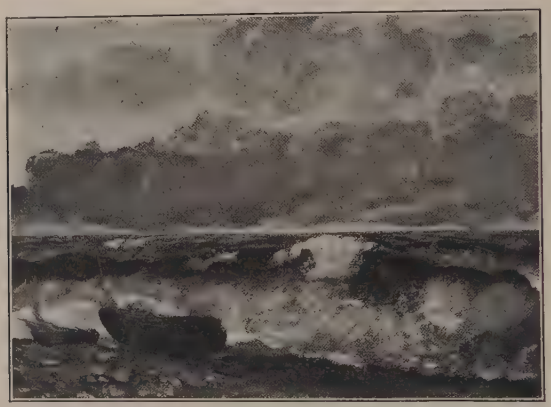

Fig. 268.—Courbet. The Wave. Louvre, Paris.

free manner—he hated petty details. Indirectly he has exerted considerable influence over later men.

Meissonier turned to the Dutch school for inspiration and instruction—possibly he equaled some of the Dutch masters in everything but color. His eyes were so wonderfully trained that their seeing quality was microscopic in character. The severest critics, when examining his pictures with a magnifying glass, acknowledge his excellence as a draughtsman, and that he paints drapery to perfection; his diminutive people are perfect in form, dignity, and polish. His single figures, especially those of men, are among his very best works. Some of his finest portraits are found in the Chauchard Collection, Paris, among the tiny little people that have something so "Frenchy" about them.

Meissonier painted a series of Napoleonic pictures representing the great general at different stages of his campaign. The largest and most noted of these paintings was his "1807," which was painted for A. T. Stewart, and now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. Another canvas of almost equal prominence is his "1814" (Fig. 269), in the Chauchard Collection, Paris. The artist himself says of this picture: "When I made the sketch for '1814' I was thinking of Napoleon returning from Soissons with his staff after the

Fig. 269.—Meissonier. 1814. Chauchard Collection, Paris.

battle of Laon. It is the campaign of France, not the return from Russia, as has been sometimes suggested. For this theme I could scarcely find colors sad and subdued enough. The sky is dreary, the landscape devastated. The dejected, exasperated faces express discouragement, despair, possibly even treachery." The picture is about twenty inches high by thirty inches wide.

Edouard Detaille (1848–) was a pupil of Meissonier, and follows his teachings in many particulars, although not giving the same attention to details. Nearly all of his canvases are either battle-pieces or some phase of military life. His experiences in the Franco-Prussian war gave him just the

material for picture-making. "The Dream" (Fig. 270), in the Luxembourg, has that careful, painstaking work that reminds one of the famous general's remark: "We are ready, quite ready; we miss not a gaiter button."

Gustave Doré (1833–1883) is best known as an illustrator, although he has painted a large number of pictures, especially of religious subjects. He was a man of wonderful endowment, original to a marvelous degree, and yet he borrowed and

Fig. 270.—Detaille. The Dream. Luxembourg, Paris.

assimilated the ideas of others beyond all precedent. Doré's art belongs to no special time and follows no special school. He is not at all religious, and yet he strikes deep at the root of the immorality of his time. He could no more paint a saint than Fra Angelico could paint a devil. The horrible seems to fascinate him and call forth his sublimest work, but work with many faults of drawing and of color. That he had a happy side to his nature is seen in his illustrations of "Les Contes de Perrault" (Fig. 271). His fairy-folk have the same fascination for children that all Mother Goose stories have.

No modern movement in the history of painting attracted more attention among the artists in Paris than the first exhibition of the so-called "Impressionists" in 1880. At first astonishment, amusement, and antagonism were the prevailing impressions. No one understood just what was intended by the excessive use of seemingly crude colors laid over against each other in patches and daubs nearly as thick as one's little finger. Then the purple and violet shadows; where did they

Fig. 271.—Doré. Les Contes de Perrault.

come from? This exhibition sent all the artists to observing nature more closely, when, to their astonishment, they found that Edouard Manet (1833–1883), the leader of the new movement, was presenting nature as she "impresses" the painter, and not as she really is. One thing was certain: that never had the sun entered a painted landscape more truly than in these canvases! But it will take more than the serious convictions of such men as Manet and Claude Jean Monet (who discovered the purple shadow) to educate the public up to looking at its masterpieces through the big end of a telescope. The managing of light, however, of these impressionists, has taught all nature students a valuable lesson and one that will redound to greater glory in future landscape painting.

ENGLISH PAINTING

Fig. 275.—Reynolds. Angel Heads. National Gallery, London.—*See page* 374.

CHAPTER XXXVII

HOGARTH—REYNOLDS—GAINSBOROUGH

ALTHOUGH the first artistic awakening in Northern and Western Europe was in the British Isles, in Ireland, England was nearly the last country to show her love for the art of painting. In her earliest history it was the story-teller who formed as much a part of the household as the master, and if he could sing his tale to the music of some crude instrument his services were so much the more acceptable. Then later she used her pen in giving word pictures that were marvelously realistic and oftentimes very beautiful, while still her manner of living was so simple that the barest necessities of life were all that her people expected or desired. Thus it was that the attention of the people was held through the charm of the human voice and the power of the written word, long after the rest of Europe was under the spell of the pictured story that appealed to the eye alone.

When, at the close of the thirteenth century, all Florence was filled with religious fervor over the wonderful "Madonna and Child" of Cimabue, Roger Bacon was creating great excitement in England, where his discoveries in the natural world were attributed to the power of magic. Instead of religious fervor, Roger was denouncing the clergy, until finally the pope interfered and prohibited his teaching at Oxford.

Very early in the Christian era Ireland furnished examples of decorative work in illuminated manuscripts, which show the influence of the far East. In the British Museum are specimens dating back as early as the sixth and seventh centuries. Then, as missionaries came to England, they brought with them foreign artists who were inspired with the spirit of the East, but whose art soon felt the influence of the island country they had adopted as their home. The beautiful missal work left

by these artists is a good example of the combination of the two elements—the strength of the North and the refinement of the East.

One of the most strictly English in the character of its decorations is "Queen Mary's Psalter" (Fig. 272), in the British Museum. The work was done in the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century, and was presented to Bloody Mary, when she was crowned queen in 1553, by Baldwin Smith, a merchant of London. This beautiful bit of missal work came into his hands with some old vellum manuscripts that were for exportation. He was so struck with the exquisite work that he saved it to present to the queen on her coronation. The delicate shading of green, lilac, and brown, the brilliant colors and gilded background, have been used with consummate skill.

Fig. 272.—Queen Mary's Psalter. British Museum, London.

The reason why England was so far behind her sister countries in adopting pictorial art is not easy to find. She has always been most appreciative of the "work and worker," as they came to her from over the channel. No country has ever been a more generous patron of artists, or given more cordial welcome to them than she, drawing to herself, as she always has, the very best that other countries had to give. There probably were native artists in the early centuries, but they were so influenced by imported talent that nothing of purely English origin is apparent. There are some fragments of wall painting in a few of the churches to-day that give a fair idea of the mural decorations of the Middle Ages. Some curious specimens in Westminster Abbey, London, of the fifteenth century are exceedingly interesting.

When the native artist did begin to originate an art peculiar to England, it was more of the character of illustration—an

art to picture what the writer had already advanced—than a pictorial creation pure and simple. There is one branch of the painter's craft, however, in which England has from the beginning led the van—*portraiture*. Even before painting proper began, they brought miniature painting to rare perfection. The fine, delicate work done on the illuminated manuscripts was just the training necessary to develop the miniature.

Of all the artists who came to England from the Continent —and there were many of them during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—probably that master genius, Holbein, did the most toward advancing this daintiest of arts. His wonderful skill in transferring to canvas the living, acting characters of the time was so miniature-like in its minuteness of detail that the native artists found much in his life-size portraits to help them in their more delicate work. The English portrait painter came later, and he came to stay.

One of the finest collections of portraits in the world is in the National Portrait Gallery, in London. To appreciate even in a small degree the wonders of the collection one must visit the gallery again and again. There is no branch of painting that requires so much study to understand, appreciate, and love it as portraiture, so it is usually the last to attract the attention of the general sightseer.

England may well be proud to have opened the eighteenth century with such a genius as William Hogarth (1697–1764), and at a time, too, when the rest of Europe was dead so far as artists and art productions were concerned. Hogarth sprang into existence a full-blown painter, bringing with him no national inheritance of art traditions. The foreign artists, who brought into England such varied talents and left art treasures of untold value, made little impression on the native artistic mind. The time was not ripe for the Briton to show what he could do with his brush until he needed to make his word pictures more emphatic in stemming the tide of evil that was overwhelming the country. Hogarth accomplished with his brush what Cervantes, in Spain, did with his pen at the close of the sixteenth century. No artist ever used his wonderful

powers of ridicule and sarcasm to better advantage than did Hogarth for forty years, exposing the weak points in Church and State; at no time in the history of England was such exposure more needed.

Very early in life the boy, William, was strongly drawn toward art. He himself says of his work in school: "My

Fig. 273.—Hogarth. The Shrimp Girl. National Gallery, London.

exercises, when at school, were more remarkable for the ornaments that adorned them than for the exercise itself." His first venture was as an engraver, making his own designs for armorial arms, silver tankards, etc., while he used his brush for mere trifles, as in sign painting. Feeling that he was qualified for higher things, but not wishing to take time and patience to prepare himself, he began to ponder "whether

a shorter road than that usually traveled was not to be found." He discarded the rules and regulations laid down by schools of art, and says: "I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of attaining knowledge in my art. . . . " His study of nature was in the ale-house, among jovial companions, where he thought as much of his own pleasure as he did of his art.

That he understood "the very pulse of the machine," as he studied his companions from day to day, is plainly seen in his "Shrimp Girl" (Fig. 273), in the National Gallery, London. Surely Hogarth had seen and talked with this girl, and possibly she had given him sittings for this portrait. We can almost hear the girl as she calls her shrimps for sale! Her personality is so strong that her very presence is felt as she gazes out intently with those piercing eyes. Her restless activity is arrested for just a moment as the artist catches the fleeting smile and the passing thought. Nothing could be more harmonious than the blending of the rich low tones of reds, browns, and grays. Hogarth loved color; he was gifted with a rare, delicate sense in the placing of tones, and in covering the whole picture with an atmosphere that would soften and yet vivify. To understand the artist, look at the portrait that he has painted of himself (Fig. 274), in the National Gallery, London. How the character of the man is written in every line and on every feature! Those merry, bright eyes can see the absurd side of life, and that outspoken mouth can voice the wittiest sarcasm, but with a spirit so kindly that

Fig. 274.—Hogarth. Portrait of the Artist and his Dog. National Gallery, London.

there is no venom on the point of the arrow aimed at a friend. There is a little of the same stubborn nature in the master that he depicts so well in his favorite pug-dog, Trump. At his side is his palette with the famous "Line of Beauty" across it.

Hogarth was an artist through all his "pointing a moral and adorning a tale," in his many series of paintings illustrating some great evil of the time. He was so keen in discovering the vital points in the social evil; so clever in exposing them to view, and did it with such a true artistic spirit, that he escaped being a "story-telling" artist. Both in subject selected and in mode of treatment, he preached his sermon well.

The English art that was begun by Hogarth was perfected and refined by Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792). Brother countrymen and brother craftsmen as they were, two men were never more unlike. Sir Joshua was to the "manor born," a bachelor, fond of elegant surroundings, rather cold in temperament, always refined, never enthusiastic except with children. His career was one long series of successes; as his reputation increased his price per sitter advanced from five guineas till he finally had fifty. One of the most rapid of painters, it is estimated by some that he finished as many as three thousand portraits; no doubt he numbered over two thousand. Sir Joshua was a portrait painter of rare ability. His studies abroad among the old masters of Italy gave him just the qualities necessary to strengthen his own individuality —he absorbed from them, but did not imitate—and place him beside the great portrait painters of the world.

As a painter of little "girlhood," Sir Joshua has no rival; no, not even an equal. Only an artist who possessed the heart of his little friend could bring so many varied expressions to one face as he depicts in the "Angel Heads" (Fig. 275—*see p.* 368), in the National Gallery, London. That little Miss Gordon, his model, was very dear to the bachelor heart is plainly seen in the angel faces. One can see the shy, dainty maiden standing very close to the great artist, dimly realizing, as they plan the "sittings," that some unusual honor is hers. This childless man knew just the deference he must pay to budding woman-

hood that would reveal to him the hidden charms he has transferred to canvas so skillfully. His children alone would have made him immortal.

The transparent, brilliant quality of many of Reynolds' portraits was said to have baffled all research until Gilbert Stuart, copying in a very warm room a fine head to fill an order, noticed that one eye on the painting moved downwards; at first he thought it imagination on his part, but, being convinced that it did move, instantly it occurred to him that Sir Joshua must have used wax in his colors to give greater transparency. In an agony of mind—for the picture was of great value—he moved it into a cold room, and gradually worked the eye back in place. Reynolds' proneness to tamper with his palette ruined many of his paintings, and stands as a warning to experimenters in handling pigments.

Fig. 276.—Reynolds. The Tragic Muse (Mrs. Siddons). Grosvenor House, London.

Greater honor was never given to both sitter and painter than when Mrs. Siddons sat to Reynolds as "The Tragic Muse" (Fig. 276), Grosvenor House, London. When she went to him for her first sitting Sir Joshua said to her: "Ascend the throne, which is incontestably yours, and suggest to me the Muse of Tragedy." Mounting the throne, she took the attitude as we now see her in the painting. When she went for her last sitting she found the artist's name painted as embroidery along the edge of her robe. In answer to her look of surprise, Sir Joshua, with his accustomed graciousness, said: "I could not lose this opportunity to hand my name down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Of the famous actress George IV. was wont to say: "She is the only real queen—all others are counterfeits!" Of the painting, Sir Joshua himself maintained that "the colors would

remain unfaded as long as the canvas would keep them together," which statement has so far proved true. The colorless tone of the face is due to Mrs. Siddons' own suggestion, when she begged Sir Joshua "that he would not heighten that tone of complexion so accordant with the chilly and concentrated musing of pale melancholy."

Brilliancy and variety were such marked characteristics of Reynolds, that Gainsborough, his contemporary, said of his work at an exhibition: "How various he is." While Reynolds confessed, when standing before a picture of his rival: "I cannot think how he produces his effects." These two men were never on familiar terms, but they had a just appreciation of each other's genius. Strangely enough, when the untimely end came to Gainsborough at fifty-one (he died of cancer), it was Reynolds who went to his bedside and Reynolds who was one of his pallbearers.

Fig. 277.—Gainsborough. Mrs. Siddons. National Gallery, London.

Thomas Gainsborough (1727–1788) was the exact opposite of Sir Joshua in his artistic temperament; very impatient of academic restraints, he worked without rule or method. Nature was his inspiration; color and form his birthright. Ruskin pronounced him the greatest colorist since Rubens. The same year that Mrs. Siddons sat for Reynolds she posed for Gainsborough for the portrait in the National Gallery, London (Fig. 277). In this work the artist has broken every law laid down by his rival; but technically could anything be more perfect? By many critics this picture is considered his masterpiece. From the "Gainsborough hat" that crowns her light fluffy hair to the shimmering blue and buff silk of her gown;

from the sensitively expressive face and girlish neck to the firm hands that index her character, the great actress has responded to the growing excitement of the artist until he has fixed her on canvas as she appears to him at that moment. No artist was more dependent upon his sitter for inspiration than was Gainsborough, or had more power to put himself in harmony with the subtle charms that nature is most lavish in giving to her favorite children.

Fig. 278.—Gainsborough. The Blue Boy. In the Collection of the Duke of Westminster, London.

Mere opposition seemed to develop a latent power in this artist to do his best work. This is seen in his famous "Blue Boy" (Fig. 278), which is said to have been painted as a proof that it was not necessary, as Reynolds said, that "the masses of light in a picture ought to be always of a warm, mellow color — yellow, red, or a yellowish white; and the blue, the gray, or the green colors should be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colors." The "Blue Boy" is handled in exactly the opposite manner, with the masses in varied shades of cool blue. "It is a fine conception, cleverly, skillfully, and carefully worked out," writes one eminent critic.

As a landscape painter, Gainsborough was as original as he was in portraiture; in both he relied upon his own artistic temperament in his manner of handling a composition. His color was his most original quality.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ROYAL ACADEMY—ROMNEY—RAEBURN—LAWRENCE—
BLAKE—STOTHARD—WILKIE

WHILE Reynolds and Gainsborough were at the height of their fame, the Royal Academy began its existence on Saturday, the tenth of December, 1768. There were several societies of artists in England before this, but this was the first christened by the king. Our own countryman, Benjamin West, who assisted in the preliminary arrangements, was invited by King George III. to take the first presidency; but West felt that that honor belonged to an Englishman, so declined in favor of Reynolds. At Reynolds' death he then accepted the honor. One hundred years saw but six presidents of this Royal Institution, and nine down to date:

Sir Joshua Reynolds	1768
Benjamin West	1792
Sir Thomas Lawrence	1820
Sir Martin Archer Shee	1830
Sir Charles Eastlake	1850
Sir Francis Grant	1866
Lord Frederick Leighton	1878
Sir John Millais	1896
Sir Edward Poynter	1896

As a special mark of distinction, King George knighted Joshua Reynolds, establishing the precedent that has been followed ever since, except in the case of Benjamin West, who declined the honor because, as was popularly supposed, of religious scruples, being a Quaker, but more probably because he wanted a "baronetcy and a pension." He never received the latter, neither was he allowed a second refusal of knighthood.

To be a member even of the Royal Academy was sufficient of itself to give an artist standing and a claim to recognition

from the lay public. When an artist could command attention for his own merit alone, and "win out," even without academician honors, it gave evidence that he was an artist of real talent—such was George Romney (1734–1802). That he was not a member of the Royal Academy was possibly due to Reynolds, who had no love for the obscure country artist who pressed him so close in his own field—portraiture. Romney was born of humble parentage in Lancashire, England, the second son of eleven children. He was so very dull in school that his father took him out when only eleven and put him at work in his own carpenter shop until he was twenty-one. This gave him just the opportunity necessary to develop his artistic bent, for the carpenter's pencil and chisel in his hands gave beautiful drawings, which he made permanent by carving in wood.

His father then apprenticed him to an itinerant painter, "Count Steel," who had assumed his title and French manners from his short stay in Paris. While his life with Steel was of no special advantage to him in artistic training, he gained much valuable knowledge of color grinding and like drudgery that is common to the painter's art.

Romney was a curious combination of weakness and strength. His extreme sensitiveness and lack of early education and of social standing made him abnormally susceptible to ridicule; but his artistic genius, great love for his art, and wonderful skill in idealizing were counter powers that more than overcame the weakness. True, his motto in life seems to have been, "Do first and think afterwards," but his lovable nature and ability to please his patrons made him singularly free from bitter censure. As a portrait painter, Romney was second to none—not even Reynolds himself. No sitter ever went away from his studio without feeling better pleased with his personal appearance than before the brush of this sensitive man had transformed him. The transformation was so subtle, however, that the likeness was never sacrificed for the ideal.

Possibly no artist was ever more susceptible to "beauty and grace," or came more completely under the spell that "beauty and grace" exert over man than Romney in his

reverence for Lady Hamilton. This woman—Emma Lyon, the professional model—with the face of an angel and the wiles of the serpent, was ever an inspiration so pure and chaste that never a breath came to dim the pictures of beauty and grace that he has left of her. He has painted her in numberless different characters, but in none is she more beautiful or more

Fig. 279.—Romney. The Spinstress. Lord Iveagh's Collection, London.

simply child-like than as "The Spinstress" (Fig. 279). Simplicity and grace are the keynotes of the picture. The homely little spinning wheel, with its own dull-brown color and its ball of soft cream flax, is just the setting necessary to soften the radiant beauty of Lady Hamilton and bring her in harmony with her simple dress and homely task. No word of discouragement seems to have dampened the ardor of Romney in transmitting this lovely face to canvas; never was he compelled

to turn it to the wall uncompleted as he did scores of other pictures. Often a single criticism of his work would so crush him that nothing could persuade him to touch the canvas again. He worked with an impetuosity, when first sketching in his subject, that only an artist endowed with the keenest sense of the fleeting charms that lighten the human face could command, but, alas! often this very haste wore itself out before these brilliant sketches could be finished portraits. Many times these sketches were so beautiful that no finishing was needed to enhance their value. The unfinished study of Lady Hamilton as "Bacchante" (Fig. 280), in the National Gallery, London, is "a successful, excited beginning," and one that embodies the strong features of both artist and model.

Fig. 280.—Romney. Lady Hamilton as "Bacchante." National Gallery, London.

Sir Henry Raeburn (1756–1823), who was born in a suburb of Edinburgh, was of Border descent. Very likely the family tree began on the hill farm of Raeburn; at least Sir Henry's shield had on it a "rae or roe-deer drinking from a burn or rivulet running at its feet." That the early Raeburns were roving shepherds is quite certain. While little Henry was a small boy he and his brother were left orphans with no means of support. It was Henry's good fortune, however, to be placed in the Hospital in Lauriston, the south side of Edinburgh. In this school he remained six years or more, laying a foundation in learning that enabled him at fifteen to lay aside school work without retarding his mental growth. He began his artistic career as an apprentice to a goldsmith. Soon he began to show his real genius in his wonderful energy and industry in perfecting his talent for drawing. The careful

work of the goldsmith fitted him at first for miniature painting, but very soon the power of the man was too great to be confined within the limits of a miniaturist. Early in his career he married the Countess Leslie, which brought him "an affectionate wife and a handsome fortune."

Raeburn was a tall, handsome man, full of life and energy, with methodical habits and unceasing industry. He was not only the greatest Scotch portrait painter, but one of the great portrait painters of the world. Confining himself to this branch of art so entirely as he did, yet he was not lacking in ideality, as his portraits bear record. From a technical standpoint Raeburn had no superiors and few equals. His management of color was such a true interpretation of his perceptions of the real nature of his sitter that it could be said of his work in the words of Coleridge: "A great portrait should be liker than the original." He put into his faces more than the mere expression of the moment—the whole character was molded into the likeness.

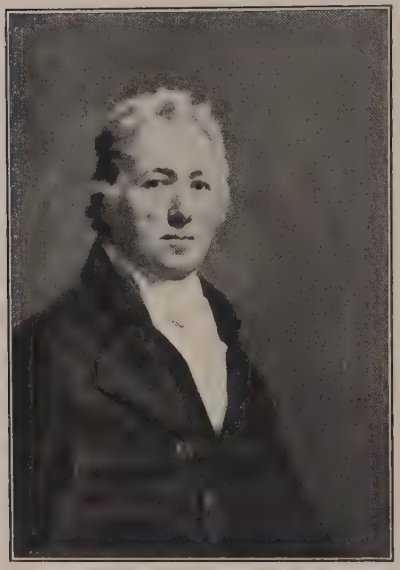

FIG. 281.—Raeburn. Portrait of William Forsyth. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

Sir Henry was in London once, when on his way to Rome, where he spent two years. What this journey was to him in his art one can only surmise, as he left no record of his doings. Some one has said that "it was the custom for painters to go to Rome, and he went." His life was spent in Edinburgh among his own countrymen, and his brush has given a history so exact in the portrayal of the prominent men of his day that a writer could easily make a word picture of them. The

"Portrait of William Forsyth" (Fig. 281), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, is so vivid a character sketch that no other is needed to tell the world of the sterling qualities of the man.

From Raeburn, with his Scotch love of truth and simplicity, to Lawrence, with his flattering brush and love of glitter, there was as wide a distance as from Edinburgh to London, their respective homes. That Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769–1830) shone brilliantly among his contemporaries was a fact, but that he was an inferior artist to his predecessors—Reynolds and Gainsborough—his own works testify. His idealizing power made him a favorite with royalty, where kings and princes are as susceptible to flattery as common mortals. Sir Thomas recognized this failing and never failed to please his royal patrons. Making "his majesty" look more majestic and "her grace" more gracious insured him the high honor of court painter at twenty-three, which brought him commissions from the noblest of the land. The exquisite taste in the arrangement of his compositions makes them almost perfect as bits of decoration, but his lack of simplicity and his excessive love of effect produced a mannerism that marred his work as a whole and often made it insipid.

Even in his portraits of children, where his grace of drawing is the most perfect, his efforts to outdo nature lessen the charms of childhood. One of his most attractive children's pictures is that of the "Little King of Rome" (Fig. 282). Possibly the pathetic circumstances connected with the life of this "child of fate" so appealed to Sir Thomas that his own idealizing was not necessary to make an attractive picture. The whole history of the child's life seems to be pictured in those large, expressive eyes. Time has mellowed the too florid flesh tint that was one of his weak points, and brought it in harmony with the dignified pose of the little monarch, who, from his christening, was called a king, but had no kingdom.

Lawrence was commissioned to paint the statesmen and generals who were instrumental in overthrowing Napoleon, which commission took him to many of the principal cities on the Continent.

William Blake (1757–1827) and Thomas Stothard (1755–1834) both held rather unique places in the history of art in England. They would scarcely be classed with the painters, but their contributions to the pictorial art of the country, through their illustrations, have given them a place of importance.

William Blake, a poet as well as an artist, was a man of vivid imagination, with a natural taste for color and form.

Fig. 282.—Lawrence. Little King of Rome.

There is a weird, mystical quality about his work, whether in words or from his brush, that marks the peculiarity of his genius. His great warmth of heart gave a tenderness and grace to the fantastic creations of his brain that raised them above mere fancy pictures. His "Inventions of the Book of Job" are characteristic examples of his feeling of motion, combined with a grace of form that decorates as well as pleases the artistic sense. His belief that "the Eternal is in love

Fig. 283.—Blake. Canterbury Pilgrims.

with the productions of Time," describes his earnestness of purpose in all his productions.

In the "Canterbury Pilgrims" (Fig. 283) he has given such a variety of pose and action to both people and horses that his interpretation of that memorable pilgrimage has made more real the wonderfully vivid description of the poet himself. From the "Wife of Bath," with her queer head-dress, to Chaucer, with his finger held up as if to emphasize some special point, he has caught the spirit of the poem. Nun and clerk, priest and miller, knight and squire are all placed before us so perfectly characterized that we recognize the special traits of each.

Turning from Blake's "Canterbury Pilgrims" to the "Canterbury Pilgrims" (Fig. 284) of Stothard, one is impressed with the truth of the trite saying: "Many men of many minds"; for here again is a company of travelers true to the poet's description, but interpreted through the artist's own individuality. It is interesting to study the different manner in which these two men saw the company of twenty-nine pilgrims as set before them by Chaucer. The portraits of these people,

Fig. 284.—Stothard. Canterbury Pilgrims.

as drawn by the poet, are so realistic in the traits that belong to humanity under special training, that both Blake and Stothard have preserved the Chaucer ideal in their portrayal of the theme.

Stothard was early apprenticed to a designer of patterns, under whom, in his leisure moments, he learned the art of book illustration. He was a student at the Royal Academy

Fig. 285.—Wilkie. The Blind Fiddler. National Gallery, London.

and later became a member of that august body. That he was a prodigious worker his five thousand designs show.

Sir David Wilkie (1785–1841) was a Scotchman by birth, but he spent most of his life as an artist in London. The first picture that captivated the Londoner was his "Village Politician," in which he very cleverly voiced the petty jealousies and party strifes of the small country town. His wonderful skill, and free, masterful manner in giving details of village life, fascinated his city-bred patrons. During the early and best period of his career he painted the well-known picture, "The Blind Fiddler" (Fig. 285), in the National Gallery, London. Not since the days of the "little masters" in Holland had the home life of the lowly been so realistically portrayed.

Wilkie was a great admirer of the Dutch and Flemish masters, and followed their methods very closely in his actual workmanship, yet he remained true to himself in depicting the varied expressions of merriment and pathos that his *genre* pictures represent. Even his management of light expresses the difference between the well-fed family of the entertained and the forlorn appearance of the homeless entertainers.

When Sir David was forty years old he went to the Continent and spent a number of years studying the old masters. His own individuality was not strong enough to stand against the influence of the works of such men as Velasquez, Correggio, and Rembrandt. He now changed the style of his painting from the *genre* to portrait and historical subjects, which change was not at all to his credit.

CHAPTER XXXIX

WILSON—CROME—CONSTABLE—TURNER—LANDSEER

ONE hundred years after landscape painting reached its height in Holland, Richard Wilson (1713–1782) began painting landscapes in England. He began his art career under an obscure portrait painter and reached considerable prominence in that branch. When he was nearly forty years old he decided to go to the Continent, and then his training became almost entirely French and Italian; but his work, although having some classic qualities, was stamped by a way of his own that made it distinctly English. His high ideals, true love for nature, and sincere desire to follow her teachings, gave a truth and sincerity to his compositions that have placed him among the world's great landscape painters.

FIG. 286.—Wilson. Cicero's Villa.

In the treatment of "Cicero's Villa" (Fig. 286), owned by Thomas Agnew & Son, London, one recognizes his conventional manner in the arrangement of the composition. The classic building on the right, with a sober background of gray rock and dark green trees, is offset by the glittering expanse of water in the center of the picture and the cloud-flecked sky in the distance. The figure in the foreground inspires an

interest in the scene that life always adds to even the most beautiful landscape.

At the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, is "The Storm" (Fig. 287), another characteristic painting of Wilson's. He has the same conventional arrangement of heavy foreground with expanse of sky in the distance—the latter handled in a masterly manner.

Fifty years later a school of considerable importance was started by John Crome (1769–1821) at Norwich. "Old Crome," as he was called, was decidedly original in his landscapes. He

Fig. 287.—Wilson. The Storm. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

knew the Dutch artists, and may have been influenced by them, but his scenes are English scenes. His fields and trees are English fields and trees. One feels delight in the English country when looking at his paintings, even if his work is a little harsh and filled with too much detail. His scenes are exceedingly simple, but some of his effects are admirable. Nothing could be simpler than the group of trees in "The Hautbois Common" (Fig. 288), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, but not even Rousseau could have portrayed them with more loving care than has "Old Crome." His truth loses all its harshness when he puts on canvas the companions of his childhood.

The change in the character of landscape painting which John Constable (1776–1857) made by choosing high-noon, when the sun was at the zenith, as nature's most attractive phase, gave an originality to landscape painting unknown before, and marked Constable as England's greatest genius in that line of art. His familiarity with and intense love for nature gave him the right to present her in his own way, even if that way was contrary to all precedent. The pure white light of the noonday sun sifts down through the dense foliage of tree and vine, glistening and sparkling on his landscapes as does the virigin snow as it sifts through the leafless branches and

Fig. 288.—Crome. Hautbois Common. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

sparkles on the lingering grass around the tree trunks. It is no wonder that "Constable's snow" describes his light effects as no other words could.

Constable's father was a miller, so the boy's early life was spent amid the picturesque surroundings of mill-wheel and wind-mill. The light on the running water and on the shifting clouds was his birthright. He was as sensitive to the effect of light and shadow on the face of nature as he was of the approval and disapproval of his dearest friends. In his treatment of them, he never forgot the words of Benjamin West, as spoken to him early in his career: "Always remember, sir, that light and shadow *never stand still.*"

As we stand before his "Hay-Wain" (Fig. 289), in the National Gallery, London, somehow we lose sight of its being

only a picture, and are looking with the eyes of the artist at the scene he is painting. We can hear with him the splash of the water as the horses ford the stream and feel the cool breeze that comes so gently from under the shade of the overhanging trees. "The Hay-Wain" was exhibited in Paris 1824, where it greatly impressed the French landscape painters, who were just developing into the Barbizon school of 1830. Those artists recognized in Constable the "elemental," and accepted that principle as the "keynote" in perfecting the new school of landscape painting in France. Never did Constable make a truer statement in vindicating his love for the country around his own home than when he said: "I have always succeeded best with my native scenes"; then later: "They have always charmed me, and I hope they always will." Perhaps his intense devotion to the familiar scenes of his life, as they appealed to him in the early summer months, did narrow his art, and confine it in too limited a space, but the wonderful largeness of his mind in comprehending and recording the varying effects of the atmosphere during his working hours—from ten to five—gave him the key that has unlocked many of nature's secrets to us.

Fig. 289.—Constable. The Hay-Wain. National Gallery. London.

One of the great desires of this painter of nature was—to use his own words—to paint "light—dews—breeze—bloom—and freshness—not one of which has yet been perfected on the canvas of any painter in the world." He was a close student of the Dutch artists—especially Hobbema—but, unlike them, he saw vivid greens unmixed with brown as he looked out on the fields and groves. Then, too, he had the courage to put on canvas what he saw, so for the first time the fresh green of the grass and trees became a most interesting feature of

landscapes, and proved his intimate knowledge of nature's favorite color.

Turning from Constable, whose love for nature was so sincere that he wished to paint her just as she appeared to him, to Turner, who knew nature, but never came close to her, who studied her, but never followed her teachings, we have the two extremes of nature's interpreters.

Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775–1851) began his artistic career while in his early teens, by exhibiting two drawings in the Royal Academy, and from that time he worked unceasingly until the end of his more than three-score years and ten. He was a weird, strange child, silent and thoughtful above his years, but a dunce in school. His mother, who became insane and died when he was quite young, was probably no help to her gifted son. His father was a hairdresser living in a very humble house in Maiden Lane.

Mr. Ruskin says: "There is no test of our acquaintance with nature so absolute and unfailing as the degree of admiration we feel for Turner's painting." This statement is a test that but few can stand for; unless one is a dreamer with a vivid imagination one can hardly know nature in so magical a mood, with such splendid attire, as Turner depicts her. He seems to have formed a partnership with the sun, but has so outrivaled Old Sol in dazzling the eyes, that even with the help of his penetrating rays one fails to fathom the mystery of some of his works. Wonderful, indeed, was his power in getting at the very elemental force of light. To him the foundation principle of color was *light*. When one first enters the Turner room in the National Gallery, London, the sense of intense light is so overpowering that it takes some time to adjust oneself to the high key. After becoming thoroughly saturated with those marvelous canvases, upon going from the room the effect is as though leaving the bright sunlight. The life of this strange man was as full of mystery as are most of his paintings. Early in life, being disappointed in love, he shunned the world, becoming morose, taciturn, miserly, dirty, and altogether most unengaging. The one redeeming feature was his affection for his father, of whom he used to say, laugh-

ingly: "Father begins and finishes all my pictures," because the old man used to stretch and varnish all his son's canvases.

In his boyhood days Turner lived in the very heart of London, and not until he was nearly forty years old did he build "Sandycomb Lodge," a villa at Twickenham, made after his own design. When he sold the place after fifteen years, he gave as his reason that "'Dad' was always working in the garden and taking cold," but probably the real reason was that too many of his friends had discovered his retreat, and their visits interfered with his miserly habits. For nearly forty years a house in Queen Anne Street was his home, if a place so cold, dirty, and forlorn as it was could be called *home*. Here he hoarded his "children"—as he called his paintings—until there were hundreds of them hanging on the walls, stacked in piles, and stuffed in dark corners; in fact the house was literally filled with treasures, and all going to ruin because of the dampness that crept into every nook and corner. So strong was his affection for many of these "children" that it took the greatest tact to buy them from him, and then he would go into mourning, saying: "I've lost one of my children this week."

Probably "The Fighting Téméraire" (Fig. 290), in the National Gallery, London, has been the most universally accepted as Turner's masterpiece. It is simply impossible to have any idea of the glory of this painting from a half-tone reproduction. The peculiar phantom-like appearance of the old Amazon is as though it were a vision of what she was at Trafalgar, when she led the van and won the great victory for Nelson. We feel indignant at the sputtering little steam-tug that is dragging her off to annihilation. The deep red rays of the setting sun cast a lurid light of disapproval, while the yellow light gives a golden glow to her last moments. Turner painted this picture following the suggestion of an artist friend while they were out on the Thames, when the old Téméraire was being towed off. It was exhibited at the Academy Exhibition in 1839.

The pathetic end of the old warship, without the firing of a single gun, was emblematic of Turner's own last days. His

friends, missing him from the Academy, went to Queen Anne Street to ask about him, but learned from the old housekeeper that he had gone away, leaving no address to tell of his where-

Fig. 290.—Turner. The Fighting Téméraire, National Gallery, London.

abouts. The day before his last he was found at a cottage by the riverside in Chelsea, where he died December 19, 1851, "with his face turned toward the window, through which might

be seen the sunshine mantling the river and lighting the sails of the boats drifting up and down."

Edwin Landseer (1802–1873) was the most petted artist in England. There are specimens of his drawings in the South Kensington Museum, dated by his father, showing that he was not more than five or six years old when they were made. From the very beginning of his career nature was his teacher. His father used to point to the open fields, where the young Edwin spent the greater part of his time, and say: "Edwin's first studio." By the time he was eleven he had won the silver palette of the Society of Arts for drawings of animals. His entire time was spent, sketch-book in hand, among the animals he loved; this was made possible, as his father thought that all the schooling a painter needed was to study the subject he wished to paint. The freshness and naturalness of his *genre* pictures were a perfect delight to the English people. If he could only have kept his animals as belonging to a lower stage of intelligence than man, instead of endowing them with every human attribute but speech, what an animal painter he would have been! But the sentimentality of the times got into his brush, which humanized the otherwise perfect animal—perfect from a technical standpoint. Landseer had so charming a personality that everybody was his friend, and his art became the talk of the hour. Fortune smiled on him from the cradle to the grave; even critics were very tender of his shortcomings. With such popularity it was hardly possible that he should always do his best, but we all love him for his animals.

Wandering among his favorites in the National Gallery, London, one realizes how much he loved those animals, or he could never have awakened in us such a keen interest in the anecdote each one represents. His knowledge of animal life is so true that he seems to know instinctively the natural attitude that would fit any incident in an animal's life. One cannot look at "Shoeing the Bay Mare" (Fig. 291) without feeling that the artist had watched the "village smithy . . . with his large and sinewy hands" as he fastened the shoe on a favorite horse. A beautiful animal she certainly is and one

with more than ordinary intelligence. We quite agree with Landseer that she does know when the work is done to her satisfaction, and that she has a perfect right to give advice, as her attitude so plainly implies she is doing. Her glossy red coat glistens and glows in the red firelight, like one of Dou's

Fig. 291.—Landseer. Shoeing the Bay Mare. National Gallery, London.

copper kettles; every curve of her body is instinct with the marks of the thoroughbred. As one stands on the steps of the National Gallery and watches the children in Trafalgar Square caressing the huge lions that finish the corners of the Nelson Monument, one feels how well they express one's own feelings toward those noble beasts Landseer knew so well how to model. Surely those lions would have been devoted slaves of St. Jerome, willing to accept his reproofs with drooping heads and dragging tails.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Fig. 298.—Watts. Cardinal Newman. National Portrait Gallery, London.—*See page* 407.

CHAPTER XL

HUNT—ROSSETTI—MILLAIS—SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON—BURNE-JONES—GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS—POYNTER

IN 1848 Hunt, Rossetti, and Millais, three young English artists, all under twenty-one years old, set out to reform the art of the country by striving to return to the simplicity and religious fervor of the Italian painters before Raphael's time. They were soon joined by four other young men—artists, sculptors, and writers—William Michael Rossetti, Thomas Woolner, James Collinson, and Frederick George Stevens, thus forming an order of seven members—the holy number—which they called the Pre-Raphael Brotherhood. Their zeal was so fervid at first that they separated themselves from the world and worked in solitude; some even tried a cloistered life. They wished to represent objects and events as they actually appeared to the spectator; to recognize beauty only as it is found in the true and the good. Their intentions were honest, and their desire to overcome the artificial most laudable, but it was impossible for them to set the art world back five hundred years and keep it there even though the world was made up of seven men only. Very shortly they began to drift apart, each taking his own way and using his own method to express the reform they had instituted. But the little leaven started by these children in art was just the quickening power necessary to give a higher motive to the artistic development of the future. Our debt to these strong, earnest men, and to their great apostle, John Ruskin, for their timely note of warning, is one we can never fully appreciate.

Perhaps Holman Hunt (1827–) is the most typical man of the famous brotherhood. His belief that "the office of the artist should be looked upon as a priest's service in the temple of Nature" held him the closest to the ideals of the

early Italians as seen in the frescos of the Pisan Campo Santo. Speaking of them, he says that "the naïve traits of frank expression and unaffected grace were what made Italian art essentially vigorous and progressive." Unfortunately for Hunt, his "service in the temple of Nature" was a devotion to the petty details that hid the greater truths she has for those who look below the surface. There was, however, a spiritual fervor about everything he did that redeemed his pictures from being commonplace.

FIG. 292.—Hunt. The Light of the World. Keble College, Oxford, England.

One of the treasures at Keble College, Oxford, is his "Light of the World" (Fig. 292). Every detail of the painting is fraught with symbolic meaning. Brambles of superstition cover the door; the religion of the past has dwindled to the faint rays of light from the lantern, while the full light of Christianity shines forth from the Son of Righteousness.

The most unique character of the "Brotherhood" artists was, without doubt, Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti (1828–1882). Italian by parentage and English by birth and adoption, his inherited traits were strangely at variance with his English training and English environment. His poetic temperament dominated his whole being and made him specially susceptible to the "dreaming of dreams and seeing of visions." His poems and his pictures have a mystical, romantic spirit about them that gives them a peculiar, thrilling power without making them great works of art. He followed the Italian Renaissance painters in representing humanity rather than nature, but it was the spiritual side of humanity, the inner man, that appealed to him. In trying to express the inexpres-

sible in his paintings he used the mouth and eyes as the index of the soul, oftentimes exaggerating them to the point of the grotesque. In his desire to express the emotional without contorting the body with violent action, he places his figures in strained and awkward positions, where muscular intenseness is significant of excessive sentiment. These peculiar positions became so much of a mannerism that, when once seen, almost every one of his paintings would be recognized. Possibly one of the least exaggerated in features and pose is "Veronica Veronese" (Fig. 293), in a private collection in England. The strange position of the head, which gives the full throat, is most unnatural and very trying. The entire sincerity of the artist, his wonderful use of color, and the symbolical bearing of costumes and accessories counterbalance many defects that go to make up the *ensemble* of his pictures.

Fig. 293.—Rossetti. Veronica Veronese. Private Collection, England.

The youngest of the three apostles of pre-Raphaeliteism was Sir John Everett Millais (1829–1896). From his own words we learn his method of work. "It is all nonsense," he said, "to pin your faith to one school. There is as much room for the old Dutch microscopic painter as for the modern impressionist. Art should comprehend all. But do not forget to take pains." In painting child-life he had the same charm that belonged to Reynolds. That his acquaintance with "Little Miss" was a warm and intimate one, and that he sometimes caught her in her most secret nook, is seen in his "Innocence" (Fig. 294). "That little thing," he said, pointing to the child's picture, "must be done swiftly, or not at all; it has

to be blown upon the canvas, as it were." No incident could be simpler than this little maid sitting on a rock under overhanging branches with her hands folded so demurely and her slippered feet hanging in the same prim manner from below her simple dress, yet Millais has invested the whole scene with a grace and beauty never equaled before. This picture is not a *copy* of a natural scene, but his interpretation of innocence before sin enters the human heart. Like a true artist, he sees *more* in the commonplace things of daily life than we do, and records them so clearly that we begin to "love first when we see them painted" by him.

Fig. 294.—Millais. Innocence.

Millais was connected with the Royal Academy from early boyhood, and at the death of Sir Frederick Leighton in 1895 was elected its president, which chair he filled until his own death—less than a year after—in December, 1896. With all his defects and inequalities, he may be looked upon as one of England's strongest painters. If he had adhered to the earnest simplicity of the "Brotherhood" that marked his paintings before his separation from that movement, it is hard to estimate just what his influence on the English art of to-day would have been. But that he did not fulfill his early promise, his later works testify, even if he did stand as the leading portrait painter and his likenesses command exorbitant prices.

In Sir Frederick Leighton (1830–1895) we find not alone an artist, but a man of culture and a scholar. As an artist he belonged to the Greek school, accepting, however, but one tenet of the Greek ideal—making beauty of form paramount, and rejecting all truth that fell short of the beauty line. This rule stamped his compositions as sculpturesque, but made them dead and cold as pictures. His thorough knowledge of classical lore gave him a wide field for choice of subjects and

one that just suited the tenor of his mind; then his original manner of conception, correct and elegant drawing, carefully arranged color, and smooth painting were most acceptable to the English people, and in return brought the artist princely prices for his canvases.

The great attractions of the painting "Andromache" (Fig. 295) are the carefully studied attitudes, the perfect drawing

Fig. 295.—Leighton. Andromache.

of figures and drapery, and the atmosphere of classic story that envelops the whole scene. The disconsolate Andromache recalls the words of her famous husband when he said:

"Then, as you weep, perchance 'twill be said by one who shall see you,
'Yon is Hector's wife, who still among knightly Trojans
Bravest proved in the fray, when Troy was with battle encircled.'
So some day will they speak, and again will the pain be repeated,
Since of so faithful a husband bereft, you will suffer in bondage."

Lord Leighton, as he became in his last days, was president of the Royal Academy for seventeen years. When he died he was laid to rest in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Benjamin West, and near Turner, the poet-landscapist.

Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898), who was born in an obscure corner of Birmingham, could hardly have been brought up with environs more adverse to the development of an artistic temperament. He certainly became an artist in spite of brick walls and the lack of story books and poetry. But

this paucity of educating surroundings mattered little to one who, in writing to a friend, could say, "I mean by a picture, a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be, in a light better than any light that ever shone, in a land no one can define or remember—only desire." Burne-Jones was a true idealist. His father, wishing him to become a clergyman of the Church of England, sent him to a preparatory school, and finally, at the age of nineteen, he went up to Oxford. There all the ideals and aspirations of his boyhood longings were realized in the friendship that was formed with William Morris, a fellow pupil, who was afterward known as the "poet-upholsterer" of the famous firm of Morris & Co.

In the Christmas vacation of 1855 he went to London, and there met Rossetti, than whom no artist was better fitted to direct the future of this sensitive, highly imaginative idealist. At once the older man recognized the genius of the young student, and advised an immediate abandonment of Oxford and its degrees for a serious study of art. Without academic training, but by the most strenuous effort, he became one of the most subtle of painters, combining, as he did, the delicate charm of Botticelli and the true nobility of invention of Mantegna with the decorative sense of the present. There is a sincerity revealed in every painted vision that assures us that he believed in what he painted, and that to him the dream was a reality. If we are seeking the representation of a scene that we have seen and loved, then Burne-Jones would not satisfy us, but if we wish reproduced a beautiful dream, something that was so elusive that only the faintest trace is left of the exquisite pleasure we felt when in Dreamland, then turn to this artist and look at one of his strange, weird, mysterious, and fascinating compositions.

"The Golden Stairs" (Fig. 296), owned by Lord Battersea, is the most widely known of his paintings. It is a picture "almost as sweet and delicate in color as a lily," but so elusive in meaning that even the artist himself was at a loss what to name it. At first he called it "The King's Wedding," then "Music on the Stairs," and finally "The Golden Stairs." The note of sadness that pervades every theme he represents has

much the character of the invalid who *enjoys* poor health—an exultation over the possibility of being sad and yet beautiful, too.

When George Frederick Watts (1817–1904) said, "My intention has been not so much to paint pictures that will charm the eye as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity," he gave a true index to his own character. While Watts was a self-taught artist, he did not ignore all rules and regulations, but he held that the life-lessons he had to teach were far above the methods used. He was an earnest, thoughtful, high-principled man, never swerving from the path of high ideals, and working incessantly to accomplish the task he had set for himself. Much of his work was done without pay, that he might the better teach his fellow man that there is something more in life than material gain. His own words on what art ought to teach speak to us as no one else can. In a letter to Miss Julia Cartwright he writes: "I often think that in the future, and in stronger hands than mine, art may yet speak as great poetry itself, with the solemn and majestic ring with which the Hebrew prophet spoke to the Jews of old, demanding noble aspirations, condemning in the most trenchant manner prevalent vices, and warning in deep tones against lapses from morals and duties."

Fig. 296.—Burne-Jones. The Golden Stairs. Owned by Lord Battersea, London.

That his own works teach the lessons of the prophets of old, the collection of his paintings in the Tate Gallery, London, testifies. As we linger in the Watts room we then realize what a debt we owe that pure, noble-minded man. While symbolism is one of the most pronounced features of his pictures it is so elemental in character that even the most ignorant could not mistake his meaning. In the beautiful picture of "Orpheus and Eurydice" (Fig. 297), who would not exclaim with Pope:

"But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!"

even if the pathetic story of this ill-fated pair was not fully known? We never cease to wonder why this gifted son of Apollo could not have curbed his impatience and waited until the portal was passed and the upper world reached before looking back at his rescued bride. Not the most ravishing music on his lyre could induce Pluto to release his beloved the second time. Watts painted two versions of this classical myth—both very beautiful. In painting the ideal he never for a moment lost sight of the reality of the figure as defined by the outline so carefully fixed in color with his brush. His *outline* is as much a real part of his painting as Hogarth's famous "Line of Beauty."

Fig. 297.—Watts. Orpheus and Eurydice. Tate Gallery, London.

No gift to the English people has added more to the glory of the nation than Watts' series of portraits representing her distinguished men, presented by the artist and now forming a part of the National Portrait Gallery, London. In these magnificent likenesses the artist has fulfilled Tennyson's lines:

"As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely, through all hindrance, finds the man
Behind it . . ."

thus preserving the men who have made the England of today. What wonderful men they were!—William Gladstone, Robert Browning, John Stuart Mills, Thomas Carlyle, Lord Tennyson, Lord Lytton, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, and a score of others. Only men of character could stand the test of his probing brush. The very soul of the sitter is exposed to view. Who could not read the intense longing for a creed

that would satisfy the great soul of Cardinal Newman (Fig. 298—*see p.* 398), in the deep lines of the face? And who could not feel the peace that came at last, in the sensitive mouth and clear, steady gaze of the sad gray-blue eyes?

Sir Edward John Poynter (1836–) was appointed president of the Royal Academy in 1896. He was born in Paris and, although he was taken to England in his infancy, he returned to Paris when twenty years old and had most of his art training in that city, where he became French in method, departing

Fig. 299.—Poynter. Catapult. Liverpool.

from many of the traditions exclusively English. Poynter loved classical subjects, and has painted them with a correctness of drawing and a power of composition that remind one of the old Italian masters. His "firm hand, clear eye, and great industry" have given again the *form* of Greek art, but, alas! the spirit of that ideal art has eluded him. One of his strongest pictures is the "Catapult" (Fig. 299). The magnificent drawing of the figures, especially the nude figure in the foreground, is wonderful. The great power of the battering-ram in breaking down the walls of old Carthage seems to infuse the straining muscles of those determined, stalwart men with some of its own strength and destroying power.

AMERICAN PAINTING

FIG. 309.—Whistler. Portrait of the Artist's Mother.
Luxembourg, Paris.—*See page* 423.

CHAPTER XLI

WEST—COPLEY—PEALE—STUART—TRUMBULL—DOUGHTY—LEUTZE—INNESS

THE late development of American art can hardly be entirely attributed to the newness of the country and the hardships to be overcome, for the most original of America's first artists—Gilbert Stuart—was born during the lifetime of the founder of English painting—William Hogarth. It may be that inheritance was really the obstacle to be overcome before the native American could respond to the wonderful artistic surroundings of natural scenery and native inhabitant. The picturesque dress of the Indian and his wigwam of skins, with its setting of forest trees, moss-covered rocks, and waterfalls, were certainly admirable subjects for an artist's brush. Not even the struggle for bare existence could have killed an inherited artistic instinct. The sturdy traits of the pioneer were the dominating qualities brought to America by the colonists. The artistic temperament developed later, and almost *ab novo* through environment. True, the first American artists went to Europe for training, but they only repeated the history of the mother country and other nations of Europe in seeking the fountain head of the art world—Italy.

While the most distinctly national art was landscape painting of the Hudson River school and Inness, there were a series of portrait painters who stood for something more than mere imitators, even if they were foreign-trained. When early American painters are mentioned, immediately Benjamin West (1738–1820) comes to the mind with a mental picture of him as a little boy sitting by a cradle painting the likeness of his baby sister with a brush made from hair out of pussy's tail. The stories of his early achievements are as much a part of his identity as that he was born in America, so it matters

little whether he was an infant prodigy or not. Even if he were not a great artist, we are rather proud of the business ability that made him a necessary adviser of King George III., and resulted in his being the real instigator in founding the Royal Academy.

West spent his boyhood days in Philadelphia, where the Indian in his untrammeled life appealed to his artistic nature, and gave him just the material for picture making, which material he used when he painted "The Death of General Wolfe." His audacity in stepping out of the beaten path, and clothing his characters in the costumes of the people, the country, and the time, brought him great applause in spite of the disapproval of so eminent an artist as Reynolds. West went to Italy when quite young; after a short sojourn in that country he started for home, stopping in England for a business call. The call extended over the rest of his life, and gave him a final resting place in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Fig. 300.—West. St. Peter Denying Christ. Hampton Court, England.

Besides a series of large canvases on English history made by request of the king, West began a series of religious pictures, one of the most noted of which is "Death on the Pale Horse," in the Academy at Philadelphia. There was very little individuality in his work, yet few artists have kept so uniform a standard of merit covering so large a number of pictures. According to the standards of the art of his time, he was a master. In some of his smaller canvases he has overcome the formality of the purely historical, and has added a note of reality that reminds one of the artist's own Quaker charms of straight-

forward truthfulness. This is felt in his painting of "St. Peter Denying Christ" (Fig. 300). The earnest, impetuous manner of St. Peter, embodying both devotion and cowardliness, is given with a touch of realism that speaks to the heart. The peculiar reddish-brown setting that characterized West's palette did not raise him to the rank of a great colorist, but, at least, his color was more agreeable than that of many of his contemporaries.

Another American painter very closely associated with West, and one who confined himself almost entirely to portrait painting, was John Singleton Copley (1737–1815). Possibly Copley was more of an American in his art than West, for his artistic habits were formed before he left his native country—when thirty-six years old—and foreign training simply modified without changing them. Copley is often called "the American Van Dyck," but he is more correctly classed among English artists. It was through the influence of West that Copley made his entrance, not alone into the art world of London, but as an exhibitor in the Royal Academy. West, upon seeing the picture to be exhibited—"The Boy and the Flying Squirrel"—was so enthusiastic that he exclaimed: "What delicious coloring! It is worthy of Titian himself."

Perhaps we owe the greatest reverence to Charles Wilson Peale (1741–1827) as the first truly American artist, and the first one to make a portrait of Washington. He went to London and studied under West, but after four years he returned to his native land. He added to his craft as an artist a variety of trades, which did not prevent him, however, from using his brush even when in camp as a soldier of the Revolution.

An interesting story is told of his painting a miniature of Washington while in camp "in a room so small and poorly lighted that Peale, who stood by the window, was forced to ask the distinguished model to sit on the bed." He made fourteen portraits of the Father of Our Country (Fig. 301); several of them are in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which institution he helped to establish in Philadelphia in 1809. As an artist Peale had few of those qualities that would make a pleasing picture from an æsthetic standpoint, but his sincerity

and veracity redeemed, in a measure, his hard and unsympathetic style. His portraits of Washington lack that very element of intimate good fellowship that an artist with a fine, sympathetic nature reveals of his sitter. Even the fact that he was "a mild, benevolent, and good man" did not give him the power to depict the soul of his patron.

No truly American household has been complete for the last hundred years without a copy of Stuart's "Athenæum Portrait of Washington" (Fig. 302), now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Of all the original portraits of Washington attributed to Gilbert Stuart (1755–1828), only three were painted from Washington direct. In a note at the foot of a letter from the President, Stuart writes: "In looking over my papers to find one that had a signature of George Washington, I found this, asking me when he should sit for his portrait, which is now owned by Samuel Williams of London. I have thought it proper that it should be his, especially as he owns the only original painting I ever made of Washington, except one I own myself. I painted a third, but I rubbed it out. Signed, Gt. Stuart."

Fig. 301.—Peale. Portrait of Washington. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

The portrait owned by Stuart is the one known as the "Athenæum Washington," because after the artist's death it was presented to the Boston Athenæum; it is simply loaned to the Museum of Fine Arts. The one owned by Samuel Williams (the Marquis of Lansdowne) is a full-length portrait. A written statement of Stuart's says that it was sent to England, where it is now owned by the Earl of Rosebery. It is claimed, however, by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Phila-

delphia, that the one they have, bearing Stuart's signature, is the original canvas.

In writing of Gilbert Stuart we are dealing with a man who was as strong in artistic originality as the great painters of Europe. As a portrait painter he had no superior. His philosophic mind and keen insight into the motives of men revealed to him traits of character in his sitter that enabled him to paint not only a man's reputation but his real self. He concentrated all his thought on the head of his subject. When criticised for the careless painting of accessories, he replied: "I copy the works of God, and leave the clothes to tailors and mantua-makers." While the arrangement of Stuart's palette was simplicity itself, his skill in laying his colors was so wonderful that his canvases are almost as fresh and clear to-day as when they first came from the artist's brush. West remarked to his own pupils: "It is no use to steal Stuart's colors; if you want to paint as he does, you must steal his eyes."

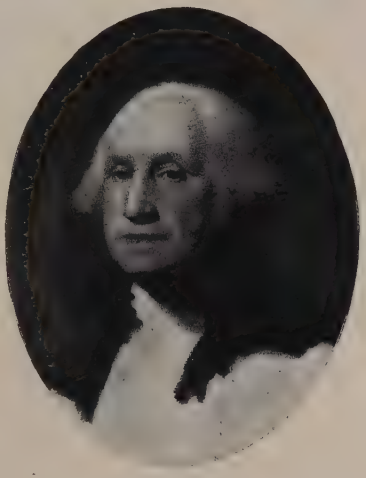

Fig. 302.—Stuart. Athenæum Portrait of Washington. Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

From early boyhood Stuart had the typical characteristics of a genius: capable but wayward in school, self-willed, high-spirited, at the head and front of all mischief, and a general favorite with his companions. His talent for painting began to show itself early in his teens. Then began the vicissitudes of fortune that are almost invariably the forerunners of success in carrying out a cherished plan without money and subject to the infirmities of personal inconsistencies. But the surest mark of genius is success in spite of obstacles. Stuart's success as a portrait painter is estimated in quantity as well as quality. After his return to America in 1792 he painted about eight hundred portraits, which do not include his unfinished pic-

tures, too numerous to be counted. At the death of this talented man, his friend, Washington Allston (the artist), wrote in an obituary notice, "In the world of art, Mr. Stuart has left a void that will not soon be filled. And well may his country say: 'A great man has passed from among us.' But Gilbert Stuart has bequeathed her what is paramount to power

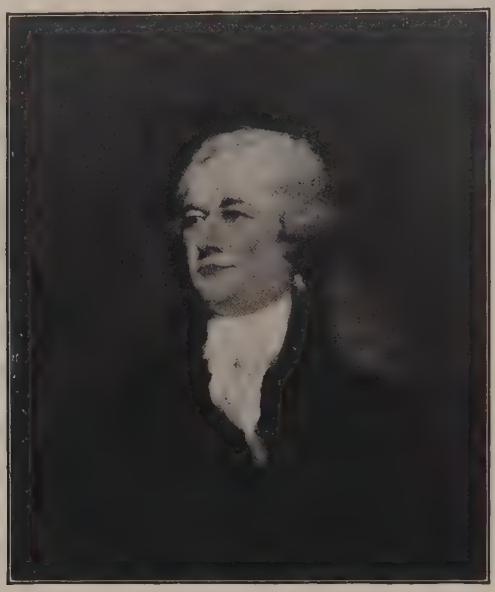

Fig. 303.—Trumbull. Portrait of Alexander Hamilton. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

—since no power can command it—the rich inheritance of his fame."

When John Trumbull (1756–1843) was paid $32,000 for four pictures of American historical events, to fill compartments in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, he probably received more than they would bring to-day, if their value depended upon their artistic merit. As a recorder of American history Trumbull deserves some consideration, but as an artist little can be said in his favor. His active service in the Revolutionary War brought him in contact with the leading men of the times, so that he never lacked for sitters of renown. In

fact his reputation as an artist depends on whom and what he painted. To have the honor of making a "Portrait of Alexander Hamilton" (Fig. 303) was sufficient of itself to claim recognition for the artist, and also place the portrait among the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. Hamilton's dignified bearing was just the quality that appealed to Trumbull, who throughout his life believed in the dignity of art; then the bright, cheerful expression of face that was so characteristic of Hamilton overcame, in a measure, the hard, formal brush of the artist, and the delicate skin and rosy cheeks were incentives that called for his most agreeable colors.

FIG. 304.—Doughty. On the Hudson. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

Landscape painting in America began about 1825, and under the leadership of Thomas Doughty (1793–1856). He was born in Philadelphia; was early apprenticed to a leather manufacturer and even became a manufacturer himself, but when twenty-eight years old he decided to become a painter. Doughty was the first native artist to convince the American people of the charm that the "silvery tone" adds to the beauty of our landscapes. His very effective picture in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, of the view "On the Hudson" (Fig. 304) is a beautiful example of his skill in giving a "silvery tone" to his canvas. Doughty worked in London and in Paris, but he remained true to his American spirit, and painted his landscapes of home scenes with so much sincerity and truth that they brought him great popularity and are still highly prized.

The man who has preserved to us on canvas the most noted events in the American Revolution is Emmanuel Leutze (1816–1868), a German. He was born in Würtemberg, Bavaria, but was brought to Philadelphia when a child. Very early he began to show a love for drawing, and through the

sale of his own drawings he earned enough to return to Europe and enter the Düsseldorf Academy. Leutze was a man cast in a large mold, capable of grand enthusiasm and of high ideals. He came to us as the representative of the Düsseldorf movement—striving to overcome the artificial by attempting to reproduce something of the life of the present. His art was often at fault—crude and harsh in color and technic—but when contemplating his work we feel that we are in the presence of a colossal mind. The large painting of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" (Fig. 305), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, is typical of his most epic style. The fact that Leutze made his studies of the breaking up of river-ice from

Fig. 305.—Leutze. Washington Crossing the Delaware. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

watching the ice in the Rhine that flowed at the foot of his garden at Düsseldorf may excuse his overlooking the tremendousness of that event when the ice in the Delaware River is going out. General Washington could scarcely have assumed that dignified attitude in reality, but the heroic spirit of "fighting for freedom" that every man expresses awakens in us a feeling of patriotic pleasure.

When George Inness (1825–1894) began to make himself felt in America he caused almost as much controversy among artists as Turner did in England and Puvis de Chavannes did in France. He was an innovator, and all innovators are looked upon with suspicion until they prove themselves in the right. That Inness did prove himself in the right is seen in landscape painting to-day. He threw off the yoke of representing merely

externalities, and, with his poetic instinct, gave a subtle meaning to his interpretations of nature that proved him a genius. He was often erratic, many times very unequal, but never

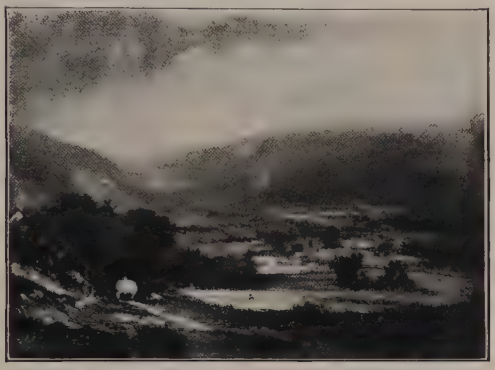

FIG. 306.—Inness. The Delaware Valley. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

prosaic or commonplace. The poetry of his scenes is fascinating. Who could be insensible to the charm of "The Delaware Valley" (Fig. 306), after seeing it through Inness' eyes in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City? We return again and again

FIG. 307.—Inness. Landscape. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

to gaze at that quiet, peaceful valley and watch with delight the drifting clouds as they hang low over the bordering hills.

His appreciation of the French landscape school of 1830 is shown in his paintings, but he shows it in his own ingenuous,

large-souled manner, with no intimation of the imitator about him. Turning to another one of his landscapes (Fig. 307) in the Museum, we are impressed with the wonderful tact with which he has united the immensity of the outdoors and the human element, preserving at the same time the most perfect harmony between them. We are first interested in the wheat field in the foreground bordering the river, then our eye follows the stream as it winds off in the distance until it is lost to view in the great beyond as naturally and dreamily as it would in real life. The slanting rays of the late afternoon sun, glistening on the water and glowing like burnished gold on the sheaves of wheat, shed a mellow light over everything in its path. Even the fine green of the trees is given a richer, tenderer tone. It was a poet-artist who painted that tranquil scene.

CHAPTER XLII

EASTMAN JOHNSON — WHISTLER — JOHN LA FARGE — VEDDER — WINSLOW HOMER — HENRY MOSLER — BLASHFIELD — CHASE — ALEXANDER — SARGENT — MARR

AS soon as an individual or a people has reached the stage of development that calls for a recognition from the world, it gives an impetus to the whole being that raises each part to a much higher standard. When the United States celebrated its hundredth anniversary at Philadelphia, in 1876, and the nations of the earth came to congratulate, the whole body politic assumed a new dignity, and each part became conscious of its own importance. This was particularly true of the fine arts. Our position as an agricultural people, as a manufacturing people, as an inventive people, and a generally progressive people had been recognized and commented upon, but, except in individual cases, our standing in the art world as a nation had attracted no special attention. From this time in our history we are to be reckoned with from the artistic standpoint as well, although it has taken another twenty-five years before the artistic training could be gained in our art centers.

They were not all young artists who came under the spell of the new activity awakened by the celebration of the nation's birthday, but artists who for a quarter of a century had been keeping abreast of the times and were keen for any movement where the trend was toward progress. Such a man was Eastman Johnson (1824–1906). Trained in the Düsseldorf school, in Italy, Paris, and Holland—staying four years at The Hague—he returned to America, opened a studio in New York, and there devoted his talents to painting American subjects in his own American manner. In his delineation of American negroes he was unique and original, giving, as he did, many of their

natural traits of character that gives us better understanding of them and their future development. One of his strongest paintings is "The Old Kentucky Home" (Fig. 308), which was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1867 and again at the Centennial of 1876. As a portrait painter, Mr. Johnson was a man of no mean merit. His good taste and fine judgment

Fig. 308.—Johnson. The Old Kentucky Home. Paris Salon of 1867.

made a place for him among the young men of genius, and his knowledge of modern methods kept him in touch with their plan of work in any particular line.

No greater genius has arisen in the art world since Rembrandt's time than James A. McNeill Whistler (1834–1903), but to separate the artist from the man, bristling with eccentricities and constantly at variance with the painter and the Philistine alike, is not an easy task to-day. The time will come when Whistler, the great master, will fulfill his own words in the world's estimate of his works of art. "A work of art," said he, "should appear to the painter like a flower—perfect in its budding as in its flowering, with no reason to explain its presence and without need of beautifying it—a joy for the artist, an illusion for the philanthrope, an enigma for the botanist, an accident of sentiment and of alliteration for the man of letters."

Whistler was born in Lowell, Mass., and died in Chelsea,

England; but who can say to what country belongs his art? Except for a short time in Gleyre's studio, he learned from all painters, especially from the Japanese artist, Hokusai (died the middle of the nineteenth century), who impressed him as a man of god-like qualities. One time Whistler said, with that superior air so characteristic of him, "Yes, there is Velasquez, Hokusai, and—myself." No two artists influenced him more than these two, but even the bias from them was purely Whistler when it appeared on Whistler's canvases.

The one thing that he excelled in above all others in his painting was the "maximum effect with the minimum of effort," but that effort was "the result of the studies of a lifetime," as he himself said.

If Whistler had painted but the one picture, "My Mother" (Fig. 309—*see p.* 410), in the Luxembourg, Paris, his fame would have gone down to posterity as surely as did the author of the "Elegy." When he says: "Take the picture of my mother, exhibited at the Royal Academy as an 'Arrangement in Gray and Black.' Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can and ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?" We feel like protesting and saying, "What does the public care about the picture as an 'Arrangement in Gray and Black' compared to its interest in the picture as a portrait of *a* mother—the type of true motherhood?" There is but one other real mother in art, whose presence is a like benediction, and that is Rembrandt's "Mother" (Fig. 137). No home is complete without the presence of one of these "Mothers in Israel" to bring peace and comfort to each member of the household.

But two men in the whole history of the world—Rembrandt and Whistler—have been able to use the etching needle with such skill that every object in the scene —perfectly suggested in drawing and in color—becomes as much a piece of portraiture as though it were a portrait. Both of them produced etchings that were "without flaw." Whistler's own maxim will sum up his own work better than the words of any critic: "A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared."

As an artist and art critic, John La Farge (1835–) commands the greatest respect. He was born in New York of French parentage and into a home where his inherited instincts for literature and art were fostered by books, pictures, and the companionship of cultured people. Almost unconsciously he became a student of art even while planning his career to become a member of the bar. When twenty-one he visited Europe, spending most of his time in the home of his great-uncle in Paris, where again he was surrounded with remarkably gifted people—members of the Institute, art critics, and literary men. Following the advice of his father to study painting under some master, he entered the studio of Couture, in Paris. Very soon the wise artist recognized the genius of his new pupil, and advised him to leave his studio and study by himself. "Your place," said Couture, "is not among these students. They have no ideas. They imitate me. They are all *trying to be little Coutures!*"

From the very beginning of his art career Mr. La Farge has had something to say and a very individual way of saying it. Whether he is painting figure pieces, landscapes, or mural decorations, he gives a splendor of expression that is peculiarly his own; and whether the subject is religious, *genre*, or purely decorative, his treatment of it rings with an individual note of true sincerity. His innate love for color led him to follow eagerly all scientific research into the interrelationship of color and light, and gave him the practical knowledge necessary for the invention of the "opaline glass" that has revolutionized the stained-glass windows of to-day and recalled to us the richness and splendor of mediæval work. Some of the very best of Mr. La Farge's work is in the chancel of St. Thomas', in New York City.

The most striking thing about Elihu Vedder (1836–) is that he is a man of ideas. He is perfectly independent in his choice of subjects, rather whimsical at times, but truthful in his mode of presentation and ideal in motive. The material which he gathered from the old Italian masters has served him merely as suggestions in working out his compositions with no hint of the counterfeit in the manner of work. He is par-

ticularly strong in illustration, as the excellence of the plates for the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam bears witness, and his mural decorations have that peculiar element of personality which is so true in its import and yet so mysterious and eluding when trying to define its character. Even when separating a single "Panel" (Fig. 310), as from the Bowdoin Art Building, where the design is rather more conventional in arrangement than usual, there is the same unmistakable Vedder spirit that detaches it from every other artist's work and stamps it as a genuine Vedder. The "ear-mark" once recognized is never

Fig. 310.—Vedder. Panel from Bowdoin Art Building.

forgotten. Vedder was born in New York, but his home is now in Rome.

Possibly one of the most unique characters among our American artists is Winslow Homer (1836–), who lives the life of a recluse off the coast of Maine. A strong man of unusual originality, seeing nature as she displays her ever-changing moods in the mobility of the ocean, he conceived the possibility of grasping some of those fitful humors and fixing them on canvas. With the strength of his conviction he has caught old ocean at the height of his fury and with few details has stated boldly what he has seen. He has used his brush with such vigor and freedom that we can hear the breakers roar and smell the salt in the gale that comes in from the foaming ocean. While he first awakened his own countrymen, and justly too, to his worth as an artist, when he painted his

"Prisoners from the Front," in 1867, he has held their most profound admiration in his inimitable dramas of the ocean,

> " boundless, endless, and sublime—
> The image of Eternity—the throne
> of the Invisible."

So long as the world stands, the picture that appeals to the heart, even if it does tell a story, will hold the interest of

Fig. 311.—Mosler. The Prodigal's Return. Luxembourg, Paris.

humanity, and be a power for good in its influence on mankind. When the picture of the old, old story of "The Prodigal's Return" (Fig. 311), by Henry Mosler, was exhibited to the public, how quickly it recognized that a master mind had guided the hand in portraying the pathetic scene. The artist has put into that kneeling figure grief, remorse, despair;—for-

giveness is beyond his reach, the mother's love is dead;—dead to him forever. Were it not for the beautiful, sympathetic face of the gentle priest, who stands waiting for the first paroxysm of grief to pass, the scene would be one of utter despair. But in that face we read the comfort that will heal the broken heart of the penitent. Little wonder that we linger before this picture in the Luxembourg Palace, for in it the artist has proved his artistic ability as well as his sincerity in dealing with a *genre* subject.

Henry Mosler was born in New York City in 1841, but spent his childhood in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he had his first lessons in art. He went to Europe and studied in Düsseldorf, Munich, and Paris. That his work has been greatly appreciated, his medals and honors—nearly a score of them—from the art societies of Europe and America will testify.

Prior to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, the American artists had made comparatively little progress in the art of architectural decoration. That exhibition, seconded by the Municipal Art Society of New York and other cities, brought about a Renaissance in that branch of art that has already transformed our public buildings, and that may in the future make them close rivals of those grand old buildings of Venice, Florence, and Rome. As soon as the opportunity arose there were plenty of American artists ready for the work. Of all these men, perhaps no artist has attained a rarer degree of excellence in mural decoration than Edwin H. Blashfield (1848–). His mural paintings in the Congressional Library, in the new Minnesota Capitol, and in the Capitol of Iowa, at Des Moines, are good examples of the versatility of his conceptions; and in the latter—"Westward"—his handling of sunlight is a stroke of genius. The long red rays of the setting sun illumine the whole scene with a golden glow, as though the artist had caught some of Old Sol's rays, and mixed them with his paints. The airy lightness of the radiant beings who are the guides into the unexplored West is in fine contrast to the sturdy company of pioneers. The combination of lightness and strength that Mr. Blashfield knew so well how to manage in a composition is specially fine in his "Uses of Wealth"

(Fig. 312), a decoration in one of the banking houses of Cleveland, Ohio. With perfect ease he unites the purely allegorical with the delver and artificer, so that one supplements the other, making a harmonious whole.

If there is one branch of art in which the American artist excels to-day it is portraiture. The treatment of the portraits varies as greatly as the artists who are painting them. As it comes from the brush of William Merritt Chase (1849–), the portrait is merged into the artistic pose, excellent technic, effective coloring, and general effect of the whole. There is no flattering to please the sitter, but rather an authoritative tone,

Photo by the Enslee & Deck Co., New York

Fig. 312.—Blashfield. Uses of Wealth. Cleveland, Ohio.

to convince him that artistic clothes and picturesque attitudes excel mere facial expression. We certainly are known to our friends by our manner and mode of dressing. To stand across the room from the "Portrait" (Fig. 313), in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, one familiar with the young lady would recognize her from her pose and style of gown. Mr. Chase handles his brush with the free, sure manner that inspires confidence. Even if he falls short in some particular point of technic, it is looked upon more as a neglect than as a fault. His influence as an instructor is the most far-reaching of any artist in America and probably of any country. His schools in New York and Shinnecock, Long Island, and his traveling classes abroad are features in the progress of American art that are greatly to the credit of the American people.

In John White Alexander's (1856–) portraits, we find a combination of the purely decorative with the personality of the sitter; the latter is revealed through the expression of the face and figure. He is most original in the extraordinary effects of color he secures with a limited use of pigments, and in the marvelous likenesses he evolves through peculiar poses, marking special moods of the individual sitter. Mr. Alexander was a native of Pittsburg, but at an early age he went to New York City, where he acquired considerable fame as an illustrator. He then made the usual tour of inspection of the European art centers, until he finally settled in Paris for an extended stay. His exhibitions in the Champ de Mars took the French people by storm. While for many years he continued to spend half of each year in Paris, he has never lost that peculiar charm that belongs to a true American. Mr. Alexander never showed his Americanism more truly than when he painted the "Portrait of Walt Whitman" (Fig. 314), our most typical American poet. It is perfectly individual as a likeness of the poet, yet very representative of the American man of four-score years to-day. One cannot look at that magnificent portrait in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, without feeling the presence of the man who wrote that heartrending tribute to our martyred hero:

Fig. 313.—Chase. Portrait of Young Woman. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

"O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won."

John Singer Sargent (1856–) is an artist who cannot be limited to any country or any time. We are proud to claim

him as an American, but we are still prouder to recognize that he is one of the great portrait painters of the world. Besides being endowed as he was by nature with almost every gift that through training would make him a perfect technician, he has that rarer gift—genius—which stamps his work as coming from a master's brush. With unusual natural gifts, Mr. Sargent had unusual opportunities for developing them.

FIG. 314.—Alexander. Portrait of Walt Whitman. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

He was born in Florence into a home of culture and refinement. What more could a talented child have had to perfect him than he had in that home and in that art center of the world? When at eighteen he entered Carolus-Duran's studio in Paris he took with him the American temperament, so quick and susceptible to impressions, united with an appreciation of the truly beautiful in art absorbed from the grand old masters of the past. After his studies in Paris he went to Spain, where, in the works of the great Spanish painter, Velasquez, he found that perfec-

tion in simplicity of handling, in the relationship between color and light, in surrounding every object with atmosphere, and in freedom from all mannerism which supplied the very requisites most needed in forming his own methods—and Mr. Sargent's methods are decidedly his own.

As we study his portraits we find that he is a great delineator of character. Living as a recluse, his habit seems to be to study

Fig. 315.—Sargent. Carmencita. Luxembourg, Paris.

the character of humanity *en masse*, and then the individual is treated more as a type in which a certain temperament is emphasized. Perhaps this is best illustrated in his portraits representing public characters, as Coventry Patmore, the poet, and again in "Carmencita" (Fig. 315), the Spanish ballet-dancer. It is not alone this particular dancing girl, as she appeared before the Paris students in all her insolent beauty and charming grace, that Mr. Sargent was representing, but

the acme of the dancer's art. As one sees this painting in the Luxembourg, Paris, the sparkle and glitter of the deliciously colored gown fairly take one's breath, as though one had come suddenly before a brilliantly lighted stage.

Fig. 316.—Sargent. Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth. Tate Gallery, London.

Mr. Sargent is equally at home in portraying the tragedy queen, as his painting of "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" (Fig. 316) testifies. One critic writes: "Sargent's picture of her (Ellen Terry) as Lady Macbeth will stand out among the pic-

tures of distinguished women as one who bears no resemblance to anybody else." It would hardly be possible to conceive of a more subtle union of characters into a perfect being than is portrayed in his Lady Macbeth. It is Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth, and yet it is Ellen Terry who has made her alive. It is Ellen Terry's Lady Macbeth, and yet it is Mr. Sargent who has caught her on canvas in his own original way without detracting in the smallest measure from her originality. The three characters are perfectly distinct, yet perfectly blended.

Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. William Chase is soon to be one of the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. The portrait was made as a testimonial to Mr. Chase, "on account of his unceasing devotion to American students and American art."

Carl Marr is another one of our American artists who, unrecognized in his own country, went to Europe, and by genius and great perseverance has won a name for himself. His return to this country is looked upon as a national gain. Milwaukee, his native city, welcomes his home-coming with all the honor due him. She may well be proud of her famous son! One of the first pictures he painted, that was recognized with a medal by the art critics of Germany, was "Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew" (Fig. 317). For some years the picture found no purchaser, but it was finally bought and presented to the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. Mr. Marr has succeeded in giving just that sense of mystery to the desolate scene of rock, sand, water, and sky that intensifies the legendary story. What a world of despair that crouching figure of the old Jew represents! Since he refused rest to the Savior when He was bearing His cross, he has wandered over the earth, ever seeking death, but never finding it. And yet the woman, so beautiful and so perfect in her young maturity, has been found and snatched from life and all its promises. The old, old question of why

> "Death aims with fouler spite
> At fairer marks"

was never more forcefully asked than in this painting.

Mr. Marr's native city was very proud when the opportunity

came to purchase his masterpiece, "The Flagellants." The painting is gigantic in size and shows the artist's skill in filling a large canvas. It is hoped that he will enter the field of

Fig. 317.—Marr. The Wandering Jew. Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

mural painting and become one of the decorators in beautifying our public buildings.

Our American artist has become a universal artist, representing in his art universal truths that appeal alike to all mankind. His name appears among artists whose countries have had hundreds of years of art history. This proves that he, too, is the inheritor of the ages, and is now one of the controlling influences of the twentieth-century Renaissance.

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